THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEC. 21, 1918

10c. in Canada 5c.

CHRISTMAS 1918

"DAT'S MAH BOY."

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1911 by Cream of Wheat Co.

GIVE OR WE PERISH

AMERICAN COMMITTEE
FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST
FORMERLY ARMENIAN-SYRIAN RELIEF
CAMPAIGN for $30,000,000 - JANUARY 12TH to 19TH

This Little Armenian is Appealing to YOU

HE is the son of an Armenian shoemaker. Look into his sweet pathetic eyes. He is well and strong now. But in his eyes you still can read something of the frightful agony that is overwhelming the Near East. For three years he tramped the war-swept lands. When the American Relief Workers found him, crying for the loving arms that could no longer rock him to sleep, his only garment was a strip of rag, the relic of his shirt.

Give to Help Save the Greatest Sufferers of All

REALIZE this appalling fact. In the country where Christianity was born and nurtured there are thousands—hundreds of thousands—of children, beautiful as this Armenian boy, facing death from starvation and disease.

The story of any one of these poor little refugees is the story of all. Tramp, tramp, over mountains and desert, fleeing with parents from massacre. Hungry always; always tired. Shoeless, almost clothesless. Resting never. Only shuddering and tramping; tramping and shuddering. Ceaselessly tramping, fleeing from death.

It is estimated that more than four million people were massacred, and that another four million, mostly women and children, are homeless, starving, crying to this great country. The orphans of tender years alone are numbered at 400,000.

As your little children run so joyously and safely around in free and happy homes, won't you hear the cry of these poor helpless children in the lands that were trodden by Jesus and the Apostles? You are part of the great sympathetic heart of America. They are relying on YOU. Do your share.

Never was there a worthier cause. These people, held down for centuries by Turkish oppression, are bright and industrious. Once started anew, they will quickly establish themselves. What is given now they will repay a hundredfold. Open your heart. Open your pocketbook.

Be kind to your own children, too. Give them Buster Brown Shoes which support and develop the feet through the formative years. They insure a graceful carriage of the body. They prevent weak feet, cramped bones, broken arches and other foot ailments. Fit your boys and girls for life's service by fitting their feet with Buster Brown Shoes—$3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up, at good shoe stores everywhere in the U.S.

Write today for a free copy of "Training the Growing Feet." All parents should read this authoritative book. Mailed free by the Brown Shoe Company, Exclusive Manufacturers, St. Louis, U. S. A.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FIRST BECAUSE OF THE LAST

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

An S.S.WHITE Christmas

—And let them find—there in the toe of each stocking—the best gift of all—the gift that means

GOOD TEETH

AS THEIR eager little hands plunge deeper and deeper into the wonders of the Christmas Stocking—let them discover, hidden away among the toys, a mysterious package all gaily tied with bright ribbon.

And attached to it a little card—"Take Good Care of Your Precious Pearls." When the fumbling little fingers untie the knot out come a tiny tooth-brush and a tube of S. S. White Tooth Paste—just the right size for the little hand.

What happier way could be found to implant in the little minds—through the spirit of play—the great lesson of tooth-care which they must learn?

You may give your children S. S. White Tooth Paste with the full assurance that you are doing the best thing possible for their teeth. S. S. White's, you know, is the dentifrice originally made for dentists—made because the dentists of America requested us to give them a dentifrice that they could safely and conscientiously recommend.

For three-quarters of a century the House of White has been known as the largest manufacturer of dental supplies and appliances in the world. Look for the mark W the next time you visit your dentist. You will find it everywhere.

S. S. White Tooth Paste is a worthy product of the House of White. You will like its velvet smoothness, its creamy delicacy, its delightful flavor and the quick way that it bubbles up and rinses out of your mouth. But best of all you will like its absolute *purity* and *safety*. Try it.

The S. S. White Dental Mfg. Co.

"Standard Since 1844" Philadelphia, Pa.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6 Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1918, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1918 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 25

A Little Bunch of Temperament

AN "AFTER THIRTY" STORY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WICKETT was in the midst of one of his long telephonic chats with Maida Greenwood when his wife's telegram was brought in by the office boy and laid upon the desk before him. He found the coincidence distasteful.

"Of course we can dine out if you really want to," Maida was saying in reply to the suggestion he had made, "but wouldn't you rather have dinner at our little table in my studio window? I'm sure you know I love to cook for you."

While she was speaking Wickett's eye took in the typewritten dispatch. It was dated San Francisco, and read as follows:

SHELLEY WICKETT,
Wickett Coffee Co., 11 Broadway, N. Y.

Leaving this afternoon. Due New York Tuesday 5 P. M. Trip delightful except for your absence. Eager for home. Love to you and children.
MOLLY.
9:26 A. M.

A sharp sigh escaped him. It was such a sigh as might come from a man who in his partner's absence has speculated with the firm's funds and who has just been told his margin is exhausted. And that, figuratively, was precisely Shelley Wickett's situation. He had been gambling, though not with money or in Wall Street. While his domestic partner was away he had taken a flyer in Sentimental Adventure Preferred, and had got in deeper than he had intended. And now his wife was coming home and he must manage to—to arrange things somehow.

"What's the matter, Shelley?" came Maida's gentle voice over the wire.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You sighed."

"Did I? It was a happy sigh, then. I was thinking how much nicer your studio will be than a restaurant. Only I'm ashamed of my selfishness at letting you get dinner for us again to-night. It makes the third night running." "But you're not selfish! You know I love to have you here. What time will you come?" "About seven."

"I'll have dinner ready at seven sharp."

Wickett smiled as he hung up the receiver. He knew that dinner would not be ready when he got there. It never was. That was a part of the pleasure of it. She would come running to the door in the blue smock, daubed with paint, that served her as an apron for the practice alike of the graphic and domestic arts, and having admitted him would scamper back to the kitchenette, explaining over her shoulder, as she went, how she had intended to be ready when he came but how this and that had happened to delay her. Though he had known her not quite six weeks he knew that this and that were always happening to Maida. Then he would go and lean against the door jamb while she cooked—there was room for but one person within the kitchenette; and occasionally he would be allowed to help by getting something from the minute ice box or the shelf of the little hall closet called by courtesy the pantry. She would be sweet and serious and busy over the small gas stove with its blue flame licking at the sides of pots and pans from out of which came bubbling sounds and steam and appetizing smells. He would be

By the Science of Numbers, the Reading of the Stars, and Other Occultisms, Destiny, it Would Appear, Had Linked Them

idle, amused, admiring—yes, and a little in the way. He found it curiously delightful to be just a little in her way when she was cooking; the propinquity, the informality, the sense of intimacy thrilled him; it was sweet even to be shooed aside with mock severity when one knew well that it was mock severity—that she much preferred one in the way than out of it.

His prevision proved accurate in detail. It was quarter past seven when he reached the summit of four flights of stairs that led to Maida's little studio apartment, yet there he found the smock, the haste, the breathless explanations of her tardiness, the smell of dinner in the making, the pleasurable interval of loafing near her in the doorway while she, so pretty and preoccupied, completed preparation of the meal.

Never before had he been so acutely conscious as to-night of Maida's strongly individual charm, of his fondness for her, of the dimensions to which, in the space of a few weeks, had grown the bond between them—the thing they spoke of as their friendship. It had taken Molly's telegram to bring him to some realization of matters as they stood—and as they could no longer stand when Molly was at home again.

That was the awkward part of it. He had not got deliberately into this entanglement. On the contrary, until Molly's wire came he wouldn't have called it an entanglement at all. He hadn't thought of it in that light; nor, for the matter of that, in any other light. It was not something weighed, measured, considered in advance. It was not even, in his view, something he had done. It was a matter of chance, like being struck by a falling piece of cornice or finding a hundred-dollar bill or catching grippe. Neither he nor Maida was to blame.

Blame? Why was he thinking about blame? Their friendship, though there was something idyllic and intense about it, was perfectly proper. Being congenial they had simply fallen into the way of spending much time together, of seeing each other daily. But why should they not do that—especially considering the sort of girl that Maida was? She was fine; very, very fine! Her influence upon him was ennobling. Could such an influence produce resentment in any reasonable wife?

Blame? Well, if there was any blame to place Molly must not put it all on him—or Maida. She ought to bear her share. Had she not gone off on a six weeks' junket to California with the Morvens in their private car? To be sure, she had hesitated to accept the invitation; to be sure, also, she had gone only because he urged her need of rest and change. It was right for her to go; he was not disputing that. But the fact remained that she had gone, and that so doing she had left him all this time at loose ends in New York. Under the circumstances what was he to do? Surely she did not expect him to lead a life of gloomy isolation while she was faring through the golden West? Obviously not; for she herself had sent him to the charity bazaar.

That was another point not to be ignored. Though Molly had not as yet so much as heard of Maida, nevertheless in one way of looking at it you might say it was through Molly that he and Maida had met. For if Molly had not left the tickets, requesting him to use them, he would not have gone to the bazaar; and had he not done that he would now be no more aware of Maida's existence than Molly herself was.

Finding comfort in this line of reasoning he followed it, perceiving more and more clearly his wife's responsibility. Yet at the same time he realized dimly that for him to perceive it was one thing, and that to induce her to perceive it might be quite another. Women are so emotional. Everybody knows that they are governed not by cold logic, but by their feelings. And wives are women plus. To make them see a thing like this in the right light one must lead them along slowly, showing them step by step the progression of facts. And that is difficult to do—wherefore it is the tendency of husbands not to try. Wickett had not tried. Subconsciously he had for some time been troubled by this fact; now it began to trouble him acutely. There was no question about it, he ought to have prepared the way a little with his wife. Yes, and with Maida too.

Of course he had made it a point to tell Maida he was married. He was not one to sail under false colors, especially with such a girl. He had gone out of his way to indicate his matrimonial bonds on the evening he met her; bringing it into the conversation rather gracefully, he flattered himself, by saying that he must not fail to take his children down to the bazaar since their mother was spending a few weeks in California. Two or three times since then he had repeated the mention of his wife; once, for instance, when he took as a gift to Maida two out of a dozen cans of ripe olives Molly had shipped home; and again when he told her that the lamp shade was to be one of Molly's Christmas presents from him.

Still, he felt he had not said enough. He had not been sufficiently explicit. He feared that he had failed to make it clear enough that Molly and he were on the best of terms; that they were not in the habit of leaving each other for weeks at a time like this; that she had gone reluctantly, and only because she was worn out with several years of unbroken duty in the triple rôle of housekeeper, wife and mother.

Not that he had, in his own view, given Maida the least reason to suppose that he and Molly might not be in full accord. Heaven forbid! His failure had not been upon the negative but upon the positive side. He had done nothing to give her a false impression, but he was beginning to fear that he had not, perhaps, done enough to give her an unmistakably accurate impression. Little revealing utterances of hers had of late disturbed him with their vague implications. Did she expect things to go on like this? Once or twice when they had spoken of the delightful quality of their companionship instinct had hinted to him that Maida might be treasuring down in her heart the illusion that she filled a want in his nature that his wife failed to fill.

"You Know How Some Women are When They Get Silly About a Man. They Get to Thinking They're the Only Ones Who Understand Him"

In a sense, of course, that was true; but not in the sense she might suppose. Charmed as he was by her, Wickett realized perfectly that the want she filled was merely that of a lonely husband for sweet, sympathetic and, if you like, gently sentimental companionship. It had been lovely. He was very fond of Maida. He hoped they always might be friends. But he hoped also that she understood that this phase of the affair—this very urgent phase—was temporary and would soon be over.

But how, pray, is one to make a lovely, sensitive, proud girl see a thing like that? To be blunt would be to ruin a relationship ineffably beautiful and delicate. Unthinkable! Fancy seeing a girl like Maida day after day, dining with her either at home or in a restaurant every evening for ten days running, as he had done, and breaking in at intervals with some such statement as "You should keep continually in mind while we are enjoying these little *parties à deux* that I love my wife and that she loves me. You must not allow yourself to become enamored of me, but must understand that, charming as you are, you are merely a stop-gap."

Expressed in that way the very thought was, of course, grotesque; but even if it were expressed quite differently, if it were indicated with the utmost tact, the priggishness, the banality, the awful awkwardness of the essential meaning could not be obscured.

How he loathed awkwardness in matters of this kind! There came to him unpleasant recollections of a Miss Foote and a Mrs. Brundage. With both of them he had tried to avoid initial awkwardnesses, only to become involved later in awkwardnesses infinitely more extensive. At the memory of Miss Foote he winced; at that of Lena Brundage he shuddered. By trying to spare her feelings he had got into a fix from which his wife—dear, sane, wise Molly—had finally been obliged to extricate him. How ashamed he had been! And even Molly didn't know that at their final meeting the high-strung widow had shrieked and flung a hairbrush at him.

But Maida! Maida, whose instincts were so refined, so sweet, so gentle! Was Maida to be likened to a woman such as that? A thousand times no! There was but one resemblance between this affair and that old repulsive memory, and that resemblance had to do entirely with the course he had pursued. In either instance Molly had been kept too long in ignorance of what was going on.

In his gratitude to Molly after the escape from Mrs. Brundage he had vehemently insisted that there would be no recurrence of that particular mistake. If in future he felt himself caught in an eddy of incipient adventure he would own up. It would be difficult, but he would do it. However, time had softened the determination. And now, here he was again, with a well-developed case and the likelihood of large, uncomfortable explainings looming imminent before him.

In the beginning he had fully intended to tell Molly about Maida. He had thought of it several times on the evening they had met. Yet next day when writing to his wife he had not mentioned the experience of the night before. And why not? Simply because, though he had seen Maida but once, the story was already a rather awkward one to tell—awkward because the facts would leave a false impression.

Fancy, for instance, writing to one's wife:

"As you requested me to do I went to the bazaar to look for Christmas presents. At the lamp-shade booth I fell into conversation with a very nice girl, and finally bought a large parchment shade, which she had painted with figures of Harlequin and Columbine, paying thirty dollars for it. While conversing I happened to learn that she had gone without her dinner because they were short-handed at the booth, and as it was then nearly ten and business was letting up I insisted on taking her to the café at the end of the corridor for sandwiches and coffee. Naturally we talked at table; I discovered that she was interested in psychic matters and that there was a fortune teller at the bazaar. So after supper we went and had our fortunes told. And then, as it was near closing time and everyone was going home, and as I had to have a taxicab to take away my lamp shade, and as she was such a nice girl, and as we had got along so pleasantly, I asked to drive her home. And she permitted me to do so. And there's nothing more to tell except that I have an engagement to call at her studio and look at some of her other work."

That, lacking though it did certain vivid little details, nevertheless represented the bald story—the story he had failed to tell his wife. And why? Because he felt that, tell it in what words he might and with what elaborations, explain as he might that Maida was not a flirt but a beautiful free spirit untrammeled by convention, try as he might to show how naturally one thing had led to another, how perfectly proper everything had been—nevertheless, the modifying points would all be brushed aside by Molly. To her the outstanding facts would be merely that he had scraped up an acquaintance with a girl—just a girl—who was of course pretty, whatever else she might or might not be; and that she had proved to be the sort of girl who under such circumstances would let a man—just a man—take her to supper, to a fortune teller, and then home in a taxicab.

Having failed to face the music at the outset he had thereafter taken the easy way, never mentioning Maida at all in his letters to his wife, excusing the dereliction with vague half thoughts to the effect that when Molly came home and met Maida it would be all right, because then she would see what a very nice girl she really was.

Now, however, the situation appeared to him in a very different light. For though the niceness of Maida had in his opinion become even more obvious as time went on it was also more obvious now that he and Maida were exceedingly good friends.

Consider the single fact that they addressed each other by their given names. How could he have foreseen that such a thing was going to happen, and so soon? Such rapid progress was, so far as he could remember, unprecedented in his experience. But that, far from being a

mitigating circumstance in Molly's eyes, would only make things worse. From her point of view the facts would amount to this: That he was calling by her first name a young woman of whom she had never before heard—and of whom she knew he had never heard six weeks before.

That, moreover, was far from being the only difficulty he now foresaw.

Having found each other so congenial, having met with such frequency in the past few weeks, they had quite naturally accumulated a store of little memories, little understandings, little playfulnesses, to which they were in the habit of frequently alluding. The thought now came to him that it would be like Maida—child of Nature that she was!—to hark back no less frankly to these intimate little items when Molly would be present; and that with Molly there to hear and interpret he would no longer find such references pleasing.

He had given Maida small presents—a set of Maupassant, an electric toaster, a little table for her bedside on which to set the telephone, and a cocktail shaker. He had invented a cocktail and named it for her; and she, in turn, had devised an appetizing dish, consisting of eggs, tomatoes and minced ham, which because he liked it she had called "Eggs Shelley."

Then, too, there were the things the fortune teller had told them. He would not wish Molly to know about all that.

To be sure, he and Maida in speaking now and then of what the fortune teller had said had not at first assumed to take it very seriously; yet Wickett noticed that Maida remembered very definitely certain sayings of the mystic to which he had given hardly a second thought; and he was beginning to wonder whether she, perhaps, attached too much importance to them.

Maida was superstitious. That was one of the first things he had discovered concerning her more intimate self. She had scruples against drinking from a glass held in the left hand; against spilling salt without immediately counteracting evil results by throwing some of the spilled salt over the left shoulder; and against the use, by more than two smokers, of the same match. She would cross the street rather than walk under a ladder, and she believed firmly in the ill report attaching to Friday and to the number thirteen.

On the other hand certain things were lucky omens. A black cat crossing one's path signified good fortune; collected bubbles on tea or coffee meant money; Thursday was—for her, at least—a lucky day; and any multiple of seven a lucky number—particularly fourteen.

The last two points had been significantly emphasized by the fortune teller—a nondescript brown foreigner who, from his bronze skin and shrewd black eyes, might have been anything from an Armenian to a Hindu—for it so happened that the night on which they met and visited his booth at the bazaar was that of Thursday—lucky Thursday—and that when, at his request, they had counted the letters making their respective names they discovered that each name contained fourteen letters.

It was Shelley's recollection that the fortune teller had not promulgated until after this discovery his dictum concerning the beneficent properties of seven and its multiples, but Maida insisted he had spoken of it before the particular application of it to their case had been revealed. Anyway, she asserted, everyone knew that fourteen was a lucky number, and that seven was a mystic one. Didn't almost everything go by sevens? Weren't there the seven days of the week, and the seven ages of man, and the seven seas, and sabbatical years for professors; and wasn't it a notorious fact that a seventh son of a seventh son was the favorite of fortune?

Nor was that all the fortune teller's lore. By the science of numbers, the reading of the stars, and other occultisms, Destiny, it would appear, had linked them. For example, Maida was twenty-four years old and Shelley thirty-nine; twenty-four and thirty-nine make sixty-three—another multiple of seven. Also, it was disclosed that his birthday fell in April and hers in December.

These months, the mystic told them, enjoyed a peculiar astrological affinity; for whereas December people were, as he expressed it, "harmonious" with those born in August, November or April, those who, like Wickett, had entered the world under the sign of Aries were "harmonious" with the persons of one month and one month only; and that was December, Maida's month.

When more recently Maida had reminded him of all these points Wickett had been disposed to contend that a fortune teller would be altogether likely to attempt to link the destinies of any man and woman who had come to him together; but at this Maida triumphantly produced a book on astrology in which the April-December theory was set forth in print—which, according to her, proved that it was true.

II

"DO YOU know what day this is?" Maida asked, looking at him significantly when, dinner being at last ready, they were seated at the little table in the studio window.

"Thursday," he replied.

"Yes, but what Thursday?"

He pondered and was unable to discover that it was any special Thursday.

"Five weeks ago to-night," she reminded him, "you came to the bazaar."

"Why, of course!" Then, after a moment's reverie: "You'll not misunderstand when I say it seems longer than that."

She nodded. "Yes, longer in one way—that is, we're like old friends. Yet in another way it doesn't seem long at all. It might have been last week it's all so fresh in my mind."

"Is it? What single thing do you remember best about it all?"

"Our visit to the fortune teller," she replied. "I don't believe I have forgotten anything he said. Isn't that what you remember best?"

"No," he answered; "when I think of that evening it is somehow the drive down here that I love to remember."

"Why?"

"Oh," said he, "I didn't need any occult gentleman to tell me that you and I were—were congenial; that we understood each other instinctively. I knew that by the way you told me about how you had come on from Centerville to study art, and how you couldn't bear to go back, and how when you had completed your course at the Forum you took a studio and branched out for yourself."

"But you asked me about myself," she interjected.

"Yes—and you told me.

"And then," he continued, "I was perfectly delighted at the way you accepted my proposal that we go to the café. It was an unconventional thing for me to suggest and for you to do. But you weren't coy about it as so many girls would have been; you just came along naturally and easily like the bully little chum you are. And I'll never forget the way you looked up as we were going to the café, and smiled at me and said, 'I think we might as well know each other's names.'"

"I liked your name," she said in a softly reminiscent voice.

"And I liked yours. Do you know what it made me think of? What you made me think of? For you match your name."

"What?"

"Haven't I ever told you?"

"I don't believe so. I don't know. Anyway ——."

"Of a spring day," he said. "You may be a December girl, Maida, but your eyes are April eyes—the blue of the sky on an April day. And the gold strands in your hair are like shafts of sunlight piercing April clouds. And that loose way you have of doing up your hair—so unstudied—I thought

"Yes," He Exclaimed, "That's It! You Understand. You Always Understand. That Is What Has Made the Whole Thing So Beautiful"

to myself: 'It's like a crown tossed upon her head by April winds.'"

"What lovely ideas!" she said. "They're like little poems."

"Are they? Well, do you know I always thought until that night that I liked marcelled hair? Yes. I imagine I do still—for the ordinary woman. But you're a type, Maida. That's the point. You can wear your hair as you do for the same reason you look so fetching in that old paint-covered smock of yours; or"—for having finished with her cooking Maida had slipped off the smock—"in that absolutely plain silk dress you have on, without any flumdiddles at the neck and shoulders, you know."

"But you haven't told me yet why you think most about driving me home that night."

"I was coming to that. The longer we were together the less I wished to leave you. It wasn't only that I was lonely and that I had begun to—to appreciate you, but that the whole experience had been so stimulating. I hadn't felt like that in years. I felt young and alive, and full of spirit of delicate adventure! Remember, Maida, I'm thirty-nine."

"Oh, it isn't the years, Shelley. Your spirit will always be young."

"I don't know about that. I was feeling positively venerable when I went down to the bazaar that evening. Then along you came, and—well, I can only say that the illusion of youthfulness at thirty-nine is in a way more wonderful than youth itself—just as Indian summer, having autumn as a background, can be more wonderful than actual June."

"But you're talking like an old man!"

He looked at her with a little smile that was not too happy. Then he said cryptically: "I suppose I'm getting ready to be old again."

"Oh, no!"

"At all events," he continued, "I felt almost violently that I didn't want to leave you, yet I couldn't see how I was to avoid it. It seemed that, according to life's normal way, I must part with you simply because there was nothing further to prevent it. That was the natural course of events. And one thing that makes life generally dull is that it is so infernally full of the natural course of events.

"When I asked to drive you home I was frightened—really frightened, Maida—rather in the way a young man is frightened when he proposes to a girl. And when you met me on my own ground, when you took it so much as though it were a matter of course—though we both knew it wasn't—then I felt ecstatic. We were Harlequin and Columbine that evening—like the Harlequin and Columbine you had painted on the lamp shade I bought. Do you remember what a bulky package it made, resting on my knees in the taxi? Do you remember it had rained earlier in the evening, and how the Fifth Avenue street lamps were reflected on the wet asphalt? I don't recall what we talked about except that I was determined that when we reached your door and said good night it wasn't going to be good-by, and that I kept fishing until you said I could come in next day and look at some other lamp shades."

"That was my commercial instinct," she said teasingly.

"And then," he went on, heedless, "I just sat back and reveled in the experience—yes, in the very smell of that musty old taxicab. I don't know just why, Maida, but the transition from that riot of noise and color in the bazaar to the seclusion of that ramshackle, night-prowling public vehicle—with you—was one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me."

"I understand," she said.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "that's it! You understand. You always understand. That is what has made the whole thing so beautiful. That's how you've made a sort of little heaven for me here these last few weeks. I've felt that I could come as often as I wanted, that I could make myself at home—as I've done—and that you'd understand. You can't imagine how I've come to love this place of yours, Maida!"

He stopped speaking and allowed his eyes to wander over the large, disordered room, from the airy space beneath the skylight overhead, which marked the place as the abode of art, to the heterogeneous array of furniture and of minor objects with which the top of everything that had a top was littered—the carved Italian chair with a mandarin's coat thrown over it and an ultra-modern hat of French blue lying on the seat; the large easel, and the little table beside it covered with pencils, pens, pads, brushes, pieces of crayon and charcoal, bottles of India ink and twisted tubes of paint; the big rug-draped couch with its many pillows, and his overcoat, hat and cane thrown down upon it; the bookcase, piano, mantel shelf, and above all the large mission table at the center of the room—all their horizontal surfaces overflowing with small things; books, sheet music, drawing and writing materials, photographs framed and unframed, a fur neckpiece, vases, lamps, teacups, candy and cigarette boxes, statuettes, gloves, brass candlesticks, and bowls and ash trays containing cigarette ends. Were this the drawing-room of a conventional household, Wickett thought, the gray-tinted walls might be said to need doing over, for they were cracked and dusty and showed occasional discolored patches where pictures had been taken down; but here in Maida's studio one liked all that, just as one liked the casual way in which a medley of Japanese prints, sketches, posters and broadly painted unframed canvases were scattered over the walls.

"If I came in here a stranger," he said, "I'd know it all belonged to you."

Turning back to her as he spoke he was startled at discovering that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, Maida!" he exclaimed. "What is it?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Nothing, except—you've been talking poetry."

Wickett was astonished, touched, mystified. It seemed to him that he had merely been reflective, reminiscent. The thought that he had been making love to Maida did not cross his mind. It did occur to him now, however,

Was She to Sit Idly By While Such a Thing Went On? Was That the Course of a True Friend, a Free Spirit?

that the agreeable and somewhat tender retrospections in which he had been indulging had created an atmosphere ill suited to his project of mentioning, this evening, the imminence of his wife's return, and of indicating certain—certain little changes that must necessarily ensue. Why had he started talking about that night at the bazaar? And why had Maida for the first time shown emotion? It was unfortunate. Nevertheless, Molly was already hours on her way East. Maida ought to know that. She had a right to know it. And though he hoped she fully realized the difference that Molly's return was going to make he felt he could no longer risk the chance that she did not.

More awkwardness! He sighed heavily.

"What's the matter, Shelley? That's the second time to-day you've sighed like that."

"Is it?"

"Yes; once over the telephone this morning. You're troubled about something."

"What makes you think so?"

"I know it. I can tell."

"But how can you tell?"

"Oh," she replied, smiling at him as with a ball of handkerchief she dabbed the last vestige of the tears from her eyes, "I suppose it's because you were born in April and I in December."

"Well," he said, determined to attack the situation, "you're right, anyway. I am a little troubled." Then realizing that it wouldn't sound well to say that he was troubled because Molly was coming home he tried to modify the statement by adding: "That is, you're right in a way."

"Has your worry anything to do with me?"

Then as he hesitated she went on: "It has. I knew it!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I can't say. I just seem to know. Tell me what it is, Shelley."

"I got a telegram to-day. My wife is coming home." His eyes avoided hers.

"I thought so."

"You thought so?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. You had already received the telegram when we were talking over the telephone this morning, hadn't you?"

"Yes. But, Maida! How on earth ——"

She regarded him solemnly, saying: "Have you forgotten that the fortune teller said I was inclined to be psychic?"

Wickett stared.

"I had forgotten," he said.

"He told me to follow my instincts—don't you remember?—especially in cases where I vibrated on the same plane with someone else—that my instincts would invariably be right."

"The same plane?" repeated Wickett.

"Yes. You and I vibrate on the same plane, Shelley. He said so. Haven't you felt it all along?"

"I've felt that we were awfully good—good pals," he said.

"Perhaps that's only another way of putting it."

"Perhaps. And when Molly gets home I want you to know each other and be bully good friends, you know, and—and all that. I'm so awfully fond of you, you know, Maida. And Molly—she's no end of a good sort. Really. I know you'll—you'll like her. And of course she'll like you enormously. Naturally she will. And she'll appreciate how bully you've been to me while she was away. I really don't know what I'd have done without you. And as soon as our place is in working order again you'll come up for dinner with us, won't you? And Molly will come down and see the studio and all; and then ——"

"It will be nice for your children to have their mother at home again," put in Maida.

Wickett was thankful to her for saying something. He was conscious of having talked rapidly and somehow loosely—like something wound up. He had wanted to stop, but hadn't quite known how.

"Yes," he returned, "they'll be awfully glad to see her." Then feeling that that alone was not quite adequate he appended: "Naturally, we'll all be glad." And having said that, and fearing that it sounded just a little thoughtless, just a little inconsiderate of Maida, he amended still further, saying: "Except that I'll miss these little twosomes of ours. I'll miss them a lot. I'm sure you know that."

And though that didn't sound right to him, either, he let it stand. One can't go on amending one's remarks forever.

"Don't explain, Shelley," she said very gently. "You don't need to. You may be sure I understand." Somehow, he didn't quite know why, there seemed now to be an implication of a deep significance in her assertion of her understanding. It troubled him. He desired to be sure that she had gauged accurately the sense of what he had been trying to communicate.

"The point is," he said, "that, to put it bluntly, I—I ——"

She smiled at him tenderly.

"I can say it better than you can, I think. The point is that you want to be chivalrous. Isn't that it?"

"Well—yes," he admitted, thinking she meant "You want to be chivalrous to me."

"Now," he thought to himself with infinite relief, "everything is comfortably fixed. She does understand."

That night as he went home, and again each time he thought the matter over in the next few days, he congratulated himself upon having adroitly handled an

(Continued on Page 61)

PEACE IN A PALACE

By ALFRED NOYES

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

"YOU were weeping in the night," said the Emperor,
"Weeping in your sleep, I am told."
"It was nothing but a dream," said the Empress;
But her face grew gray and old.
"You thought you saw our German God defeated?"
"Oh, no!" she said. "I saw no lightnings fall.
I dreamed of a whirlpool of green water,
Where something had gonedown. Thatwasall.

"All but the whimper of the sea gulls flying,
Endlessly round and round,
Waiting for the faces, the faces from the darkness,
The dreadful rising faces of the drowned.

"It was nothing but a dream," said the Empress.
"I thought I was walking on the sea;
And the foam rushed up in a wild smother,
And a crowd of little faces looked at me.
They were drowning! They were drowning," said the Empress,
"And they stretched their feeble arms to the sky;
But the worst was—they mistook me for their mother,
And cried as my children used to cry."

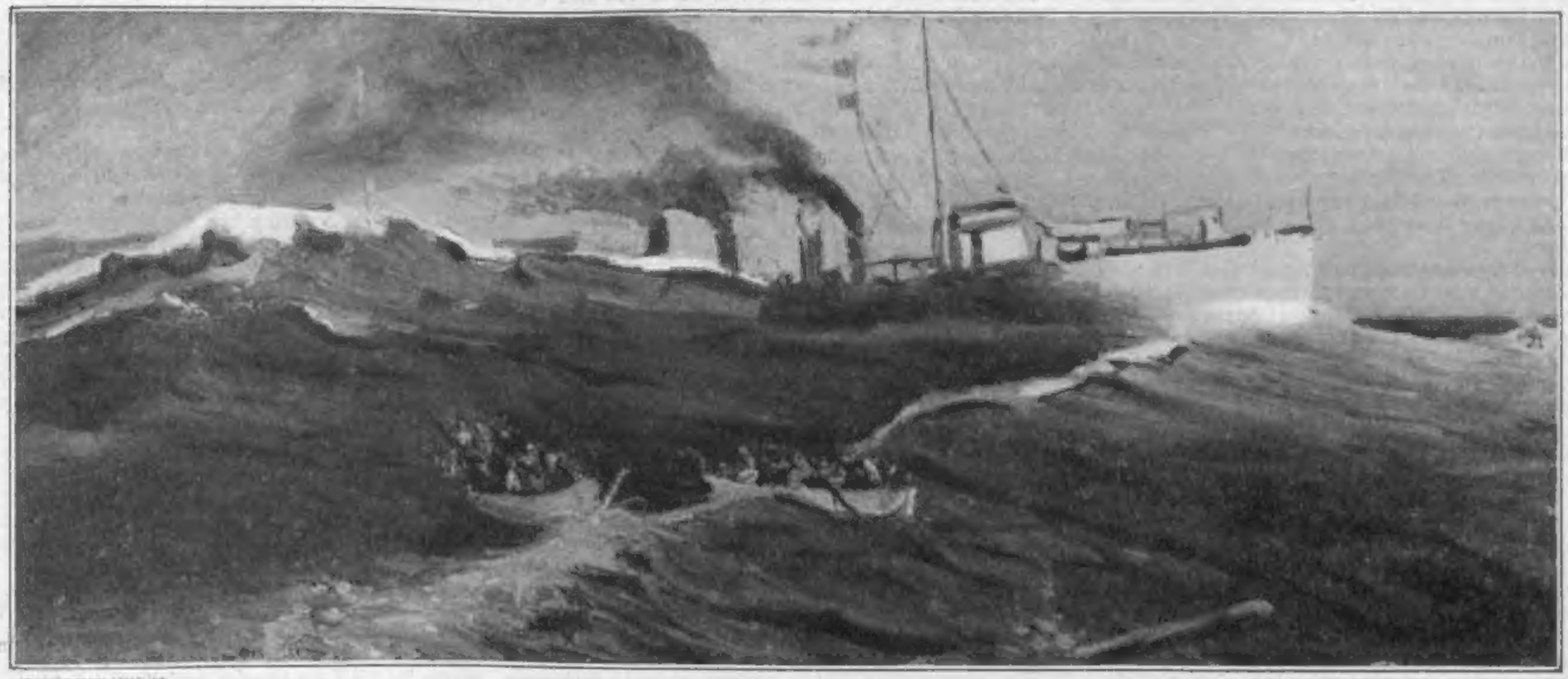
Nothing but a whimper of the sea gulls flying,
Endlessly round and round,
With the cruel yellow beaks that were waiting for the faces,
The little floating faces of the drowned.

"It was nothing but a dream," said the Emperor,
"So why should you weep, dear, eh?"
"Oh, I saw the red letters on a life belt
That the green sea washed my way!"
"What were they?" said the Emperor. "What were they?"
"Some of them were hidden," said the Empress,
"But I plainly saw the L and the U!"
"In God's name, stop!" said the Emperor.
"You told me that it was not true!

"Told me that you dreamed of the sea gulls flying,
Endlessly round and round,
Waiting for the faces, and the eyes in the faces,
The eyes of the children that we drowned.

"Kiss me and forget it," said the Emperor.
"Dry your tears on the tassel of my sword.
I am going to offer peace to my people,
And abdicate, perhaps, as overlord.
I shall now take up My Cross as Count of Prussia—
Which is not a heavy burden, you'll agree.
Why, before the twenty million dead are rotten
There'll be yachting days again for you and me!
Cheer up!
It would mean a rope for anyone but Me."

"Oh, take care!" said the Empress. "They are flying,
Endlessly round and round.
They have finished with the faces, the dreadful little faces,
The little eyeless faces of the drowned."



DRAWN BY FRANK SPRADLING

CAN HAPPEN!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"You Put Your Money in the Bank Next Time," Warned His Employer Sharply, "Instead of Letting It Lie Round in Some Flimsy Chinee Junk Shop. They're Always Burning"

LEW WEE, prized Chinese chef of the Arrowhead Ranch, had butchered, cooked and served two young roosters for the evening meal with a finesse that cried for tribute. As he replaced the evening lamp on the cleared table in the big living room he listened to my fulsome praise of his artistry as Marshal Foch might hear me say that I considered him a rather good strategist. Lew Wee heard but gave no sign, as one set above the petty adulation of compelled worshipers. Yet I knew his secret soul made festival of my words and would have been hurt by their withholding. This is his way. Not the least furtive lightening of his subtle eyes hinted that I had pleased him.

He presently withdrew to his tiny room off the kitchen, where, as was his evening custom for half an hour, he coaxed an amazing number of squealing or whining notes from his two-stringed fiddle. I pictured him as he played. He would be seated in his wicker armchair beside a little table on which a lamp glowed, the room tightly closed, window down, door shut, and a fast-burning brown-paper cigarette to make the atmosphere more noxious. After many more of the cigarettes had made it all but impossible, Lew Wee, with the lamp brightly burning, as it would burn the night through—for devils of an injurious sort and in great numbers will fearlessly enter a dark room—he would lie down to refreshing sleep. That fantasy of ventilation! Lew Wee always sleeps in an air-tight room packed with cigarette smoke, and a lamp turned high at his couchside; and Lew Wee is hardy.

He played over and over now a plaintive little air of minors that put a gentle appeal through two closed doors. It is one he plays a great deal. He has told me its meaning. He says—speaking with a not unpleasant condescension—that this little tune will mean "Life comes like a bird-song through the open windows of the heart." It sounds quite like that and is a very satisfying little song, with no beginning or end.

He played it now, over and over, wanderingly and at leisure, and I pictured his rapt face above the whining fiddle; the face, say, of the Philosopher Mang, sage of the second degree and disciple of Confucius, who was lifted from earth by the gods in a time we call B. C., but which was then thought to be a fresh, new, late time; the face of subtle eyes and guarded dignity. And I wondered, as I had often wondered, whether Lew Wee, lone alien in the abiding place of mad folks, did not suffer a vast homesickness for his sane kith, who do not misspend their days building up certain grotesque animals to slaughter them for a dubious food. True, he had the compensation of believing invincibly that the Arrowhead Ranch and all its concerns lay upon his own slightly bowed shoulders; that the thing would fast crumble upon his severance from it. But I questioned whether this were adequate. I felt him to be a man of sorrow if not of tragedy. Vaguely he reached me as one who had survived some colossal buffeting.

As I mused upon this Ma Pettengill sorted the evening mail and to Lew Wee she now took his San Francisco newspaper, Young China, and a letter. Half an hour later Lew Wee brought wood to replenish the fire. He disposed of this and absently brushed the hearth with a turkey wing. Then he straightened the rug, crossed the room, and straightened on the farther wall a framed portrait in color of Majestic Folly, a prize bull of the Hereford strain. Then he drew a curtain, flicked dust from a corner of the table, and made a slow way to the kitchen door, pausing to alter slightly the angle of a chair against the wall.

Ma Pettengill, at the table, was far in the Red Gap Recorder for the previous day. I was unoccupied and I watched Lew Wee. He was doing something human; he was lingering for a purpose. He straightened another chair and wiped dust from the gilt frame of another picture, Architect's Drawing of the Pettengill Block, Corner Fourth and Main Streets, Red Gap, Washington. From this feat he went softly to the kitchen door, where he looked back; hung waiting in the silence. He had made no sound, yet he had conveyed to his employer a wish for speech. She looked up at him from the lamp's glow, chin down, brows raised, and eyes inquiring of him over shining nose glasses.

"My uncle's store, Hankow, burn' down," said Lew Wee.

"Why, wasn't that too bad!" said Ma Pettengill.

"Can happen!" said Lew Wee positively.

"Too bad!" said Ma Pettengill again.

"I send him nine hundred dollars your money. Money burn too," said Lew Wee.

"Now, now! Well, that certainly is too bad! What a shame!"

"Can happen!" affirmed Lew Wee.

It was colorless. He was not treating his loss lightly; nor yet was he bewailing it.

"You put your money in the bank next time," warned his employer sharply, "instead of letting it lie round in some flimsy Chinee junk shop. They're always burning."

Lew Wee regarded her with a stilled face.

"Can happen!" he again murmured.

He was the least bit insistent, as if she could not yet have heard this utterly sufficing truth. Then he was out; and a moment later the two-stringed fiddle whined a little song through two closed doors. I said something acute and original about the ingrained fatalism of the Oriental races.

Ma Pettengill laid down her paper, put aside her glasses, and said, yes, sir, the Chinee was sure one fatal race; feeling fatal thataway was what made 'em such good help. Because why? Because, going to work at such-and-such a place, this here fatal feeling made 'em think one place was no worse than another; so why not stick here? If other races felt as fatal as the Chinee race it would make a grand difference in the help problem. She'd bet a million dollars right now that a lot of people wished the Swedes and Irish had fatal feelings like that.

I said Lew Wee had the look of one ever expecting the worst; even more than the average of his race.

"It ain't that," said my hostess. "He don't expect anything at all; or mebbe everything. He takes what comes. If it's good or bad, he says 'Can happen!' in the same tone of voice; and that ends it. There he is now, knowing that all this good money he saved by hard labor has gone up in smoke, and paying the loss no more attention than if he'd merely broke a string on that squeaky long-necked contraption he saws."

"He seems careless enough with his money, certainly."

"Sure, because he don't believe it does the least good to be careful."

From a cloth sack the speaker poured tobacco into a longitudinally creased brown paper and adeptly fashioned something in the nature of a cigarette.

"Ain't I been telling him for a year to buy Liberty Bonds with his money? He did buy two, being very pro-American on account of once having a violent difference with a German; and he's highly impressed with the button the Government lets him wear for it. He feels like the President has made him a mandarin or something; but if the whole Government went flooey to-morrow he'd just say 'Can happen!' and pick up his funny fiddle. Of course it ain't human, but it helps to keep help. I had him six years now, and the only thing that can't happen is his leaving. I don't say there wasn't reasons why he first took the place."

Reasons? So there had been reasons in the life of Lew Wee. I had suspected as much. I found something guarded and timid and long-suffering in his demeanor. He bore, I thought, the searing memory of an ordeal.

"Reasons!" I said, waiting.

"Reasons for coming this far in the first place. Wanted to save his life. I don't know why, with that fatal idea he sticks to. Habit, probably. Anyway, he had trouble saving it—kind of a feverish week."

She lighted the cigarette and chuckled hoarsely between the first relishing whiffs of it.

"Yes, sir; that poor boy believes the country between here and the coast is inhabited by savages; wild hill tribes that try to exterminate peaceful travelers; a low kind of outlaws that can't understand a word you tell 'em and act violent if you try to say it over. And having got here, past the demons, I figure he's afraid to go back. I don't blame him."

"Well?"

Ordinarily this would have been enough. Now the lady merely smoked and chuckled. When I again uttered "Well?" with a tinge of rebuke, she came down from her musing, but into another and distant field. It was the field of natural history, of zoology, of vertebrates, mammals, furred quadrupeds—or, in short, skunks. One may as well be blunt in this matter.

Ma Pettengill said the skunk got too little credit for its lovely character, it being the friendliest wild animal known to man and never offensive except when put upon. Wasn't we all offensive at those times? And just because the skunk happened to be superbly gifted in this respect, was that any reason to ostracize him?

"I ain't sayin' I'd like to mix with one when he's vexed," continued the lady judicially; "but why vex 'em? They never look for trouble; then why force it on their notice? Take one summer, years ago, when Lysander John and I had a camp up above Dry Forks. My lands! Every night after supper the prettiest gang of skunks would frolic down off the hillside and romp round us. Here would come Pa and Ma in the lead, and mebbe a couple aunts and uncles and four or five of the cunningest little ones, and they'd all snoop fearlessly round the cook fire and the grub boxes, picking up scraps of food—right round under my feet, mind you—and looking up now and then and saying 'Thank you!' plain as anything, and what lovely weather we're having, and why don't you come up and see us some time?—and so on. They kept it up for a month while we was there; and I couldn't want neater, nicer neighbors.

"Lysander John, he used to get some nervous, especially after one chased him back into the tent late one night; but it was only wanting to play like a mere puppy, I tells him. He'd heard a noise and rushed out, and there the little thing was kind of waltzing in the moonlight, whirling round and round and having a splendid time. When it came bounding toward him—I guess that was the only time in his life Lysander John was scared helpless. He busted back into the tent a mere palsied wreck of his former self; but the cute little minx just come up and sniffed at the flap in a friendly way, like it wanted to reassure him. I wanted him to go out and play with it in the moonlight. He wouldn't. I liked 'em round the place, they was so neighborly and calm. Of course if I'd ever stepped on one, or acted sudden——

"They also tame easy and make affectionate pets. Ralph Waldo Gusted, over on Elkhorn, that traps 'em in winter to make First-Quality Labrador Sealskin Cloaks—his children got two in the house they play with like kittens; and he says himself the skunk has been talked about in a loose and unthinking way. He says a pet skunk is not only a fine mouser but leads a far more righteous life than a cat, which is given to debauchery and cursing at night. Yes, sir; they're the most trusting and friendly critters in all the woods if not imposed upon—after that, to be sure——"

I said yes, yes, and undoubtedly, and all very interesting, and well and good in its place; but, really, was this its place? I wanted Lew Wee's reasons for believing in the existence of savage hill tribes between there and San Francisco.

"Yes; and San Francisco is worse," said the lady. "He believes that city to be ready for mob violence at any moment. Wild crowds get together and yell and surge round on the least provocation. He says it's different in China, the people there not being crazy."

"Well then, we can get on with this mystery."

So Ma Pettengill said we could; and we did indeed.

This here Chink seems to of been a carefree child up to the time the civilized world went crazy with aversion for him. He was a good cook and had a good job at a swell country club down the peninsula from San Francisco. The hours was easy and he was close enough to the city to get in once or twice a week and mingle with his kind. He could pass an evening with the older set, playing fan-tan and electing a new president of the Chinee race, or go to the Chinee theater and set in a box and chew sugar cane; or he could have a nice time at the clubrooms of the Young China Progressive Association, playing poker for money. Once in a while he'd mix in a tong war, he being well thought of as a hatchet man—only they don't use hatchets, but automatics; in fact, all Nature seemed to smile on him.

Well, right near this country club one of his six hundred thousand cousins worked as gardener for a man, and this man kept many beautiful chickens—so Lew Wee says. And he says a strange and wicked night animal crept into the home of these beautiful birds and slew about a dozen of 'em by biting 'em under their wings. The man told his cousin that the wicked night animal must be a skunk and that his cousin should catch him in a trap. So the cousin told Lew Wee that the wicked night animal was a skunk and that he was going to catch him in a trap. Lew Wee thought it was interesting.

He went up to the city and in the course of a pleasant evening at fan-tan he told about the slain chickens that were so beautiful, and how the night animal that done it would be caught in a trap. A great friend of Lew Wee's was present, a wonderful doctor. Lew Wee still says he is the most wonderful doctor in the world, knowing things about medicines that the white doctors can't ever find out, these being things that the Chinee doctors found out over fifteen thousand years ago, and therefore true. The doctor's name was Doctor Hong Foy, and he was a rich doctor. And he says to Lew Wee that he needs a skunk for medicine, and if anyone will bring him a live skunk in good condition he will pay twenty-five dollars in American money for same.

Lew Wee says he won't be needing that skunk much longer—or words to that effect—because he will get this one from the trap. Doctor Hong Foy is much pleased and says the twenty-five American dollars is eager to become Lew Wee's for this animal, alive and in good condition.

Lew Wee goes back, and the next day his cousin says he set a trap and the night skunk entered it, but he was strong like a lion and had busted out and bit some more chickens under the wing, and then went away from there. He showed Lew Wee the trap and Lew Wee seen it wasn't the right kind, but he knows how to make the right kind and will do so if the skunk can become entirely his property when caught.

The cousin, without the least argument, agreed heartily to this. He was honest enough. He explained carefully that the skunk was wished to be caught to keep it from biting chickens under the wing, causing them to die, and not for any value whatever it might have to the person catching it. He says it will be beneficial to catch the skunk, but not to keep it; that a skunk is not nice after being caught, and Lew Wee is more than welcome to it if he will make a right trap. The cousin himself was probably one of these fatal "Can happen!" boys. When Lew Wee says he must have the skunk alive and in good condition he just looked at him in a distant manner that Lew Wee afterward remembered; but he only said "Oh, very well!" in his native language.

Lew Wee then found a small peaked-roofed chicken coop, with stout slats on it, and made a figure-four trap, and put something for bait on the pointed stick and set the trap, and begun right off to squander twenty-five dollars that was to come as easy as picking it up in the road.

There wasn't any breakfast trade at the country club and Lew Wee was able to get over across the golf links to the chicken place early the next morning. The cousin was some distance from the chicken place, hoeing a bed of artichokes, but he told Lew Wee his trap had been a very wonderful trap and the night animal was safe caught. Lew Wee was surprised at his cousin's indifference and thought he should of been over there looking at the prize. But not so. The cousin was keeping some distance off. He just told Lew Wee that there was his animal and that he should take it away with as little disturbance as possible, which would be better far and near for all concerned. He was strangely cool about it.

But Lew Wee was full of pleasant excitement and run swiftly to his trap. Sure enough! There was a nice big beautiful skunk in his trap. Lew Wee had never seen one. He said it was more beautiful than a golden pheasant, with rich, shiny black fur and a lovely white stripe starting from its face and running straight down on each side of its back; and it had a wonderful waving tail, like a plume. He looked at it joyfully through the slats. It was setting down comfortably when he come up; so he spoke to it in a friendly way. Then it got up and yawned and stretched itself, looking entirely self-possessed, but kind of bored, I suppose, like this was a poor sort of practical joke to play on a gentleman; so now would some one kindly lift this box off him?

The proud owner danced about it in great glee and told it how the nice doctor wouldn't hurt it any, but would give it a good home, with chicken for supper, mebbe, and so on.

(Continued on Page 53)

There Was Fights and Accidents, and Different Ones Tramped On, and Screams of Fear

SAMMY BOY

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN THE TRENCHS, May 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I haven't wrote you no letter for a long wile and I suppose maybe you think something might of happened to me or something. Well old pal they hasn't nothing happened and I only wished they would because anything would be better then laying around here and I would rather stop a shell and get spread all over Europe then lay around here and die a day at a time you might say.

Well I would of wrote you before only we was on the march and by the time night come around my dogs fret me so bad I couldn't think of nothing else and when they told us we was comeing up here I thought of course they would send us up in motor Lauras or something and not wear us all out before we got here but no it was drill every ft. of the way and I said to Johnny Alcock the night we got here that when they was sending us up here to die they might at lease give us a ride and he says no because when they send a man to the electric chair they don't push him up there in a go cart but they make him get there on his own dogs. So I said "Yes but he travels light and he don't half to go far and when he gets there they's a chair waiting for him to set down in it but they load us up like a troop ship and walk us ½ way to Sweden and when we finely get here we can either remain standing or lay down in a mud puddle and tuck ourself in."

So I Said "I Would be Tickled to Death to Go Only I Don't Hear Very Good Boch in English and of Course Jerry Would be Telling Their Plans in German"

And another thing Al I thought they meant we was going right in the front line trenchs where a man has got a chance to see some fun but where we are at is what they call the reserve trenchs and we been here 3 days all ready and have got to stay here 7 days more that is unless they should something happen to the regt. that's up ahead of us in the front line and if they get smashed up or something and half to be sent back to the factory then we will jump right in and take their place and I don't wish them no bad luck but I wished they would get messed up tonight at lease enough so as they would half to come out for repairs but it don't look like they was much chance of that as we are on a quite section where they hasn't been nothing doing since the war begin you might say but of course Jerry is raiseing he—ll all over the front now and here is where he will probably pick on next and beleive me Al we will give him a welcome.

But the way things is mapped out now we will be here another wk. yet and then up in the front row for 10 days and then back to the rest billets for a rest but they say the only thing that gets a rest back there is your stomach but beleive me your stomach gets a holiday right here without going to no rest billets.

Well I thought they would be some excitement up here but its like church but everybody says just wait till we get up in front and then we will have plenty of excitement well I hope they are telling the truth because its sure motonus here and about all as we do is have inspections and scratch. As Johnny Alcock says France may of lose a whole lot of men in this war but they don't seem to of been no casualitys amiat the cuties.

Well Al they's plenty of other bugs here as well as the kinds that itchs and I mean some of the boys themselfs and here is where it comes out on them is where they haven't nothing to do only lay around and they's 1 bird that his name is Harry Friend but the boys calls him the chicken hawk and its not only on acct. of him loveing the ladys but he is all the wile writeing letters to them and he is 1 of these fancy writers that has to wind up before he comes down on the paper with a word and between every word he sores up and swoops down again like he was over a barn yard and sometimes the boys set around and bets on how many wirls he will take before he will get within writeing distants of the paper.

Well any way he must get a whole lot of letters wrote if he answers all the ones that comes for him because every time you bump into him he pulls one on you that he just got from some gal that's nuts about him somewheres in the U.S. and its always a different 1 and I bet the stores that sells service stars kept open evenings the wk. this bird enlisted in the draft. But today it was a French gal that he had a letter from her some dame in Chalons and he showed me her picture and she's some queen Al and he is pulling for us to be sent there on our leave after we serve our turn up here and I don't blame him for wanting to be where she's at and I wished they was some baby doll that I could pal around with in what ever burg they ship us to. But I don't know nobody Al and besides I'm a married man so no flirting with the parley vous for me and I suppose I will spend most of my time with the 2 Vin sisters and a headache.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I was talking to 1 of the boys Jack Brady today and we was talking about Harry Friend and I told Jack about him getting a letter from this French girlie at Chalons and how he was pulling for us to go there on our leave so as he could see her so Jack said he didn't think we would go there but they would probably send us to 1 of the places where we could get a bath as god knows we will need one and they will probably send us to Aix les Bains or Nice or O. D. Cologne. So I said I didn't care where we was sent as they wouldn't be no gal waiting for me in none of them towns so Jack says it was my own fault if they wasn't as all these places was full of girlies that was there for us to dance with them and etc. and the officers had all their names and addresses and the way to do was write to 1 of them and tell her when you was comeing and would she like to show you around and he said he would see 1 of the lieuts. that he stands pretty good with him and see what he could do for me. Well Al I told him to go ahead as I thought it was just a joke but sure enough he showed up after a wile and he said the lieut. didn't only have 1 name left but she was a queen and he give me her name and address and its Miss Marie Antoinette 14 rue de Nez Rouge, O. D. Cologne.

Well Al I didn't have nothing else to do so I set down and wrote her a note and I will coppy down what I wrote.

Dear Miss Antoinette: I suppose you will be supprised to hear from me and I hope you won't think I am some fresh bird writeing you this letter for a joke or something but I am just 1 of Uncle Sam's soldiers from the U.S.A. and am now in the trenchs fighting for your country. Well Miss Antoinette we expect to be here about 2 wks. more and then we will have a leave off for a few days and some of the boys thinks we may spend it in your city and I thought maybe you might be good enough to show me around when we get there. I was a baseball pitcher back in the U.S.A. tall and athletic build and I don't suppose you know what baseball is but thought maybe you would wonder what I look like. Well if you aren't busy when we get there I will hope to see you and if you are agreeable drop me a line here and I will sure look you up when I get there.

So then I give her my name and where to reach me and of course they won't nothing come out of it Al only a man has got to amuse yourself some way in a dump like this or they would go crazy. But it would sure be a horse on me if she was to answer the letter and say she would be glad to see me and then of course I would half to write and tell her I was a married man or else not write to her at all but of course they won't nothing come out of it and its a good bet we won't never see Cologne as that was just a guess on Brady's part.

Well Al things is going along about like usual with nothing doing only inspections and etc. and telling us how to behave when we get up there in the front row and not to stick our head over the top in the day time and you would think we was the home guards or something and at that I guess the home guards is seeing as much of the war as we are in this old ditch but they say it will be different when we get up in front and beleive me I hope so and they can't send us there to soon to suit me.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here we are up in the front line trenchs and we come in here 2 days ahead of time but that's the way they run everything in the army except feed you but they don't never do nothing when they say they are going to and I suppose they want a man to get use to haveing things come by supprise so as it won't interfere with your plans if you get killed a couple days before you was looking for it.

Well Al we are looking for it now most any day and this may be the last letter you will ever get from your old pal and you may think I am kidding when I say that but 1 of the boys told me a wile ago that he heard Capt. Seeley telling 1 of the lieuts. that the reason we come in here ahead of time was on acct. of them expecting the Dutchmans to make their next drive on this section and the birds that we are takeing their place was a bunch of yellow stiffs that was hard of hearing except when they was told to retreat and Gen. Pershing figured that if they was up here when Jerry made a attack they would turn around and open up a drive on Africa and the bosh has been going through the rest of the line like it was held by the ladies aid and Gen. Foch says they have got to be stopped so we are elected Al and you know what that means and it means we can't retreat under no conditions but stay here till we get killed. So you see I wasn't kidding Al and it looks like it was only a question of a few days or maybe not that long but at that I guess most of the boys would just as leave stop a Dutch bayonet as to lay around in this he—ll hole. Beleive me Al this is a fine resort to spend 10 days at what with the mud and the perfume and a whole menajery useing you for a parade grounds.

Well Capt. Seeley wants us to get all the rest we can now on acct. of what's comeing off after a wile but beleive me I am not going to oversleep myself in this he—ll hole because suppose Jerry would pick out the time wile you was asleep to come over and pay us a visit and they's supposed to be some of the boys on post duty to watch all night and keep their eye pealed and wake us up if they's something stiring but I have been in hotels a lot of times and left a call with some gal that didn't have nothing to do only pair her

finger nails and when the time come ring me up but even at that she forgot it so what chance is they for 1 of these sentrys to remember and wake everybody up when maybe they's 5 or 6 Dutchmens divideing him into building lots with their bayonet or something. So as far is I am conserned I will try and keep awake wile I can because it looks like when we do go to sleep we will stay asleep several yrs. and even if we are lucky enough to get back to them rest billets we can sleep till the cows come home a specially if they give us some more of them entertainments like we had in camp.

Well Al before we got here I thought they would be so much fireing back and 4th. up here that a man couldn't hear themself think but I guess Jerry is saveing up for the big show though every little wile they try and locate our batterys and clean them out and once in so often 1 of our big guns replys but as Johnny Alcock says you couldn't never accuse our artillrys from being to gabby and I guess we are lucky they are pretty near speechless as they might take a notion to fire short but any way a little wile ago 1 of our guns sent a big shell over and Johnny says what and the he—ll can that be and I said its a shell from 1 of our guns and he says he thought they fired 1 yesterday.

Well as I say here we are with 10 days of it stareing us in the eye and the cuties for company and the only way we can get out of here ahead of time is on a stretcher and I wouldn't mind that Al but as I say I want to be awake when my time comes because if I am going to get killed in this war I want to have some idear who done it.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 14.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I got the supprise of my life today when Jack Brady handed me a letter that had came for me and that's supprise enough itself but all the more when I opened it up and seen who it was from. Well it was from that baby in Cologne and I will coppy it down as it is short and you can see for yourself what she says. Well here it is.

Dear Mr. Keefe: Your letter just reached me and you can bet I was glad to get it. I sure will be glad to see you when you come to Cologne and I will be more than glad to show you the sights. This is some town and we sure will have a time when you get here. I am just learning to write English so please excuse mistakes but all I want to say is don't disappoint me but write me when you will come so I can be all dressed up comme un cheval. Avec l'amour und kussen.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

You see Al they's part of it wrote in French and that last part means with love and kisses. Well I guess that letter I wrote her must of went over strong and any ways it looks like she didn't exactly hate me eh Al? Well it looks like I would half to write to her back and tell her I am a married man and they can't be no flirting between her and I but if she wants to be a good pal and show me around O.K. and no harm done. Well I hope she takes it that way because it sure will seem good to talk to a gal again that can talk a little English and not la la la all the wile but of course its a good bet that I won't never see her because we are just as libel to go somewheres else as Cologne though Brady seems to think that's where we are headed for. Well time will tell and in the mean wile we are libel to get blowed to he—ll and gone and then of course it would be good by sweet Marie but I was supprised to hear from her as I only wrote to her in fun and didn't think nothing would come from it but I guess Harry Friend isn't the only lady killer in the U.S. army and if I was 1 of the kind that shows off all their letters I guess I have got 1 now to show.

A side from all that Al we was supposed to have our chow a hr. ago but no chow and some of the boys says its on acct. of our back arears being under fire and you see the kitchens is way back of the front lines and the boys on chow detail is supposed to bring our food up here but when the back arears is under fire they are scared to bring it up or they might maybe run into some bad luck on the way. How is that for fine dope Al when a whole regt. starves to death because a few yellow stiffs is afraid that maybe a shell might light near them and spill a few beans. Brady says maybe they are trying to starve us so as we will get mad and fight harder when the time comes like in the old days when they use to have fights between men and lions in Reno and Rome and for days ahead they wouldn't give the lions nothing to eat so as they would be pretty near wild when they got in Reno and would make a rush at the gladaters that was supposed to fight them and try and eat them up on acct. of being so near starved. Well Al I would half to be good and hungry before I would want to eat a Dutchman a specially after they been in the trenchs a wile.

But any way it don't make a whole lot of differents if the chow gets here or not because when it comes its nothing only a eye dropper full of soup and coffee and some bread that I would hate to have some of it fall on my toe and before we left the U.S. everybody was trying to preserve food so as the boys in France would have plenty to eat but if they sent any of the preserves over here the boat they come on must of stopped a torpedo and I hope the young mackerels won't make themselfs sick on sweets.

Jokeing to 1 side this is some climate Al and they don't never a day pass without it raining and I use to think the weather profits back home had a snap that all they had to do was write down rain or snow or fair and even if they was wrong they was way up there where you couldn't get at them but they have got a tough job when you look at a French weather profit and as soon as he learns the French for rain he can open up an office and he don't half to hide from nobody because he can't never go wrong though Alcock says they have got a dry season here that begins the 14 of July and ends that night but its a holiday so the weather profit don't half to monkey with it. Any way its so dark here all the wile that you can't hardly tell day and night only at night times the Dutchmens over across the way sends up a flare once in a wile to light things up so as they can see if they's any of us prowling around Nobody's Land and speaking about Nobody's Land Brady says its the ground that lays between the German trenchs and the vermin trenchs but jokeing to 1 side if it wasn't for these here flares we wouldn't know they was anybody over in them other trenchs and when we come in here they was a lot of talk about Jerry sending over a patrol to find out who we was but it looks like he wasn't interested. But all and all Al its nothing like I expected up here and all we have seen of the war is when a shell or 2 busts in back of us or once in a wile 1 of their areoplanes comes over and 1 of ours chases them back and sometimes they have a battle but they always manage to finish it where we can't see it for the fear we might enjoy ourselfs.

Well it looks like we would half to go to bed on a empty stomach if you could call it bed and speaking about stomach Brady says they's a old saying that a army travels on their stomach but a cutie covers a whole lot more ground. But as I say when you don't get your chow you don't miss much only it kills a little time and everybody is sick in tired of doing nothing and 1 of the boys was saying tonight he wished the Dutchmens would attack so as to break the motley and Alcock said that if they did attack he hoped they would do it with gas as his nose needed a change of air. Your pal, JACK

Every Time You Bump Into Him He Pulls a Letter on You That He Just Got From Some Gal That's Nuts About Him Somewheres in the U.S.

IN THE TRENCHS, May 16.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I come within a ace you might say of not being here to write you this letter and you may think that's bunk but wait till you hear what come off. Well it seems our scout planes brought back word yesterday that the Dutch regt. over across the way had moved out and another regt. had took their place and it seems when they make a change like that our gens. always trys to find out who the new rivals is so the orders come yesterday that we was to get up a patrol party for last night and go over and take a few prisoners so as we would know what regt. we was up vs. Well as soon as the news come out they was some of the boys volunteered to go in the patrol and they was only a few going so I didn't feel like noseing myself in and maybe crowding somebody out that was set on going and besides what and the he—ll do I care what regt. is there as long as its Germans and its like you lived in a flat and the people across the hall moved out and some people moved in why as long as you knowed they wasn't friends of yours you wouldn't rush over and ring their door bell and say who the he—ll are you but you would wait till they had time to get some cards printed and stick 1 in the mail box. So its like I told Alcock that when the boys come back they would tell the Col. that the people opp. us was Germans and the Col. would be supprised because he probably thought all the wile that they was the Idaho boy scouts or something. But at that I pretty near made up my mind at the last minute to volunteer just to break the motley you might say but it was to late and I lost out.

Well Al the boys that went didn't come back and I hope the Col. is satisfied now because he has lost that many men and he knows just as much as he did before namely that they's some Germans across the way and either they killed our whole bunch or took them a prisoner and instead of us learning who they are they found out who we are because the boys that's gone is all from our regt. and its just like as if we went over and give them the information they wanted to save them the trouble of comeing over here and getting it.

Well it don't make a man feel any happier to think about them poor boys and god only knows what happened to them if they are prisoners or dead and some of them was pals of mine to but the worst part of it is that the word will be sent home that they are missing in actions and their wifes won't know what become of them if they got any and I can't help from thinking I might of been with them only for not wanting to crowd somebody

(Continued on Page 35)

Well Al If Anybody Asks You How to Spend a Pleasant Evening Don't Steer Them Up Against a Listening Post With a Crazy Man

THE FLYING SAILORS

By Samuel G. Blythe

IF YOU know about college football you know about Gates, sometime captain of the Yale team. As my knowledge of college football is entirely incidental I didn't know about Gates, and the first time I heard of him was when Vice Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, that great British sailor who was the inspiring genius of the blocking operations at Zeebrugge and at Ostend, the man who sent the Vindictive in, told me about him at Dover, speaking as one brave man speaks of another, albeit Gates was only a lieutenant in our naval air forces and Keyes is a vice admiral, with four rows of ribbons on his tunic signifying that he has received, at the hands of his government and the admiralty, about all there is in the way of honors and awards.

"A very gallant officer," said the admiral; and he related the incident he had in mind, which was this: One afternoon when Gates was at our naval air station in Dunkirk a signal came in that a British plane had been shot down by the Germans up the coast and had fallen in the sea within range of the German shore guns. All the varied naval radios at Dunkirk picked up the signal, and there was an immediate scurry to get to the rescue of the wrecked aviators. Gates jumped to a sea plane that was moored in the water, without waiting for assistance or for company and aid in the way of observers and machine-gun men, set the propeller whirling and immediately was off alone in a big plane at ninety miles an hour. He reached the spot where the aviators were in the water clinging to the remains of their machine, potted at by the Germans on shore, and swooped down beside them, landing with a perfect skill and control, regardless of the wicked fire that came from the Huns. He pulled the wrecked aviators onto his plane, made his run along the water, rose, turned and whooped back to Dunkirk, meeting the other rescuers who were pegging up in other planes and in coastal motor boats, and saving the lives of three Englishmen, who gleefully waved their hands at the oncomers and motioned them to go back, not only because Gates had saved them but because the Huns were very angry over the whole business and were plastering the seascape thereabouts with machine-gun bullets and shrapnel in futile rage over the deliverance of the men they supposed were as good as dead; which indeed they were until Gates got to them.

"A very gallant officer," said Admiral Keyes; "I have recommended him for a decoration."

The Last Flight of Gallant Gates

I CAME across the Channel next day in an English destroyer, landing at Dunkirk, and Gates was a fellow guest with me at luncheon with Commodore Larkin, the British commandant at the port. He was big, broad-shouldered, smiling, modest; deprecating any mention of this exploit or of any of his other exploits, and though he was in command of the American station, with all the Dunkirk section of our naval aviators under him, almost shy. I told him what the admiral had said to me. He blushed and fidgeted.

"It was nothing," he said; "nothing. Anyone of the fellows would have done it."

And he wouldn't say a word about it, protesting that it was nothing.

That was the first time I saw Gates. The last time I saw him was at half after ten o'clock a few nights later, standing on the steps of the house where the senior officers messed, silhouetted against the light from the open door, big, laughing, full of the joy of life, an officer every inch of his six feet of brawn, telling the commander and me how to get through the Stygian streets of Dunkirk, past the inner and outer gates, and where to pick up the road that would take us to the place we were going, which was twenty-five or thirty miles away.

People in London and Paris thought their streets were dark; but pouf! those streets were radiant and glittering, very Broadways of the old times, when contrasted to the streets of Dunkirk or any place within the actual war zone. Those places were dark in all that dark means. There wasn't a gleam of light, and with good reason for Dunkirk, anyhow, for the boche bombed that place more than four hundred times and bombarded it half as many. Whenever there was nothing else stirring the boche flew over and dropped a few on Dunkirk. Life there was divided into two phases—dodging bombs or shells, and after that raid or bombardment was over wondering when the next one would begin.

A lovely place to live, Dunkirk, in those days! If the air bombers didn't get you it was likely the big guns at Lengenboom or Ostend would. They dropped some fifteen-inch shells in one day when I was there, and I am here to say a city bombarded by fifteen-inch guns is no fit place for residence or sojourn.

Gates told us how to go, with instructions as to how to get past the obstacles. We were to talk our way through, for the gates closed at nine-thirty, and it was then after ten. We had the regular passes, but it seemed that special passes were needed, and we didn't want to wait for them. Presently a French soldier stepped out in front of the car and demanded authority. We showed what we had. He possessed an insatiable appetite for authority, that poilu, for he asked for more. Whereupon the strategy of the enterprise was developed. That strategy was to state that this was an official car, going on an official errand, and that it must proceed.

This was enunciated in such French as was in stock. The sentry was skeptical. He came back with a couple of pages of other French. Our statement was reiterated in a dignified manner. The sentry talked torrentially for ten minutes, waving his hands. Our reply was identical with our first remarks—no more and no less.

This discussion continued for half an hour, our contributions to it being the invariable statement of our necessities. Finally the sentry quit. There was nothing to be made of these Americans. To be sure, they had an official car, but on the other hand they had no special pass. Should they be permitted to proceed? No—yes—on the whole, yes, and good riddance. We congratulated ourselves as we went down the road on the success of our strategy and our French, and we rehearsed our little French piece, adding niceties of diction to it in order that we might work it at the *porte de sortie*.

We arrived. A sentry came out of the dark. In concert and with the correctest of nasal accents we told our story. There was no response. We told it again, with greater declamatory effect. No reply. Again we pronounced it, with tremolos and vocal trills and variations. It was a great piece of work.

"Oh, hell," said the sentry; "speak English."

Five or six weeks later when I returned to Dunkirk I asked for Gates.

"He's gone," they said at the station.

"Gone where?"

"We don't know. We wish we did."

Then I heard the story. When the big offensive came, a few days before, in that section, early in October, Gates asked for permission to fly in land machines with the French who were going over to do battle with the Huns. He wanted to get into it. He was a great pilot, and the French were glad to have him. So one morning he took his seat in a fighting machine and started out with a French formation, laughing, clear-eyed, as gallant a flying man as ever held a control in a plane or fired a gun at a boche.

Presently the formation met some Germans, fifteen battle planes, outnumbering them two to one. The French, great tacticians in the air, maneuvered to get beneath them, but not Gates. With the same spirit that he showed on the gridiron Gates flew up and at them, one man against fifteen, working his machine gun and flying fearlessly against them. They got him. When the French flyers came back the ominous "Failed to return" was written after the name of Gates in the report.

The last report I had was that no trace of him had been found, but there have been later rumors of his being a prisoner. As I write he is still carried as "missing" on the rolls. If he is alive the Navy will welcome him back as one of their best. If he is dead, hail and farewell! Gates was a type of the fearless, light-hearted men who have been flying for us in France. As such I tell his story. Gallants all of them; brave fighters, many of them failed to return; but not one of them who didn't go out as Gates went out, eager for the encounter, discounting the ultimate, seized of no other desire than to uphold the traditions of the service and to advance the cause of their country.

A Peach of a Job—Not

YOUR sailor is a ubiquitous person. It is immaterial to him whether he fights on the water, under the water or in the air, so long as he gets a chance to fight. How they chafed at station duty, over the tasks that did not give them active service. I was riding with a bluejacket in an admiral's car. He was detailed to drive the car, having been an expert chauffeur before he enlisted. I told him he had a good job, with nothing to do but drive that car.

"Good job!" he sneered. "This is a peach of a job—not! Won't I look great when I get back home and they ask me what I did in the war, and I tell them I drove a fat old admiral round in an automobile? That's a fine war record for my children, now ain't it?"

Whereupon there ensued the usual line of talk about duty and the necessity of these employments, but it left that bluejacket chauffeur cold. And it left them all cold. They wanted to fight. They wanted action, and that, I take it, is the reason why the naval air service was always full to running over with ambitious young men who earnestly desired to go out and slay Huns in the air. If the Navy had had the machines to allow these ambitious young men to gratify their commendable lust for German blood there might have been a different phase on the air situation. But the Navy did not have the machines, and the getting of them was a long and tedious process. The

organizations for flying were efficient, bases were established in many places in England, Ireland, France and elsewhere, but the great bulk of our naval flying was done with machines either borrowed or bought wherever machines could be secured. In October of this year it began to look as if all this preliminary effort was to become effective. There had been heartbreaking delays and mistakes and lacks of material and difficulties of transportation—obstacles that were paralyzing; but the naval flyers plugged steadily along, extemporized machines, did miracles in erection and construction, fought against the utmost handicaps, grabbed machines wherever they could be found, borrowed them, bought them, reconstructed them, repaired them, remade them, surmounted tremendous obstacles of all sorts, and in October were getting at it.

If the war hadn't stopped, the American naval flyers would have had a large hand in stopping it when it did end. As it is, their share in bringing about that desirable situation has been considerable, handicapped as they have been by lack of everything save the man power needed.

Naval flying has two functions—patrol and bombing. The patrol work is done by sea planes that hunt submarines, observe for convoys, and generally act as scouts and protectors over waters adjacent to the coast. The bombers operate from land and over the land. In addition we had some dirigibles and some naval observation balloons. We built some stations from the ground up and took over a considerable number of flying stations from the English and the French, and enlarged these, built our own buildings and installed large amounts of machinery. The personnel was adequate and efficient.

Making the Best of It

IT MUST not be understood from this that our navy flyers have not done any flying. They have. The point is that owing to the long distance from America, the inevitable difficulties of transport, the work required in getting navy plane building under way on the large scale required, and the development not only of the industry but of the flyers themselves, the man-power end of the enterprise was more efficient than the machine-power end of it. The organizations were made before machines came along to be flown. The job was tremendous. Even at stations taken over from the British and French there was enormous work to be done to fit the places to our needs. It was necessary to establish supply depots, to build hangars, to get all the complicated and multifold gear in place either from home or in any available market on the European side. The men who had this job in hand had their troubles, but they worked unceasingly.

It would be interesting to catalogue these various stations and depots in Europe to show the American people just how extensive the naval air program was, and how diversified, but the rules of the game will not permit that. I have not been to all the stations, but I have been to a good many of them and have noted the situation first-hand. These men who organized and established these stations labored with the most exasperating and disheartening difficulties, but kept at the work unceasingly, cheerfully, loyally, and attained remarkable results under the most discouraging circumstances in many instances.

For example, one lot of planes came through, and there was great joy, for this lot seemed to give an excellent promise of continuous and rapid delivery. But when the machines were set up and tried it was found that the propellers were defective. They flew to bits, did those propellers, when turned at full speed, and planes without propellers are not of much account for flying purposes. There were weeks of delay before new propellers came. Again, a lot of engines arrived, and the planes were there for them, but when the two were put together it was discovered that there were no starters for the engines, and none within three thousand miles. So the men at this station had to turn to the naval repair-ship machinists stationed near by, and when I was there they were making the needed starters on the repair ship as well as they were able.

Again, great store was set by certain big bombing machines bought under contract from a foreign manufacturer. When these machines began to arrive it was discovered that they must be taken down and put together again, remade practically, and that the engines were not suitable. So it went all along the line. Every week or so there was one of these heartbreakers, but the men on the job organized themselves to meet each new contingency. There was no whimpering in that outfit. If anything was missing and they couldn't buy that particular thing they always could make it. Mostly tools were not at hand, so they improvised tools. They improvised almost everything, and they got their organization effected.

At one place I saw them building an enormous hangar for dirigibles. Enormous is the right word. Those big dirigibles are tremendous affairs, and the buildings to house them are giant structures. It is not ordinary construction. These great cigar-shaped balloons must have free ingress and egress to and from their sheds, and the roofs of the buildings must correspond to their gigantic curves. This necessitates complicated truss construction, as well as the building of monster doors that must move easily. They had few tools, but they had intelligence. A lieutenant who used to be a building constructor somewhere in America took the job, and he built that hangar with the aid of men who had been tailors and barbers and clerks, and so on, before they enlisted, and who mostly had hardly ever driven a nail or sawed a plank in their lives.

At another place, a place that was a barren island, a detachment of these men turned in and built a station complete with hangars, concrete landing stages, barracks, mess halls, and so on—and those sailors were not many of them mechanics before they went into the Navy. Nor are these individual instances. The same sort of high and capable endeavor has been shown at every naval air station we have in Europe. The officers and the men have done marvels of construction, and under great handicaps. I salute them in admiration but not in surprise. I have seen enough of the American Navy operating in foreign waters and on foreign shores to be surprised at nothing in the way of accomplishment under difficulties. There were sixty-five to seventy-five thousand American sailors over there, officers and men, and I am convinced they could do anything in the way of construction, in the way of repair, in the way of manufacture, in the way of improvising tools for any sort of work. I've seen them at it, and I know.

If a dynamo was needed and none was at hand they would build one out of sardine tins if necessary. If a delicate part on a sea plane or a bombing plane was lacking some sailorman would contrive that part somehow, and it would be useful. No building was too big for them to tackle, no job too complicated. They made cement docks and cement floors for hangars or adjusted the delicate shutters of the cameras with equal facility. What did you want? Tell the American gobs and they would make it or build it or get it somehow. It was all in the game and they were playing the game every minute.

This was the nonspectacular side of it. There was nothing very heroic in getting into dungarees and tinkering with a sea plane for hours on a stretch. There was nothing very gallant in mixing cement for a landing stage. There was naught else but hard work in digging roads, and hammering together gigantic trusses for hangars, and in working in repair shops, but these boys went to it with spirit and with cheerfulness. Moreover, that side of the war work we did in Europe, though it is a side that never will get its just dues from any chronicler of events, either historical or journalistic, is the side that has had its great share in pulling the Navy through over on the European side of the world. Those are the officers and men who have done real work, the ground men at the flying stations, the repair-ship men at the naval bases, the shop men at the mine-laying bases, and so on through the list—work that has been as real and vital as the splendid exploits of the men who went to sea on the ships, out over the sea in the planes and dirigibles and balloons or down under the sea in the submarines.

A Personnel of High Class

HOWEVER, war presupposes fighting, and the particular sort of fighting with which this article is concerned is air fighting. As I have said, the functions of the navy flyers as they were employed in Europe were twofold: They acted as patrols and scouts over the water, hunted submarines and protected convoys, made observations and sent warnings; and in our naval organization, at least, a certain share of them did bombing, operating from land over land, and with land machines as distinguished from sea planes.

There are several types of sea plane: Small ones that are used for scouting and patrol work; large ones that do bombing; and giants that carry five men and great loads of bombs. Sea planes differ from land planes in that they are equipped with boat-shaped floats or bodies, that allow them to float and move on the water, to alight on the water and to rise from the water exactly as a land plane runs on or rises from the land. We had a few naval flyers when the war began, and developed others during the first years of it, conducting experiments and schools in various places. Broadly speaking, our sea-plane condition for our Navy was not much better than our land-plane condition for our Army. When the war came to us the service attracted a large number of high-class men, particularly college men like Lieutenant Gates, and the result was that the Navy soon had a considerable number of expert pilots. These men learned readily and were of the character that made them excellent flyers.

Ambitious plans were laid down, and the work of organization was assumed on the European side not long after we entered the war. Inasmuch as it was easier to make pilots than it was to make and ship over machines our actual American efforts in our own machines did not begin to function very early, but our pilots and observers did a lot of flying just the same, in machines that we secured by purchase or otherwise, or in conjunction with British and French organizations. Both the British and the French speak highly of the capabilities, courage, dash, resource and skill of our naval flyers.

Naturally a lot of the flying done was routine. That is, it had no result, save going on patrol, say, staying on patrol

(Continued on Page 57)

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

The American Army Motor Empire Abroad—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN FORMER wars the Constitution followed the flag. Now the automobile is hot on the heels of the standard bearer and sometimes forges ahead. The stupendous proportions of the great European struggle, no matter from what angle you observe it, were made possible by motor equipment. Without the gasoline-propelled vehicle the fighting hosts could not have been adequately supplied or equipped. Likewise gains could not have been swiftly consolidated; huge howitzers would have been as immobile as fortress guns, quick deployment of reserves out of the question. In short, mechanical transport was one of the vital war agencies. With the possible exception of subsistence, nothing is more essential to the grim game.

When Britain leaped to arms almost overnight she had no regular army motor units of consequence. The War Office depended for the provision of motor transport in the event of the mobilization of an expeditionary force on a certain number of subsidized trucks already in use in civil work, and on civilian chauffeurs and drivers. Hence when the empire rushed to the relief of Belgium it had only this more or less makeshift equipment. It started in to buy trucks both in the United States and at home, and the result was an infinite variety of types and makes. Here began the outstanding evil in army motor maintenance, which was—and remains—the need of tens of thousands of different kinds of spare parts and accessories for upkeep. Standardization, which means interchangeable parts, was out of the question.

Practically the same thing happened when America joined up. Despite three years of warning, with the exception of the experience that we gained in Mexico and during mobilization on the border our army was unprepared with any sort of sufficient motor transport. We had to comb out the available supply of trucks and cars, and the result was that the mechanical transport equipment in France for twelve months after we entered the conflict represented almost every known available product. When I tell you that we are required to keep 57,000 different noninterchangeable spare parts in stock you get some idea of the price we pay for unreadiness in motor equipment. More than this, we must constantly maintain 13,000 kinds of bolts, nuts and screws, which means that the shelves of our spare-part storerooms carry a total of 70,000 separate items.

With the exception of the parts for the comparatively few British, French and Italian cars that we use, all this must be brought from the United States.

It simply means that with mechanical transport as with practically every other service of supply we had to begin at the very beginning and build from the ground up. In the face of these handicaps and every difficulty that lack of standardization imposes, our fighting and subsistence forces, so far as the motor is concerned, were able to carry on from the start. The same spirit of indomitable endeavor that planted bridges, reared docks and made cities of supply grow out of the swamps has found incarnation in the American motor world that has risen overseas. It not only operates and maintains more than 50,000 gasoline-driven vehicles, but somewhere in that war-torn land you can find a dynamic cross-section of Detroit which builds automobiles from raw material up to the finished vehicle on wheels ready for peaceful performance or combat work. The story of the Motor Transport Corps—the M. T. C., as it is more commonly known—is one of the impressive narratives of American war participation.

The Beginnings of Mechanical Transport

LET us go back a bit. When General Pershing dashed into Mexico "to capture Villa dead or alive" the biggest problem of the moment was to supply him, because his food had to be carried across many miles of arid country. At that time the chief quartermaster of the Southern Department, charged with the task of feeding the Pershing expedition, was our old friend Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers, the present chief quartermaster of the American Expeditionary Force and Quartermaster General to the whole Army. He said to himself: "The only way to maintain food communications in Mexico is with motor trucks." But where were the trucks to come from?

Like England we had talked and written a great deal about the value of the motor truck to the Army, yet at that time there were less than a thousand in the whole American military establishment and like the Army they were scattered throughout the United States and the Philippines. When a certain American major general wanted a car for use on a long inspection trip in California

Colonel Harry A. Hegeman

all he could get was authority to buy a flivver! This happened on March sixteenth—three weeks before we entered the war.

The trouble was that the old dyed-in-the-wool regular officer confused horse transport with mechanical transport, which is a totally different proposition. With the horse and wagon work is limited to comparatively few hours each day.

With a mechanically driven vehicle there is no such restriction; normally motor equipment may be operated the greater part of the twenty-four hours. It becomes merely a matter of care and upkeep.

In the vernacular of trade, General Rogers—he was then only a colonel—sold the idea of mechanical transport to the War Department. Then as now he was determined that Pershing's men should not go unfed. We began to buy trucks, cars and tractors. They were shipped down to El Paso by express, so urgent was the need. We had to buy anywhere and everywhere. The first trains of trucks that went out across those scorching mesas were manned by civilian chauffeurs in charge of regular officers. These officers laid the foundations of our overseas motor machine out of the experience gained in those blistering Texas days. Thus our whole motor transport organization really began down on the border. No wonder that a certain well-known truck manufacturer with a sense of humor put the following dedication in a privately printed and circulated album of photographic views showing his truck trains in use in the Mexican campaign:

"To Francisco Villa, who made possible the beginning of American Motor Transport in the war with Germany."

As a result of the Mexican experience we had about 2400 trucks on April 1, 1917. The personnel was organized in motor-truck companies of seventy-five men each. These companies formed the nucleus of the mechanical transport personnel, which now numbers nearly 10,000 men in France alone. The moment we declared war we were confronted with the need of adequate mechanical transport and its twin problem of immediate procurement. We had acquired only what we urgently needed, but thanks to Villa we had the germ of a service which now began to expand.

Among the veterans of the Mexican campaign was the then Major F. H. Pope—he is now colonel—a young West Pointer, stocky of build and determined of purpose, who had studied motor transport in the French Army Supply School in 1915. He was in charge of one of the largest truck trains that chugged into Mexico with food and supplies for the Pershing expedition. Realizing the need of a trained personnel for the Army he started a school for chauffeurs at San Antonio, where he was able to turn out a truck driver in ten days in what was facetiously called a get-trained-quick course. Just as Pope was one of the pioneers in Texas so was he now a pathfinder in France. Round him was reared the structure of our motor transport service abroad. This, however, is a later story.

The moment we went to war the reserve officers began to pour in. Every man who had ever sold an automobile, owned one or wanted to own one had an ambition to get into the motor transport service. Scores of these men at once became chauffeur instructors and were shunted off to the cantonments, where they started schools. The so-called truck master, usually a sergeant who had served in Mexico, built up the motor organizations in these camps. Those seasoned three and five ton trucks that had traveled axle deep through the Mexican sands were commandeered for work at home instead of being used as the beginnings of the motor fleets in France. Our First Expeditionary Force sailed in June, 1917. It had to have motor transport. America was forced to duplicate England's performance and begin to buy her automobile equipment right and left wherever she could lay hands on a truck, car or tractor. Each motor unit started to purchase on its own. This is why every known make of any capacity is represented to-day among the 50,000 odd vehicles that we have overseas.

In the midst of that whirlwind of buying, however, we did not lose sight of the need of a standardized vehicle, and there began an attempt at standardization, now well under way, which will enable America to present to the industrial world after the war a type of truck that is bound to be a tremendous factor in peace, just as it is rapidly becoming an invaluable aid to war.

By a curious coincidence General Pershing's needs were responsible for the organization of a motor transport service in the Army at home and they also formed the basis of American gasoline-driven squadrons abroad. With the first troops in France came motors. A small unit which included four truck companies and a mobile machine shop—which is a repair outfit on wheels—arrived with the First Expeditionary Force. As the weeks passed a good deal of mechanical transportation began to come in from the United States. Each ship brought so-called Casual Chauffeur Companies. A casual, whether officer or enlisted man, is an unassigned soldier. These men and machines remained without a definite head until September, 1917, when the commander in chief sent a memorandum to General Rogers, just installed as chief quartermaster, directing that all motor transport be placed under his direction.

Coöperative Effort

MEANWHILE Col. F. H. Pope had arrived in France. General Rogers looked about for a temporary head of the infant service. His choice fell on the stocky young officer who had sweated on those early truck trains under the scorching Mexican sun. Pope took hold at once; the scattered vehicles and drivers were assembled under a centralized authority; motor reception parks were established at the base ports, and M. T. came into being as a full-fledged, if struggling, organization.

The handicaps that attended the launching of every service of supply abroad took up their abode with motor transport. There was the usual shortage of equipment and trained personnel. Colonel Pope and his colleagues began to buy anything they could get in Europe, especially in England, which accounts for the fact that you often see five-ton lorries still bearing the W. D. and the familiar broad arrow that proclaim the British Government origin manned by doughboys and carrying American supplies. This buying in Britain did three things: It provided immediate equipment, saved tonnage and minimized the spare-part problem. Profiting by this experience we are now using Italian cars in Italy. It pays to use the car of the country because equipment can be renewed without delay.

As soon as our motor engine was cranked up in France the difference between operation there and in Mexico—the only other place where American equipment had seen active service—became apparent. In Villa's country there was a small volume of business and a long haul, with no fuel or repair stations. In France it was just the reverse. The bulk of carrying was tremendous, the distances were short, and by agreement with the British and French motor services our trucks and cars could obtain fuel and repairs practically every ten or twenty miles if necessary. This coöperative effort has been invaluable, especially in the pioneer days when our service was in the building.

For a considerable period motor transport remained under the control of the chief quartermaster. It grew so fast, however, that it was made a separate service, with a director in charge, and became part of the service of utilities, which was subsequently expanded into the present Services of Supply. This means that the capital of our motor transport abroad is in that historic little city of Tours, the center of supply and transport for the whole A. E. F. In a reorganization growing out of a swift expansion Brig. Gen. M. L. Walker, a far-visioned engineer of army experience, became director of what is now officially known as the Motor Transport Corps. Colonel Pope was installed as deputy director. From their offices radiates the control of the American motor machine across the sea.

If you have read the preceding articles in this series you know that the management of the American business of war is precisely like that of any big corporation that is scientifically and therefore efficiently conducted. Hence the Motor Transport Corps is thoroughly charted and diagramed. The scope and function of every branch, from the immense reception parks at the ports, which contain thousands of vehicles, down to a lonely garage on the highway, in charge of one man, are on paper. Behind the director hangs a huge map of the roads of France showing the truck routes from sea to Front in red; with reception and service parks in blue; with A. E. F. gasoline stations indicated by white flags, and French by yellow.

Under war conditions the whole M. T. C. naturally fell into two separate sections—one which operated in the domain of the Services of Supply behind the lines, and one which was part of the combat armies in the field. By following the equipment from the time it arrived in France until it delivered men, food and ammunition at the firing line you can run the whole range and see precisely how the scheme operates.

Keeping Track of the Army of Motors

LOOKING at the general plan of organization in the S. O. S. first you find that the director of the Motor Transport Corps sits as president of the concern, while the deputy director is vice president and general manager. The six principal divisions are: Administration, which deals with office management, personnel and statistics; Procurement, which obtains equipment and supplies and deals with the tonnage problem; Maintenance, which has the colossal job of spare-part renewal, repairs and salvage; Operations, which distributes all machines and has particular charge of the truck convoys; Engineering, which provides technical advice and deals with standardization; and Plans and Projects, which anticipates future needs and adapts the present structure to whatever emergency may rise.

Each of these divisions has its own chart of organization, which after the free-and-easy manner of motor life is called the "Keep Your Eye on the Ball Chart," because the unuttered injunction everywhere in this highly charged branch of army work is "Step lively." Every man in the Motor Transport Service knows just what is required of him because, from director down to the keeper of that lonely wayside garage, he has his job concretely before him on the wall. He can never say "I didn't know that this was part of my work." The Motor Transport Service is excuse-proof.

Colonel F. E. Pope

We cannot make our motor trip from sea to Front without first knowing how our car got to France. We must begin, therefore, with the source of supply, which is in the main the chain of factories in the United States whose lathes and forges rattle and clang day and night to meet the incessant demands for army motor transport. The bridge of ships across the sea is duplicated on land by the bridge of trucks that must carry men and supplies across the fertile fields of France.

Washington, which is the procurement center, must know just what equipment to ship abroad. France therefore periodically prepares the master chart of motor requirements. Its duplicate hangs at Tours. When you see these immense sheets—they are six feet high—you begin to realize just what it means to keep our motor service going. The truck sheet alone calls for 119 kinds of trucks, tenders, trailers, carts and ambulances. This immense variety naturally results from the fact that every service in France draws its equipment from the M. T. C. There must be special trucks and trailers for the air service; huge steel-wheeled carriers for forestry service; portable auto rock crushers; trucks for tar distributing; trailers for heating oil and water; trucks for balloon winches; trailers with portable cranes; gasoline-tank trucks; kitchen trail-mobiles; machine-gun cars; dental trucks, which are traveling dental laboratories with every fixture of a well-equipped dentist's office in New York or Philadelphia; ammunition trucks; radio trucks, on which the field wireless outfits are mounted; fire-apparatus trucks, because every base and supply depot has its completely equipped motorized fire department; mobile machine shops; and photographic trailers, on which the air service builds its itinerant studios. I could continue the list for a good while. Practically every service in France has some special kind of motor equipment, which must be described down to the last screw in a specification which goes to Washington.

All motor equipment for France formerly had to be ordered not less than three and usually four months ahead; first because it takes time for manufacture, and second because of the delays and hazards of sea transport. This means that the demands up to January 1, 1919, have already been long on file in the office of the acting Quartermaster General in Washington, and the orders are being filled in scores of motor plants.

These motor transport army requirements, from motor cycles up to specially constructed five-ton trucks, were based on army needs as shown by organizations in France, by advance notice of troop sailings, wear and tear on equipment in use and the necessity of keeping reserve stocks. With motor equipment as with food and all other supplies there had to be a large available surplus to meet losses due to enemy action, accidents or the terrific and incessant usage. A chart, which is a marvel of detail, sets forth the precise situation in France. The equipment in use or in reception and reserve parks is in black, while the needs of the A. E. F. are indicated in red. This is the so-called Status of Motor Vehicles in France.

Motor transport gets an allotment of tonnage from the United States every month, just as the Quartermaster Corps or the air service does. If this allotment is for 100,000 tons the procurement division must make up its own priority schedule, which indicates whether trucks or passenger cars have the bulk of the space. These requirements are reduced to weight and cubic tons and then transmitted to the G1 Section of the General Staff, which forwards them to Washington. In the acting Quartermaster General's office in Washington is a motor transport bureau, which places contracts with the manufacturers.

As soon as a truck or car reaches a port in France it is caught up in a control which keeps a continuous check on it during the whole period of service until it goes into the scrap heap. Even then the material is salvaged and becomes part of the recorded structure of a new vehicle or a retrieved part. At each port that we use you find a so-called motor reception park, which means precisely what the name implies. Here you find every kind of mechanical transport. Each park has a complete organization in charge of the commanding officer, who has the usual administrative and service divisions under him. Administration deals with office management, personnel, records, barracks for the hundreds of casuals who come in constantly from America. In the service branch you find inspection, park problems, supplies, convoying, maintenance and repair. In other words, each of these parks—and the same thing obtains in all the other kinds of parks which you will find as you go up the line—is a completely equipped self-contained service, able to set up, repair and maintain any kind of motor transport. Here is where the value of a standardized system comes in.

Motor transport arrives in France in two ways. One portion is shipped on its own wheels, which means that it is lifted by cranes straight from the deck of the ship on which it travels. In this case the vehicles are camouflaged in harmony with the camouflage of the ship. Hence you frequently see at the ports a truck body that looks as if it were a wiggly germ chart, while the wheels are a sedate and sober gray. Such vehicles are of course repainted the moment they get to the reception park.

Trucks and cars are also shipped crated and unassembled. At some ports the assembling is done almost within a stone's throw of the docks and in the open air. The axles are put on a skidway and started down by gravity. In rapid succession each part is added until it rolls away on its own wheels. At one place fifty five-ton trucks were assembled in this way in nine hours.

As soon as trucks or cars are ready to be moved they are hitched together in trains and hauled out to the reception park, which is usually near by. The progress of a new vehicle from the time it is unloaded or set up until issued to a unit must be, to quote the official instructions, "A continuous flow in a given direction." This means that the equipment never doubles on its tracks and there is no lost motion. Arriving at the park it goes into the repair shop for a thorough overhauling and repainting, after which it is sent to the issue section of the park, where it remains until assigned. Meanwhile it is maintained in perfect condition; the motor is started up every day; when the order comes to move it can be started off without a moment's delay.

How an Emergency Was Met

MOST of these reception parks, like our supply cities, have risen overnight. One week a stretch of flats or swamp offends the eye; the next it is covered with acres of trucks and cars whose freshly painted bodies gleam in the sunlight. Office buildings, barracks and kitchens have also sprung up like magic. It is all part of the many-sided miracle of America in France. These parks are usually in charge of reserve officers who have left motor factories or salesrooms to do their part in the Army. Typical of these men is the commanding officer at the largest base park, who is Maj. Will H. Brown, one of the founders of a large automobile institution in the Middle West, who served a term as state senator in Indiana and who dropped everything to go to France at the outbreak of war. Throughout the whole M. T. C. you find this caliber of man who has met emergency with the same courage and resource with which armed attack is faced at the Front.

Here is a case in point: Last winter when the second reception park was in process of organization a hurry-up requisition came from our little army up in storm-ridden Northern France. It read: "Send two truck trains at once." In charge of this park was Capt. C. M. Elwell, a rangy, sinewy Middle Westerner who had been a prize automobile salesman. He had the chassis but no bodies. He called his small force together and said: "The Army must have those trucks. We have no bodies. Therefore we must build them." Day and night his men, who included collegians fresh from their studies, literally worked like beavers. Fortunately there were three carpenters among them. They improvised hay-wagon bodies and in less than a week forty trucks were on the way to the Front.

As soon as a vehicle arrives at the reception park it receives its first dose of routine. Like a convict—and no galley slave ever worked harder than our motor transport in France—it gets a number, and thenceforth it is known

Brigadier General M. L. Walker

only by that numeral, which is the so-called U. S. number. This rule applies to the commander-in-chief's limousine with the same force as to a flivver. The numbering system is characteristic of the service. The first numeral always indicates the type of the car. All our motor vehicles are classified according to type. Passenger cars, regardless of size or body, are Type 1; light delivery trucks of one ton or less are Type 2; three and four ton trucks are Type 4; five-ton trucks and over are Type 5; motor cycles with or without side cars are Type 6; caterpillars which haul the heavy guns are Type 9; even the kitchen trailers have a designation, which is Type 10.

The United States numbers are arranged so as to indicate the type. For example, the official registration number of a passenger car will always begin with 1; the United States number of a five-ton truck would begin with 5, and so on. Thus you find that the first registered passenger car in the A. E. F. is 11, while the first registered five-ton truck is 51. If you should see a truck on the road bearing the United States number 5125 you would at once know that it is a five-ton truck. Blocks of registration numbers are periodically forwarded by the director of the M. T. C. to the reception park for issue to the incoming vehicles. This registration is made by a clerk who has a completely equipped office, including typewriter and card index, in the body of a five-ton truck, which is located in many instances out in the open air and in the midst of the reception park.

Immediately after registration all the equipment that comes with the vehicle is taken off and stored in a reservoir of accessories.

This procedure is just the opposite of the British method, which assigns a driver, helper and all essential tools to a truck when it is forwarded to France. These two men and the initial equipment remain with the vehicle until it is worn out or destroyed. Our personnel, on the other hand, is assigned from the lists of casuals which are to be found at every park.

Every truck has a logbook, which must be kept up to date by the driver. It therefore becomes the biography of this particular piece of equipment. The title of the volume is the U. S. number. It is a complete record of all transfers, repairs and supplies. The tabulated information in these books is of great value to the statisticians of the corps. In addition it is a form of publicity which prevents waste of gasoline and spare parts.

The Golden Rules of the M. T. C.

THE U. S. number is only one detail of the control and supervision which now take firm hold of the transport. As soon as a car receives the registration number—it is first written on a red card which is tied to the steering wheel and afterward stenciled in white paint on the sides and back of the vehicle—a so-called registration card is made out in duplicate, which is the beginning of the permanent history of the car. There is a colored card for each type of vehicle. For trucks it is white; for touring cars and ambulances yellow; for motor cycles brown. These cards contain the technical record of the vehicle, and together they form the up-to-the-minute census of motor transport in France. They contain the U. S. number, type, model, make, capacity in load, gas and oil tank, serial number, motor number, and kind of ignition and lighting systems. There is also a complete record of the tires, including make, size in front and rear and whether pressed on or demountable. The date and place of arrival are also recorded. All this is on one half of the face of the card.

The other half is devoted to the history of the vehicle. If a truck is transferred twenty times in the course of six months the date and place of every transfer and incidental remarks are chronicled. If you want to know the location and previous service of any piece of mechanical transport in the A. E. F. you can get it at a glance from the duplicate file of these registration cards—the organization file, as it is termed—kept in the office of the Director General of the M. T. C. at Tours.

This is the way it works: I once asked Colonel Pope the location of what I thought was the hypothetical number of a five-ton truck. He wrote the number on a sheet of paper, sent for a messenger and asked him to get the record of that number. In less than five minutes the messenger returned with a typewritten sheet which stated that the five-ton truck bearing this actual number had arrived in France on June first at Blank port; that it had been assigned first to a field bakery at X; then to the Motor Corps at the intermediate supply depot; later it was reassigned to Y Division, and at that particular moment was in service in the Toul sector with the Z Division. Such is the check that is kept upon everything on wheels that uses a gasoline engine in France. You can trace a motor cycle, a runabout or a kitchen trailer with the same ease and accuracy.

This is how the director of mechanical transport is enabled to keep his finger constantly on the whole overseas situation. Every morning General Walker finds on his desk the typewritten daily schedule of mechanical transport, which gives equipment arrival at ports the day before; the stocks at parks; the total number of vehicles ordered for service at the Front and at the rear; the state of spare parts and the state of personnel. It is just one of the many similar charts in use in the various services of supply that express scientific business management at its best. This is only possible because the first link in the chain of motor supply was forged right at the reception park.

By this time you realize that the reception park is an important institution. It not only receives, marks and concentrates equipment, but by the nature of its location is the great center of assignment. When a division at the Front, a supply depot or a headquarters anywhere wants a truck or a passenger car it makes a requisition on the director at Tours. He knows from his daily schedule and also from a daily report of unassigned motor vehicles at bases and reserve parks just what stock he has on hand. This stock, I might add, is known as a liquid inventory. Through the assignment bureau he orders X Reception Park to send the equipment desired. At the same time the unit to which it is assigned is informed. This enables consignor and consignee to get together and know where they are. There is a constant flow of trucks and cars from this liquid supply. Hence its name.

Wherever you turn in an examination of the Motor Transport Corps you find some illuminating example of coöperation that will have its large lesson after the war. At the reception parks, for instance, you discover the so-called pooling system—a distinctive American contribution to war transport standardization. It grew out of the basic law of operating efficiency in motor transport, which is that a vehicle must be worked to capacity both as to time and load. Every minute that the road wheels of a truck are idle is a dead loss. Every pound under a capacity load is likewise a dead loss. Certain fundamental operating rules deduced from these axioms are the cardinal principles under which our whole army transport service works. They are:

FIRST: Avoid an empty haul. Return loads should be provided for and vehicles should be parked so that the least possible time will be lost going to or coming from work, and so that as small a distance as possible will be traveled with no load.

SECOND: Load vehicles to capacity. Do not use a five-ton vehicle to carry a two-ton load. Use a vehicle of appropriate tonnage.

THIRD: Do not use two vehicles to do the work that one vehicle can do within the required time limit. Work one vehicle ten hours rather than two vehicles five hours.

FOURTH: Reduce to a minimum the time required in the loading and unloading operations and the extra time required for the necessary upkeep and supply operations to the vehicle.

FIFTH: Keep the vehicle in constant mechanical serviceability by constant inspection and care of the mechanism.

As a result our trucks and cars are pooled wherever possible, which means that at base ports, supply depots and with the armies in the field there is always a central reserve of equipment instantly available. It has eliminated the abuse of property, useless wear and tear, and enables all vehicles to be used to the fullest possible extent. The case of passenger cars will illustrate. With the exception of the highest ranking officers no officer has his own car. All cars are in a pool which is operated precisely like a taxicab service, with the exception that there is no charge for riding and the chauffeurs get no tips. When a car is issued the driver is given a blank form which must be filled out with the name of the passenger, the car, time used and the destination. At the conclusion of the trip the officer and civilian using this car must sign this slip, which testifies that the transportation was used for official business only. This procedure makes joy-riding impossible. A similar taxicab system for trucks is in operation at all depots. No branch of the service can get a truck without giving a good reason.

Efficiency in the Use of Trucks

ONE invaluable result of this coöperative system is the army truck convoy, which is another distinctive American feature. I can best explain it with a concrete example: When a requisition is made on a reception park for a divisional truck train, which is 188 trucks, they would in ordinary circumstances proceed without cargo to their accredited destination, which may be twenty or one hundred miles away. Every pound of load-carrying capacity is practically lost. With the truck convoy, however, every train that goes up carries freight. On land as on sea, the A. E. F. is constantly up against the tonnage problem. Supplies are piling up at the ports at the rate of tens of thousands of tons a day. Every freight car—American, French and the British wagons that we use—works to the fullest possible capacity. Every effort must be made to relieve this tonnage tension. Hence these trains of trucks that are constantly winding along the French roads have become great factors as freight carriers.

As soon as a truck train, whether five vehicles or fifty, is requisitioned the commanding officer at the reception park, which is always at a base port, informs the superintendent of the army transport service that a convoy is available. Instantly freight is assigned to it. Meanwhile each truck is manned and equipped; the cargo is then put aboard, a so-called pilot who knows all the truck routes is placed in command, the convoy gets a number by which it is known until it gets to its station, and the caravan moves off. Wherever possible the freight is consigned to the unit which is receiving the train. If this is impossible it goes to some intermediate point, where the trucks are again loaded for a second lap of their carrying journey. No time is lost, because the pilot wires ahead and a second relay of freight, with labor necessary to load, is ready when he arrives. Every night the convoy reports its whereabouts to Tours. This is done to permit M. T. headquarters to divert the train if necessary.

So complete is the truck convoy system that there is a

(Continued on Page 41)

COPYRIGHT BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Trucks Lined Up in the Receiving Yard of a Supply Depot, Ready for Their Journey From the Railway Base to the Camps

THE CITY OF COMRADES

Christian Had Told Me That Some of My Severest Tussles Lay Ahead; and Now I Had Come to the One in Which I Should Go Under

XIV

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

FOR my own sake, rather than for Regina Barry's, I made an effort to escape from the pitiless pavilion light overhead.

"You'll need to go back to your hotel. Shan't we walk along? Then you can tell me as we go."

The tramp through the gale and spray would have been exhilarating were it not that confidential things had to be thrown out into the tempest. As we left the pavilion, however, a voice floated toward me from the semidarkness:

"Chair, boss?"

Another minute and we were seated side by side in the odd little vehicle—something between a baby's perambulator and a touring car—with the leather curtains buttoned to protect us, and a view through the wind shield of a long line of lights shining into fog. There was a minute of surprise in the fact that, involuntarily expecting to go at a heightened speed, we found ourselves literally creeping at the snail's pace which was the customary gait of our pusher.

But that was only subconscious. I took note of it without taking note of it, to remember it when I pieced the circumstances together on returning home. The one thing of which I was really aware was that in this curious conveyance I was seated at her side, and able, as she sat half turned toward me, to look her in the eyes.

Now that we were there she lost some of her self-possession. After the months in which I had been afraid of her she seemed suddenly to have become afraid of me. Crouching back into her corner of the chair she grew small and apologetic.

"Mother made me come. She said someone ought to tell you."

It was like a little cry—the cry of a child confessing before it is accused. I could follow her mental action. She wanted me to understand that nothing but *force majeure* would have induced her to waylay a man as he was coming home from work, and take him in a kind of ambush.

Having once already talked with her at cross purposes I was careful to let her state her message before betraying my conviction of what it was to be.

"It's very kind of Mrs. Barry," I began vaguely.

"You see, she likes you," she broke in impulsively. "If you had anyone belonging to you in this country I dare say she —— But she's awfully maternal, mother is; and when Annette told her ——"

"What did Annette tell her?"

"That's it. Oh, Mr. Melbury, I'm so sorry that I should be the one to bring the news."

"If it's bad news," I said encouragingly, "I'd rather have you to share it with me than anyone else in the world."

She asked abruptly: "Have you heard anything from home—lately?"

I had once more the sensation of the blood rushing back to my heart and staying there. All I could do was to shake my head.

"That's what Annette thought. We told her she ought to write to you."

In my excitement I clutched her by the hand, but I think she was hardly aware of the act any more than I.

"But what is it?"

"It's—it's about your father."

"He's not—he's not—dead?"

She fell back again into her corner of the chair, withdrawing her hand. I, too, fell back into my corner, staring out through the wind shield. Knowing that by not saying no she was really saying yes I was obliged not only to get possession of the fact but to control my sense of it.

I may say at once that it was the first sudden shock of my life. Every other trial had come to me by degrees—I had more or less seen it on the way and had been ready to meet it. This was something I had hardly ever thought of. That it might happen some time had been vaguely in the back of my mind, of course; but I had never considered it as an event of the day and hour. Now that it had occurred my mental heavens seemed to fall.

I have told you so little of my family life that you hardly realize the degree to which my father was its center and support. My memory cannot go back to the time when he was not an important man, not only in the estimation of his children but in that of the entire country. One of the youngest of that group of men who in the sixties and seventies took the scattered colonies of Great Britain lying north of the border of the United States and welded them into a gigantic, prosperous whole, he had outlived all but the sturdiest of his contemporaries. With Macdonald, Mountstephen, Strathcona and a few others he had had the vision of a new white man's empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic, and through good times and evil he had never let it go. That there were evil times as well as good ones is a matter of history; but however dark the moment my father was one of those who never lost for a fraction of an instant his belief in ultimate success. In helping to build up the vast financial system of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no door, in Europe or America, where money could be borrowed at which he did not knock. There were days when the prospect was so hopeless and the treasury so empty that he was obliged to pledge everything he possessed, and after that to use nothing but his honor and his name. The winning out is one of the fairy tales of the modern business and governmental world. He had begun to reap his reward just as my memory of him opens. Of his days of struggle I knew only by hearsay. By the time I was five he was already a man of considerable wealth, honored throughout the Dominion, honored in Great Britain, and one of the eight or ten Canadian baronets created by the Queen.

I see him as tall, spare and vigorous, with thin, clear-cut, clean-shaven features, a piercing eye, and a mouth that sagged at the corners not from dejection but from determination. Spartan in his own life he required his children to be Spartan in theirs. Though with our added means our manner of living increased in dignity it gained little in the way of luxury; and many were the shifts to which my brothers and I were pushed to indulge the follies of young men.

My brothers did this no more than experimentally, covering their tracks and returning to right ways before their digressions could be noticed. I was invariably caught, coming in for some dramatic moments with my father, which increased in tension with the years. I have often wondered what his own youth could have been that he had so little mercy on what was at first not much worse than high spirits and boisterousness. Though I am far from blaming anyone but myself for my ultimately going wrong I have sometimes thought that a gentler handling might have led me aright when sheer repression only made me obstinate. That gentler handling my mother would have given me had not my father felt that it was weak. This knowledge only added to my perversity, the result being a state of continuous rebellion on my part and permanent displeasure on his.

"You're getting in worse and worse with the old man," my brother Jack warned me a few months before I left Montreal for good. "I heard him telling mother that if you didn't turn over a new leaf he'd cut you out of his will."

The information that he had so cut me out was the last form of appeal he ever made to me. I didn't believe he meant it otherwise than as a bluff—a stroke of the pen could have reinstated me; but merely as a bluff it angered me. It implied that I might be induced to do for money what I hadn't done for love or duty, and I was foolish enough to consider it part of my manhood to prove that anyone who so judged me was mistaken. In that phase of my misguided life there was a kind of crazy, Cordelialike attempt to show my father that it was not because of his money that I cared for him—or didn't care for him; but all I succeeded in doing was to rouse the resentment of a man who had hardly ever been defied.

But I had repented of that kind of bravado long before I had repented of anything else. My letter to him written in October had been quite sincere. To be cut out of his will had never meant anything to me but the loss of his affection. I was sorry for that loss, sorrier than any words I have could tell you. But when he wrote to me in answer to my October letter I knew from his tone that I had definitely killed whatever had once existed between him and me, and that all that was left for me was to bury it. I had been trying to bury it for the past eight weeks, and I do not deny that the effort was a bitter one.

You must understand that I had now come in for a set of emotions that had not belonged to me before I went to the Down and Out. I can explain it only on the ground that months of abstinence from anything that could inflame the senses or disturb the poise of the mind had induced a sanity of judgment to which I had been a stranger. In this new light I was really a prodigal son—not from any hope of a ring on my hand or the fatted calf, but genuinely from affection for the parents I had wronged.

To have this impulse to arise and go to my father thrown back on itself was the hardest thing in my experience. Somehow I had kept the conviction that if ever I repented that door would be open to my return. It had not really occurred to me that they wouldn't say at home: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad." That my brothers might refuse to join in the chorus was a possibility. That my sisters might not be overenthusiastic in doing so I should be able to understand. But that my father and mother . . . Throughout my stay in Atlantic City I had been saying to myself: "Well, if I've thrust a sword

into your hearts, old dears, you've jolly well thrust one into mine; and so we're quits."

"When did it happen?" was the first question I was sufficiently master of myself to ask.

"Annette heard yesterday. I think it was the day before."

"Do you know if—if he'd been ill?"

"He hasn't been well for a long time, Annette says—not for two or three years; but the end was—well, it was heart failure. He was in his motor—going home. When the car drove up to the door they found him ——"

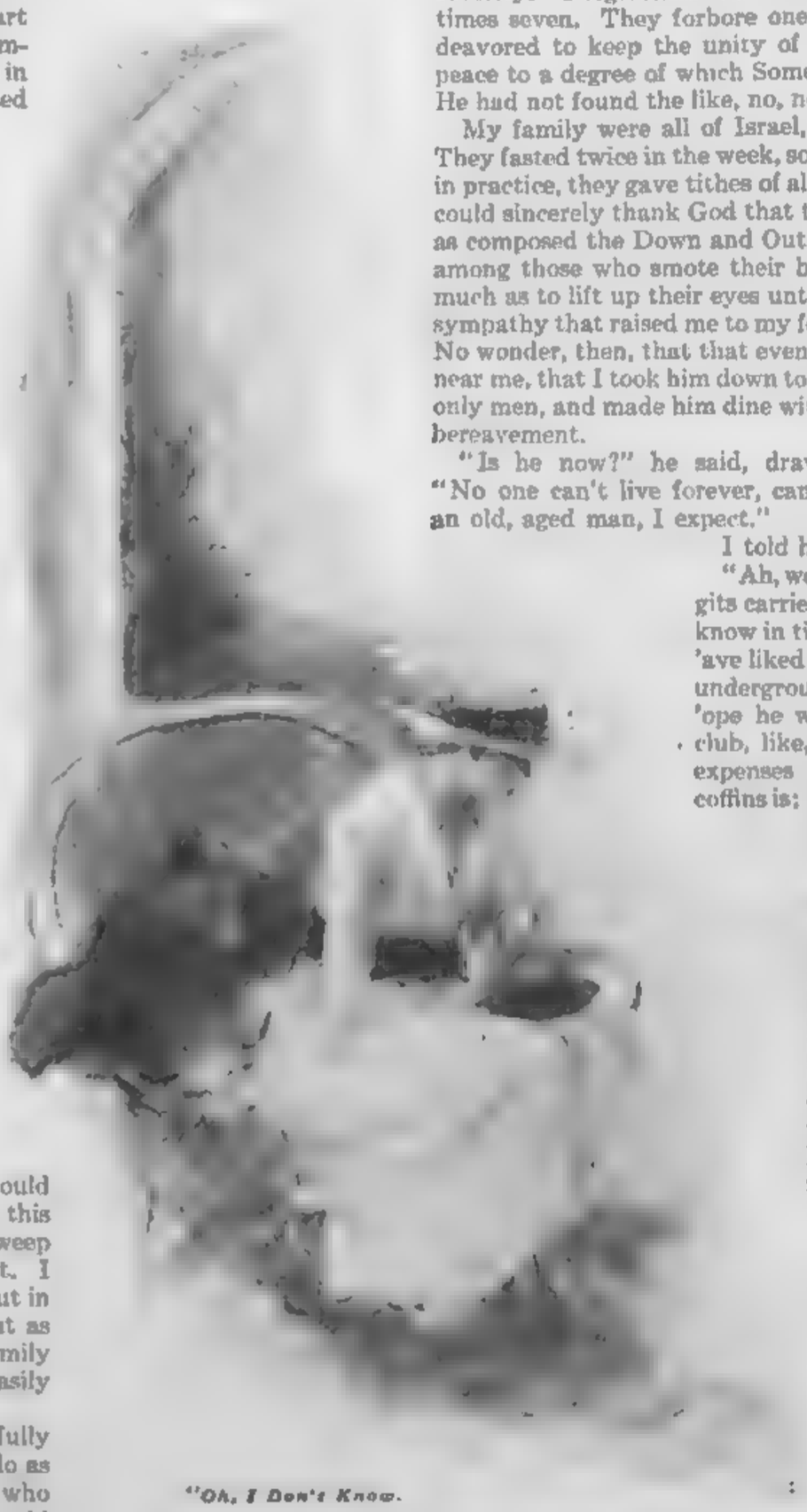
It was the picture thus presented that made me put my hand to my forehead and bow my head. I was thinking of him seated in his corner of the car, stately, unbending, unpardoning, dead. I was thinking of the plight of my poor little mother when the man she had for so many years worshiped and obeyed was no longer there to give her his commands. I was thinking of the commotion in the family, of the stir of interest throughout the community. A prince and a great man would have fallen in Israel, and all our Canadian centers would be aquiver with the news. Jerry and Jack would cable to my sister in England, as well as to our uncles and aunts in that country and in the United States. There were cousins and friends who wouldn't be forgotten. I alone was left out.

That was, however, more than I could believe. It was more, too, than I was willing to allow Regina Barry to suppose.

"There must be a telegram for me at my rooms in New York," I managed to stammer, though I fear my tone lacked conviction.

To this she said nothing. She had, in fact, as Cantyre informed me later, already ascertained that up to the hour of her departure from New York there was none.

I talked to Cantyre on the telephone immediately on returning to my hotel. He said that though in my rooms there were some odds and ends of mail matter which he hadn't yet forwarded there was no telegram or Canadian letter. Having called up Annette I got a repetition of the meager information Miss Barry had given me, though I learned in addition that the funeral was to take place on the following day, which would be Christmas Eve. Her father had already gone to Montreal to take part in the ceremony. The embarrassment of her tone in saying she was surprised that I had received no announcement told me that she was not surprised. It was the last touch to the certainty that I had been omitted with intention.



"Oh, I Don't Know. Just at the Time I Was—I Was Sorry for Him"

After that for a time my grief gave place to rage. The punishment was so much greater than the crime that my heart cried out against its injustice. Had I stayed down in the depths where I was I should have accepted it phlegmatically; but having made the effort to rise, and made it with some success . . .

I acquitted my mother and my sister of any share in the injury done to me. My mother was the tenderest little creature God ever made, but she had always been under the domination of my father, and had now come under that of her sons. Never having asserted herself she would hardly begin to do it at this date, though she might weep her heart out in secret. I knew my sister would put in a good word for me, but as the youngest of the family and a girl she would easily be overruled.

Jack might be mercifully inclined, but he would do as Jerry insisted. Jerry—who as Sir Gerald Melbury would now cut a great swath as head of the family—Jerry would be my father over again. He would be my father over again only on a smaller scale. My father was tyrannical by instinct; Jerry would be so by imitation. My father believed his word to be law because he didn't know how to do anything else; Jerry would believe his word to be law in order to be like my father. My father wouldn't forgive me because I had outraged his affections; Jerry wouldn't forgive me because my father hadn't done it first. As far as he could bring it about my future would be locked and sealed with my father's death, not because he, Jerry, would be so shocked at my way of life, but because the laws of the Medes and Persians alter not.

All I Got Was the Vague Information That Someone Had Been Assassinated

Nothing remained for me then but to grin and bear it, and bide my time. That I had friends of my own was to me a source of that kind of consolation which is largely pride. Cantyre and the Conings bys, Regina Barry and her mother came closer to me now than anyone with whom I had ties of blood. "Our relatives," George Sand writes somewhere, "are the friends given us by Nature; our friends are the relatives given us by God."

As relatives given me by God I regarded Lovey and Christian and Colonel Straight and Pyn and Beady Lamont and all that band of humble, helpful pals to whom I was knit in the bonds of the "robust love" which was the atmosphere of brave old Walt Whitman's City of Friends. There was no pose among them, nor condemnation, nor severity. Forgiveness was exercised there till seventy times seven. They forbore one another in love, and endeavored to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace to a degree of which Someone would have said that He had not found the like, no, not in Israel.

My family were all of Israel, and of the strictest sect. They fasted twice in the week, so to speak; in theory, if not in practice, they gave tithes of all that they possessed; they could sincerely thank God that they were not as such men as composed the Down and Out; and yet it was precisely among those who smote their breasts and didn't dare so much as to lift up their eyes unto heaven that I found the sympathy that raised me to my feet and bade me be a man. No wonder, then, that that evening I kept poor old Lovey near me, that I took him down to the café, where there were only men, and made him dine with me, and told him of my bereavement.

"Is he now?" he said, drawing a melancholy face. "No one can't live forever, can they? He'd have been an old, aged man, I expect."

I told him my father's age.

"Ah, well, at that time of life they gits carried off. Too bad you didn't know in time for the funeral. Ye'd 'ave liked to see him laid away safe underground, wouldn't ye, Slim? I 'ope he was in some good benefit club, like, that'll take care of the expenses of burial. Awful dear, coffins is; but I suppose your family has a plot in some churchyard."

When I had assured him that this was the case he continued: "And as for goin' off sudden—well, it's awful 'ard on relations when a old ancient man'll lay round sick, and don't know when 'is time's come. I've knowed 'em when you'd swear they hung on a-purpose, just to spite them as 'ad to take care of 'em. I 'ad a grandfather o' me own—well, you'd think that old man just couldn't die. Ninety, I believe he was, and a wicked old thing when he got silly, like. Take the pepper, he would, and pour it into the molasses jug, and everything like that. Terr'ble fun he was for us young ones, especially one day when he dressed all up in 'is Sunday clothes and went out in the street without 'is pants. I don't suppose yer guv'nor ever did the like o' that, Slim. Don't seem as if old people on this side 'ad them playful ways."

In this sort of reminiscence the evening went by, and in the morning I received a note that did much to comfort me. It was no more than the conventional letter of condolence from Mrs. Barry, but it was tactfully couched.

"A loss like yours," she wrote, "painful as it is at all times, becomes tragically so when the support one finds in family ties is too far away to sustain one. I have often found in my own experience that loneliness added a more poignant element to grief. I wish you would remember, dear Mr. Melbury, that you have friends at this Christmas time quite near you. Run in and see us whenever you feel the need of a friendly word. We are leading a life here absolutely without engagements, and you will cheer us up more than we can cheer you. If on Christmas Eve you would care to look in between four and five you would find us here, and we could give you a cup of tea."

Needless to say all through the day of Christmas Eve my thoughts were with the gathering in our house on the slopes of Mount Royal. I saw in fancy every detail of the lugubrious pomp through which Christians contradict their Saviour in his affirmation that there is no death. Solemnity, blackness, muffled drums, and long lines of men throwing awe into their faces, would smite the heart with a sense of the final, the irreparable, the gone and lost. Flowers would lend a timid touch of brightness, but they would bloom in little more than irony. The roll of many wheels, the tramp of many feet, and a funeral service in which the triumphant note itself would be turned into a dirge, these would be the massive accompaniment to the few sobs welling up from hearts in which they would be irrepressible. Though shut out in person, in spirit I was there, standing in the shrouded room, witnessing my mother's farewell kiss, watching the lid placed on the coffin, marching with my brothers, kneeling in the church, hearing the clods fall in the grave. At the very moment when Mrs. Barry handed me a cup of tea I was saying to myself: "Now it is all over, and they are coming back to the darkened, empty house."

I was not cheerful as a companion, and apparently no one expected me to be so. We can scarcely be said to have talked; we merely kept each other company. It was Miss Barry herself who suggested when we had finished tea that she and I should take a walk.

The weather had grown clear, bright and windless. All along the promenade there was Christmas in the shops and in the air. It was not like any Christmas I had ever known before, with the blare, the lights, the gay, homeless people, and the thundering of breakers under starlight; but some essential of the ancient festival was present there, and it reached me. It reached me with a yearning to have something belonging to me that I could claim as my own—something to which I should belong and that wouldn't cast me off—something that would love me, something that I should love, with a love different from that with which even the City of Friends could supply me.

But out on the crowded, starry sea front we neither walked nor talked. We sauntered and kept silent. On my side I had the feeling that there was so much to say that I could say nothing; on hers I divined that there was the same. I will not affirm that in view of all the circumstances I could be anything but uneasy; and yet I was ecstatic. This wonderful creature was beside me, comforting me, liking to be with me! But if she knew exactly who I was . . .

I was swept by an intense longing that she should be told. It was a longing I was never free from, though it didn't often seize me so imperiously as to-night. It seized me the more imperiously owing to the fact that I could see her moving farther and farther away from recollection and

realization coming through herself. I had hoped that both would occur to her without my being obliged to say in so many words: "I am the man who tried a few months ago to steal your jewelry."

But if ever the shadow of this suggestion crossed her mind it didn't cross it now. From the beginning the face and figure of that man had been blurred behind the memory of my brother Jack. Recent events had fixed me, just as she saw me, definitely in conditions in which sneak-thieving is unimaginable. I was the son of Sir Edward Melbury, Baronet, of Montreal and Ottawa, a man who would rank among the notables of the Continent. Though a son in disfavor I was still a son, and moreover I was exercising an honorable craft with some credit. I might propose to her, I might marry her, I might live my whole life with her, and the chances were that she would never connect me with the man she had seen for a few hurried minutes on pulling the rose-colored hangings aside.

For this very reason it seemed to me I must tell her before our friendship went any farther. It was an additional reason that I began to think that the information would be a shock to her. How I got that impression I can scarcely tell you; the ways in which it was conveyed to me were so trifling, so infinitesimal.

For example, I asked her one day what she meant by her oft repeated statement that I was different from other men.

"Our men," she explained promptly, "have no life apart from their businesses and professions. Business and profession are stamped all over them. They are in their clothes, their faces, the tones of their voices. You'd know Ralph Coningsby was an architect, and Stephen Cantyre a doctor, and Rufus Legrand a clergyman the minute you heard them speak. Now you wouldn't know what you were. You might be anything—anything a gentleman can be, that is. I've heard someone say that Oxford is a town in a university, and Cambridge a university in a town. In just the same way my father, for instance, is a man in an architect. You're an architect in a man. With you the man is the bigger. With us he's the smaller. It isn't merely business before pleasure; it's business before human nature; and somehow I've a preference for seeing human nature put first."

"What—What—are You Trying to Make Me—to Make Me Understand?"

There was little in this to say what I have just hinted at. There was barely sufficient to let me see that she was putting me above most of her men acquaintances, in a place in which I had no right to be. Though it was as far as she ever went it was far enough to make me feel that the earliest confession would not come too soon.

When we got down to the less frequented end of the Boardwalk the moment seemed to have arrived. The crowd had thinned out to occasional groups of stragglers or lovers going two and two. Only here and there one came on a shop; only here and there on a hotel. One got an opportunity to see the stars, and to hear the ocean as something more than a drumbeat to the blare.

By a simultaneous movement we paused by the rail, to look down on the dim white moving line of breakers. It was one of those instants when between two people drawn closely to each other something leaps. Had there been nothing imperative to keep us apart I should have seized her in my arms; she would have nestled there. I had distinctly the knowledge that she would have responded to anything—and that the initative was mine.

As a rocket that bursts into cascades of fire suddenly goes out, so suddenly the moment passed, leaving us with a sense of coldness, primarily due to me.

Somewhat desperately I began: "Do you know what has made the difficulties between me and my family?"

She was gazing off toward the dark horizon.

"Vaguely."

"Do you know that for years I gave them a great deal of trouble?"

"Vaguely."

"Do you know that ——"

"Do you know," she interrupted quietly, "that I used to have a brother?"

The question so took me by surprise that I answered blankly: "No."

"Yes, I had. He was nearly ten years older than I, which would make him about your age. He was—he was wild."

"And is he—is he dead?"

"He shot himself—about five years ago. It was a terrible story, and I don't want to tell it to you. I only want to say that my mother feels that if—if father hadn't been so hard on him—if he'd played him along gently—he might easily have been saved. It's what Mr. Christian—he's had great experience in that sort of thing—he does a wonderful work among men that have gone under—but it's what he used to tell father; only father hadn't nearly as much patience with his own son as he would have had with someone else's, and so —— I wonder if you can understand that when mother heard that you had been—had been—well, a little like my brother ——"

"Who told her?"

"Oh, I don't know. These things get about. It might have been Annette."

"And assuming that I was what you call wild, have you any idea how wild I was?"

Her response to this was to say: "I like a man to have spirit. The men who always keep on the safe side ——" She left this sentiment there, to add, less irrelevantly than it sounded: "Mother wants you to come and dine with us to-morrow evening. It will be Christmas Day, but we shan't keep it as Christmas. We don't have any Christmases since—since Tony died. We simply—we simply shan't be alone."

In the turn our talk had taken there was so much human need that I found my efforts at confession paralyzed. That a family whom I had regarded as enviably carefree should be living in the shadow of a great tragedy and nursing a sorrow in which there was this element of remorse was curiously illuminating as a discovery. It seemed to cast into other people's lives the sort of sharp revealing ray that a flash of lightning throws on a dark road. Here was a girl whom I had thought of hitherto as immune from the more sordid varieties of trial; and yet she had at least tasted of their cup. It gave me a new conception of her. I began to see her not as a flat surface or as static like a portrait, but as a living, palpitating human being with duties round her and a vista of experiences as background.

The immediate inference was that I must assist them over Christmas, as they would assist me; and to do that I must put off telling Regina Barry where she had seen me first.

To be quite free, however, I had to get a kind of permission from Lovey. My relations with him had grown to be peculiar. He seemed to develop two personalities, from the one to the other of which he glided more or less unconsciously. Though even in our privacy he refused any longer to speak of us as buddies and fellas together he called me Slim and sonny, and referred without hesitation to our fraternal past. On my part I found it almost consoling, in view of the bluff I was putting up, to have someone near me who knew me at my worst. Where I had to pretend before others there was no pretense at all with him; and so I got the relief that comes at any time when one can drop one's mask.

Here in Atlantic City I was paying all his expenses, but no wages. In New York I offered him nothing but his room. How he lived I didn't always know, beyond the fact that it was honestly. As to this he was so frank that I could have little doubt about it.

"There's many a good thing I lets go by, Slim, all on account o' you. Washin' windows ain't nothink but old woman's work when a man's been a 'atter. If it wasn't to save you, sonny ——"

"Yes, I know, Lovey. One of these days I may get a chance to make it up to you."

"Oh, well, as for makin' it up, so long as you goes on with the fancy you took to me that night at Stinson's, like ——"

"Oh, I do. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes; I see it right enough, Slim. It kind o' passes the buck on me, as you might say. But there! Lord love ye, I don't complain! Ye're a fine young fella, and what I does for you—self-denial ye might call it—I don't grudge. When I sees ye goin' round like a swell with other swells I just says to myself, 'Lovey, that's your work, old top'; and I feels kind o' satisfied."

It was kind o' satisfied that he showed himself when I told him I had been asked to eat my Christmas dinner with Mrs. and Miss Barry.

"Ain't that grand!" he commented exultingly. "Ye'll put on them swell togs ——"

"But it will leave you alone, Lovey," I reminded him.

"Lord love ye, Slim, I don't mind that! What's Christmas to me? I don't pay no attention to all that foolishness—except the plum puddin'."

I felt it right to throw out a warning:

"In your dining room, Lovey, with all the chauffeurs, there'll be things to drink, very likely."

He put on his melancholy face.

"It won't make no difference to me, Slim. The Down and Out has got me bound by so many promises, like, that I can't take a sip o' nothink, not no more than a dead man that's got a bottle in 'is coffin. I'm one that can take it or leave it, as I feel inclined."

"If you're going to try taking it or leaving it to-morrow I shan't accept Mrs. Barry's invitation to dinner."

The effect was what I had expected.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Leaking

IN TEN months of 1918, with the United States at war, the fire loss was greater by a hundred million dollars than in the corresponding period of 1916, when we could considerably better afford to toss the equivalent of a hundred big ships into a bonfire.

The losses for October were exceptional; but unfortunately exceptional losses are rather the rule with us. A great part of them were strictly preventable, which is also the rule with us.

A couple of days before this fire-loss report came to hand we were reading a careful calculation of what Mr. McAdoo had saved by operating the railroads as a unit. He saved a lot of rent by consolidating the separate ticket offices in cities. He saved a lot of overhead by abolishing separate freight-soliciting bureaus. There were many savings. The total for a year came to about as much as the fire loss for a month—mostly strictly preventable. Speaking in a general and jaundiced way, What's the use?

Fire loss is only one typical item. War has done much to popularize thrift. Never before was there such a conscious, sustained effort to save. But war has not shaken us out of our careless, wasteful habits. When we toss a cigar stub on a heap of shavings or leave an electric wire half insulated we are not thinking of thrift—or of anything else. We are just mechanically following a bad habit. We need a string round our finger all the time to make us remember.

Out of ten motions in the course of a day we think of thrift only in connection with one of them. The task is to cultivate a hundred-per-cent habit of thrifty thinking. Such a habit will cut the fire loss in half.

Liberty With a Club

LIBERTY requires a higher, more exacting discipline than tyranny. That is one of the hardest problems with which the Peace Conference and the League of Nations will have to deal. Democratic war aims have promised liberty to tens of millions of people who have had slight experience of it, and for a great many of whom it probably means little more than absence of restraint. But its true significance is more restraint.

All through Eastern Europe there is a mass of racial antagonisms that must be kept firmly in leash. In Russia and Poland, for example, liberty to harry and massacre Jews can have no place in the new dispensation democracy has promised those regions.

There are scores of overlapping claims, on nationalistic grounds, to particular pieces of territory; and in some instances it appears that rival claimants are rather eager to settle the issue in the ancient way. Probably in many places Liberty will have to introduce herself with a policeman's heavy club in hand.

There ought to be no hesitation about it when the need is clear. Minorities, of which the Jews are a conspicuous example, have as valid a claim upon intervening democracy as any majorities have. Pogroms under the banner of liberty and brotherhood are less tolerable than under autocracy's double eagle.

Now that the war is won, a considerable part of the western world doubtless pictures Liberty and Democracy as having nothing in particular to do except sit at the head of the feast, dispensing benedictions and olive branches. But the most casual knowledge of conditions in Eastern and Southeastern Europe forbids that agreeable picture. For some time to come there will probably be a stern job of repression and restraint, until peoples unacquainted with liberty understand the discipline it requires.

The new dispensation would like to discard the bayonet from its paraphernalia; but that cannot be done until pogroms, and the like, have lost their attraction.

Programs and Practice

OVER a year ago a platform committee of the British Labor Party proposed a national minimum—duly capitalized—meaning that every British person shall have means of procuring healthful and reasonably comfortable subsistence. It also proposed that all income above what is necessary to procure the standard of life shall be confiscated for the common good—which, among other things, means for government jobs.

Apparently the standard of life, beyond which none shall go, is pitched somewhat higher than the national minimum, below which none shall fall. One may surmise that a diligent and thrifty man might have two suits of clothes, while his lazy, improvident neighbor should have only one; or that, as a reward for exceptional creative ability, an Edison might possess an upright piano. But, under the spirit of that program, if an Edison did possess an upright piano he would, no doubt, soon find himself denounced as a plutocrat and an enemy of the common good.

In fine, irrespective of what anybody puts into the common pot, everybody is to take a fair subsistence out of it, and nobody is to take out very much more. Any person's motive for producing more than a bare minimum is to be mostly altruistic. Those who doubt the sufficiency of the altruistic motive and who consider industrial leadership very important will naturally regard this as being as fine a scheme for ruining a country as any yet devised, short of Bolshevik anarchy.

But experience of all radical movements shows that programs and practice are very different things, because spinning theories in a closet and operating a complex social machine are very different things. The German Socialist Party, enthusiastically revolutionary when an insignificant minority, became in practice only a radical reform party as it acquired political power. Even the steamy headpieces of the Bolsheviki were finally penetrated by the sobering fact that it was necessary to have some bourgeois persons on the premises who knew how to get water into the boiler and coal into the fire-box.

No doubt, just in proportion as it acquires power and responsibility, the British Labor Party will acquire conservatism. In practice a Labor premier would be more concerned about balancing his budget than about frescoing Utopia.

A Railroad Policy

ONE item in reconstruction is clear and simple: The telegraph and telephone lines should be handed back to the former managements.

For the time being, shipping also is comparatively simple. The Government built, or is building, the merchant fleet. In view of the extraordinary conditions which called the fleet into being, and the abnormal shipping situation generally, it may fairly be taken for granted that the Government will continue to own and operate the fleet for some time.

The railroads present a much more difficult and a much more important case. Private enterprise had developed here incomparably the greatest railroad system in the world and operated it, on the whole, with high efficiency. But in private hands it had long been an object of more or less popular suspicion and hostility. Latterly its efficiency had become somewhat impaired and more seriously threatened by oppressive governmental regulation.

Now a thoroughly efficient and constantly expanding railroad system is vitally necessary to the United States. The necessity touches every industry and every economic activity in the country. To no other country is rail transportation so important as to this country, with its long hauls, diversified industries and comparative lack of inland water transport. At all costs we must have an efficient, expanding rail system.

For such a system, privately owned and managed, the public will insist upon comprehensive government control over rates and practices. If that control, responsive to real or supposed public opinion and with an eye to political preferment, is going to be essentially hostile we shall not have an efficient and expanding rail system, because private capital will shun the railroad field; and the only rational alternative is to try out the experiment of government ownership and operation.

We do not believe that government operation would finally, in any event, give an efficient, expanding rail system, except at far higher cost to the public than under private management. We believe politics would get into the rail system much faster than mechanical improvements. But the crux of the railroad problem is to decide between government ownership and private management under broad-gauge, expert centralized government regulation that knows transportation, and would rather have more ton miles than more flattering press clippings. Broad-gauge regulation implies permission to effect most of the economies that Mr. McAdoo effected by coördinating the several roads.

Whether we can have liberal, unhostile constructive regulation of privately owned railroads is the first question to be decided in settling a railroad policy. If we cannot have that, the experiment of government ownership is the only rational alternative. Nobody wants to go back to the condition of 1914. Twenty-one months after peace is achieved—the term of the present arrangement—is not very long for a huge country to make up its mind on a subject about which there is so much difference of opinion. The country ought to be thinking it over now.

Taking an Interest

THIS generation of Americans has been very little interested in government—whether it was local government, state government or Federal government. All oratorical and journalistic pretensions to the contrary are mere buncombe. Americans were interested in politics just about as they were interested in baseball. It was a national sport, pursued for the excitement of the campaign and of seeing which side would win. After one side had won, the contest was settled and people thought about something else.

Exceptions may be noted to that statement. Some people were interested in government all the time. Now and then unusual circumstances livened general interest in the subject. But the average American, by and large, gave precious little attention to it. If the party that had won signally failed to redeem its promises he shrugged his shoulders and forgot it in six months.

In twenty years—from 1892 to 1912—population increased forty-six per cent and the vote for President increased only twenty-five per cent; and hundreds of thousands voted for President who never voted at other elections. In city, state and nation parties were held to no strict account for fulfillment of their pledges, because people were too little interested in what they did. A very large portion of the electorate voted simply by rote—always for the same party ticket, irrespective of the merit of the candidate or the recent record of the party—just as a patriotic citizen roots for his own town's ball team whether it is good or not. And neither party meant anything in particular.

This generation, nearly the world over, has now acquired a new idea of government. It has discovered that government is not limited to being a far-off, indifferent thing; that it may be something which can step into people's homes, take their sons, kill millions of men, devastate great regions. Newspapers bring daily evidence that the people of Germany, for example, are now taking the liveliest and most intimate interest in government. So people are, generally, throughout Europe.

The United States needs a livelier and more intimate interest in government on the part of the people; a constant and critical interest. Any number of young men still know more about the batting averages in last season's baseball than they know about the performance of their senators and representatives. Senators, representatives and presidents will never perform at their best to an audience that is usually looking the other way.

Government, with its increasing activities, is bound to be increasingly important to everybody. To know what government is doing, and how, is part of everybody's personal business—not just at election time, but week in and week out.

SOME WAR CREDITS

By WILL PAYNE

JUDGING by the experience of New York State four years of world war increased the factory pay roll in the United States 128 per cent, and there are now ten and a half million persons on that pay roll. It increased the railroad pay roll seventy to seventy-five per cent, that pay roll containing more than two million names. Those two pay rolls, judging the former by New York, now come to more than fourteen and a half billion dollars, against less than seven billions in 1914.

At least twenty-five million people in the United States are on a pay roll, living on wages and salaries. As to other large contingents, such as miners, lumbermen, teamsters, farm laborers, we have evidence of much higher pay. As to still other contingents the evidence is more fragmentary. For example, I know of no statistics covering three million persons and more in domestic and personal service, but every woman who hires a domestic servant knows that wages have advanced briskly.

Next to those on a pay roll the most numerous division of the population consists of six million farmers. The Department of Agriculture will no doubt put the gross value of farm products this year well over twenty billion dollars, against a little less than ten billions in 1914. This means, for example, the gross value of all the corn as well as the gross value of the hogs and cattle that ate the corn; it contains duplications.

But of all products considered in big groups war has increased the price of farm products most. From July, 1914, to August, 1918, the wholesale price of all leading commodities taken together increased 105 per cent in the United States, while the price of farm products increased 141 per cent. The farm price has benefited most. No big group has benefited more than farmers.

In 1910 there were 1,200,000 retail merchants in the United States. Nobody, I believe, has ever attempted to get their economic condition into a comparative statistical table. But their creditors furnish conclusive evidence of a general sort as to how they are getting on. When they are not getting on well failures among them naturally increase. In recent months the number of failures compared with the total number of concerns in business has been decidedly the smallest ever recorded.

Railroad Wages

THE number of failures in September this year was the smallest of any month back to October, 1899, when the total number of concerns in business was much smaller. The number of failures to October first of this year was about half the number for the corresponding period of three years ago. In the third quarter of this year less than half as many merchants failed as in the like quarter of 1914. As far back as an exact record of commercial failures has been kept the number of failures now is smallest in proportion to the number of concerns in business. That can hardly mean anything else than that merchants on the whole are more prosperous than at any other time in this generation.

Nowadays it isn't enough to say that total bank deposits have increased by so many billions, foreign trade has reached such and such a figure, railroad earnings are thirty per cent greater, and so on. Merely pointing to a vast accumulation of money isn't enough. People want to know who is getting the money. If Wall Street only is getting it they are not much impressed.

There is plenty of evidence that this war money is very widely distributed. The whole people of the United States was never before so prosperous. No great body of people anywhere was ever before so prosperous. A short cut to that conclusion is found in more than twenty million subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan, purchases of War Savings Stamps rising toward a billion dollars, increased savings deposits—notwithstanding bond and stamp buying—increased country bank deposits.

The Census Bureau gave the number of factory employees in 1914 as a little more than eight million and the annual pay roll as five billion three hundred and odd million dollars. The New York State Industrial Commission—formerly Department of Labor—gets monthly reports from some sixteen hundred typical concerns representing most of the country's leading lines of manufacture. The reports give the number of persons employed and the wages paid.

The commission's summary for August, 1918, shows that as compared with August, 1914—covering just four years of world war—the number of employees had increased thirty-three per cent, and the pay roll 128 per cent. Applying those percentages to the census figures for 1914 gives the results mentioned above.

It should be noted that these New York concerns are by no means exclusively engaged in so-called war work. I judge they are not engaged in such work to a greater extent than factories the country over would be. The list includes stone, clay and glass products, furniture and cabinet work, musical instruments, women's clothing, paper and printing, confectionery, beverages, tobacco.

Of course the increase of 128 per cent in pay roll does not mean that increase in individual wages, for the number of employees has increased one-third. But average weekly earnings of all hands increased about seventy per cent.

There is a very important offset for increased cost of living. Retail prices of food in the United States as calculated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington with reference to workmen's consumption increased sixty per cent, while weekly wages in New York increased about seventy. Early in the world war, and again when the United States stepped in, food rose faster than wages; but this year wages have risen decidedly faster than food.

Will He Need a Brick?

Food prices, however, are not an accurate measure of the cost of living. Several investigations of that subject have been undertaken this year—for example, in adjusting railroad wages when the United States took control of the lines, and in adjusting shipbuilding wages. The shipbuilding investigation found by detailed studies that about forty-five per cent of the workman's family budget went for food. Rent increased much less than the cost of food—from ten to thirty per cent, depending on locality. The railroad investigation concluded that cost of living from the end of 1915 to the spring of this year had risen forty to forty-three per cent—the greater rise occurring in families with the smallest incomes. Of course the larger the family income the less relatively goes for food. The report adds, however, that those figures of forty to forty-three per cent may be somewhat too small, owing to factors not statistically expressed. The shipbuilding investigation put the increased cost of living from December, 1914, to March, 1918, at slightly under forty-three per cent in Portland, Maine, and Boston; a little more than fifty-one per cent in Newport News, Virginia, for whites; and nearly fifty-seven per cent in Baltimore.

All of which of course does not say that there is not still a great quantity of underpaid labor in the United States. Distribution of wages is about as complicated a problem as distribution of wealth in any other form—and attended in a general way by a good deal the same inequality. The railroad-wage investigation disclosed at the top workmen receiving $250 a month, or even more. It also found that in December, 1917—after three years of war and rising prices—fifty-one per cent of all railroad employees were getting seventy-five dollars a month or under. There were 111,000 clerks in railroad offices whose average pay was $56.77 a month; 270,000 section hands who averaged $50.31 a month. Those receiving from $150 to $250 a month numbered only 60,000, or three per cent of the total employees. They were capable, strongly organized, aggressive, and in a position to get very respectful attention to their demands. They were by no means inclined to equalize the distribution of wealth by prorating their two-fifty a month with the section hands' fifty a month—nor should they have been. Their high wage, if distributed equally among 111,000 clerks, 270,000 section hands, 121,000 other unskilled laborers and 130,000 station-service employees—all of whom averaged less than sixty dollars a month—would have raised the average pay very little; and the proper proceeding is to boost from the bottom instead of pulling down from the top. In granting its wage increases, in fact, the Government increased the lowest wages most and the highest wages practically not at all.

Our War Debt

AFTER all offsets nobody can reasonably question that four years of world war put decidedly more money, decidedly greater purchasing power and saving power into the hands of the great mass of the population of the United States—which is material prosperity.

There is a war debt, at this writing, of upward of sixteen billion dollars. It will certainly run above twenty billions, or two hundred dollars per capita. But that is nothing to dismay anybody. France's debt in 1914 was a hundred and sixty dollars per capita, and no one took a dismal view of France economically. The American debt is all held at home, standing as an asset on the books of the individual bondholders.

A great part of it figures as an asset of plain, everyday citizens too. Subscribers to ten thousand dollars and less took sixty per cent of the First Liberty Loan. Subscribers to fifty thousand dollars and less took nearly two-thirds of the Second Liberty Loan. Classified subscriptions to the Third and Fourth Loans have not yet been published, but the fact of seventeen and twenty million subscribers, respectively, indicates that comparatively small subscribers took some billions of the two loans.

Obviously if the bonds were distributed in exact proportion to the taxes levied to pay interest and principal the taxpayer would be merely shifting the money from one pocket to the other—handing it over to the Government in taxes and immediately getting it back in interest. Taxes have been levied in such a manner, however, as to fall pretty largely on the rich and well-to-do. Undoubtedly subscribers up to ten thousand dollars will get more interest in proportion to direct taxes paid than subscribers over ten thousand. The war debt, in short, is nothing for the plain man to worry about.

The United States got into this prosperous condition in the first place through foreign trade. In the forty-five months ending with last September—the latest date for which official figures are now available—we sold to other countries only a little less than twenty billion dollars' worth of goods. The last two years we have been selling at the rate of six billions a year, or about one-fifth more than the combined sales of England and Germany—then the greatest exporters—before the war. In the forty-five months we have bought abroad nine and a half billion dollars' worth of goods. In other words, our foreign sales have exceeded our purchases by more than ten billion dollars.

We have drawn in round numbers a billion dollars of that balance in cash—in gold. The world still owes us the rest of it. From the time we declared war to October twenty-fifth last we had advanced to our allies seven and a half billion dollars. But as far back as October, 1915, we began lending to England and France—first, with the five hundred million dollar Anglo-French loan of that month. The total is now about equal to the net balance of trade in our favor.

It was this enormous foreign demand for American goods that set the present industrial boom going—to be augmented in 1917 when the United States came into the market for vast quantities of war goods. As it was foreign trade that changed a slack, rather depressed condition in 1914 to a highly prosperous condition in 1916, a great many people are naturally looking anxiously to foreign trade as a means of continuing prosperity. The whole difference between boom and depression is measured finally by demand for goods. The greater the foreign demand the brighter on the whole the industrial outlook will be. American manufacturers have just been holding an important convention in New York to consider that subject. Many other bodies and individuals are busy with it.

The Shortage of Shipping

OUR foreign trade the last four years has been pretty exclusively a war product. Out of more than nineteen billion dollars of exports in the last four fiscal years—ending June thirtieth—something more than thirteen billions went to Europe, which mostly means shipments to the Allies, who bought the goods here because they had to have them regardless of price. Pretty soon they will want no war goods at all and will be bargaining shrewdly for such goods as they do want.

From 1914 to 1918 our exports to other parts of North America more than doubled; but the increase mostly consisted of shipments to Canada in connection with war work. In 1913 German exports amounted to about two and a half billion dollars, running England neck and neck as to manufactured goods. Busy little Belgium in the same year exported seven hundred million dollars' worth. War cut off that competition at a stroke. England, too, was heavily handicapped as an exporter by war's demands upon her industries and, latterly, by shortage of shipping—for whatever else suffered ships must be found to bring forward vitally necessary supplies from America.

This greatly reduced competition must be taken into account in considering our increased exports to nonbelligerents. Moreover, trade grows on both sides of the ledger. If we buy more from a given region we may expect to sell more there. While our exports to South America rose in the four years from $124,000,000 to $314,000,000 our imports from South America increased from $223,000,000 to $567,000,000. While our exports to Asia and Oceanica rose from less than two hundred millions to nearly six hundred millions our imports increased from three hundred and odd millions to nearly a billion.

To meet war's demands on us we were ransacking the nonbelligerent world for raw materials and food. In the last fiscal year, for example, we got no cheese from Holland or Switzerland, and only eight thousand dollars' worth from Italy, but we took more than three million dollars' worth from Argentina. We bought thirty-one million dollars' worth of soy beans from China and Japan, and a hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of raw silk. From the Straits Settlements and Dutch East India we bought forty million dollars' worth of block or bar tin; and ninety-four million dollars' worth of wool from Argentina, twenty million from Australia, twenty-five million from South Africa. From British East India we bought fifty-three million dollars' worth of burlap and jute, twenty million dollars' worth of goatskins, a hundred and thirty-eight million dollars' worth of rubber. We even bought coal from Canada. Naturally we sold more, for trade naturally grows on both sides of the account.

So pretty much all this enormous increase in foreign trade is a war product, and the troublesome question is, How much of it can we keep in peace?

It would be a rather disheartening question but that war has greatly improved our facilities for foreign trade. The point that comes first to mind in that respect is shipping. The beginning of the war found the United States pretty nearly at zero in the merchant-marine way—and Congress passing laws to sweep out the remnant. June 30, 1914, the Bureau of Navigation reported 720,000 tons of steam shipping under the American flag engaged in foreign trade. Only eight per cent of our exports were carried in American bottoms. In the preceding twelve months we had built 195,000 tons of steam vessels—including those for Lake trade.

That was close to zero. After war had been raging more than a year it was only by a twelfth-hour intervention that the last considerable fleet on the Pacific Ocean bearing the American flag was kept under that flag. By that time war had destroyed much shipping. In 1916 ocean freight rates were advancing by great leaps, and as a sort of desperate emergency measure Congress set up the United States Shipping Board and appropriated the great sum of fifty million dollars to build and acquire ships. Since April, 1917, when the United States declared war, Congress has appropriated three billion dollars for shipbuilding. The contrast between those two sums indicates the scale upon which we finally attacked the question of ships. Whereas before the war England built far more shipping than the United States, we are now outbuilding England. For many years the greatest shipbuilding district in the world was on the Clyde River in Scotland. There are now two districts on the Atlantic Coast of the United States and two on the Pacific which surpass the Clyde in capacity. From a few thousand workmen engaged in shipbuilding we have three hundred and fifty thousand.

The fleet under the jurisdiction of the Shipping Board now comprises about ten million tons—including requisitioned American ships, German and Austrian ships taken over by the Government, Dutch ships requisitioned, and about three million tons of foreign-owned vessels chartered to the Shipping Board or to American citizens.

The last day of October Chairman Hurley announced that the shipbuilding program would go forward at full speed irrespective of the ending of the war. The program to which the board had definitely committed itself called for fifteen million tons, of which only about two and a half million tons had been actually completed.

To September 1, 1918, something more than twenty-one million tons of Allied and neutral merchant tonnage had been lost on account of the war. Total Allied and neutral construction in that period was only fourteen million tons, leaving a deficit of upward of seven million tons. As regards the Allies, more than half of this deficit had been made good by seizing enemy tonnage, but that operation did not affect the total of world shipping.

If there had been no war the world's merchant tonnage in the four years would have increased—based on the rate of increase from 1905 to 1914—by 14,700,000 tons. Thus if war had ceased that day the world's merchant fleet would have been in arrears of its normal position by nearly twenty-two million tons. To put it in another way, all the Allied and neutral tonnage constructed during the forty-nine months was slightly less than would have been built in that period if there had been no war. So from the point of view of world's shipping the destruction of twenty-one million and odd tons stands as a net deficit. This may have been offset to some extent by German construction during the war, as to which nothing definite is now known. But that offset is believed to be inconsiderable.

There is a cogent reason, then, why the United States—having made a vast investment in plant and materials, organized the industry and assembled a great working force—should continue its shipbuilding program. We can count definitely on a big merchant fleet—second only to England's at any rate—as an instrument for foreign trade after the war. In fact we already have a fleet for foreign trade more than tenfold larger than that of 1914.

More Elastic Credit Facilities

HOW this fleet—at present in the hands of the Government—will finally be owned and operated is problematical; but it will be an instrument for foreign trade irrespective of that. Of course we could do a great foreign trade in other countries' ships, but American ships will always be rather more sympathetic to American trade strategy than other countries' ships are. Just as an advertisement to foreign countries an American merchant fleet is tremendously valuable.

As an instrument of foreign trade credit is even more important than ships, and in that regard the United States has improved its position to an even greater extent than in shipping, though it cannot be measured in like concrete terms.

For a long time before this war the banking power of the United States—its power to extend cash credit—was nominally greater than that of any other nation. Ten years ago it ran well toward twenty billion dollars. This comprised the capital, surplus, circulating notes and individual deposits of all the banks—the total amount of credits which all the banks could extend at a given time in the form of loans or otherwise. But this credit power when war began was in the hands of nearly thirty thousand separate banks, with no way of acting together except as leading banks in cities joined in voluntary clearing-house associations whose normal purpose was simply to facilitate the daily clearing of checks. Each bank kept a reserve fund for the purpose of meeting any unusual demand from its depositors. A country-town bank in Michigan, say, would deposit the larger part of its reserve fund with a bank in Detroit, and the Detroit bank would deposit a large part of its reserve fund with a bank in New York.

If a bank's own reserve fund was exhausted it faced insolvency. It used the cash in its vault, then drew out its deposit in Detroit or New York. It would be holding perfectly good paper—notes of farmers, merchants, manufacturers, and so on. If the demand upon it was of a local character it could rediscount some of these notes in Detroit or New York and so get further funds to pay off its depositors with. But if the demand was of a general character the banks in Detroit and New York would be scrambling for cash with which to meet the demands upon them, and so not inclined to extend more credit. The result of any extraordinary general demand was to set all the banks scrambling for cash, each to save itself. So in an emergency the country's credit power contracted—just when it ought to expand.

The banks resorted to various devices—none of them very adequate. If you look back you will see that when Europe's war precipitated a world-wide money panic banks in the bigger American cities began issuing clearing-house certificates, for though the Federal Reserve Act had just been passed it was not yet in force. The act went into effect, however, in November, 1914—linking up and mobilizing the country's credit power for the first time since the Jacksonian era. The most essential thing about it is that at any time a member bank with good commercial paper can go to a Federal Reserve Bank, which will at once rediscount that paper, issuing to the member bank circulating

(Concluded on Page 24)

THESE are the familiar Staggard Studs of Republic Tires.

You see them everywhere. Everybody remembers and recognizes them.

But not everybody realizes how very slowly and evenly they wear; and how much this means in the *longer life* of Republic Tires.

Republic Tires register wear, of course.

But they do show, after several thousand miles, a *total absence* of the cuts and chips and abrasions commonly inflicted by ordinary service.

This absence testifies to the wonderful toughness of the Prōdium Processed rubber. It also constitutes one of the main reasons why Republic Tires *do* last *longer*.

Cuts and chips in a tire tread permit water and fine dirt to creep in, which many times means weakened fabric and a premature blow-out.

The Prōdium Process toughens the rubber. The rubber resists wear and ruinous damage to the utmost.

Therefore Republic Tires last longer.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

(Concluded from Page 22)

notes with which it can pay its depositors or meet any other demand. It provides a way by which any bank can at any time turn its good short-term assets into cash. No bank with such assets can be forced into insolvency. Essentially it transforms the American banking system from a set of thirty thousand units which tended powerfully to fly apart under an unusual strain into a machine that can exert its total strength to meet a strain.

One result is that the enormous demands upon credit growing out of war financing have been met with ease. Banks have extended credit right and left to bond buyers, and at the same time they have met the heavy demands for business credit—met them confidently, too, for they know the Federal Reserve system is behind them, ready to convert their good assets into cash with which demands upon them can be met.

Competent foreign critics have said that whereas we had the worst banking system in the world when war began we now have the best. The unorganized banks of four years ago tended to money pinches, panics, paralysis of credit. Under a severe strain the pull finally centered mostly on the great Wall Street banks, for they were the great holders of reserve funds of other banks. In an urgent need of cash the whole country drew on them and they had nowhere to turn. They held a great amount of nominal cash assets in the form of call loans secured by stocks and bonds—theoretically convertible into cash by sale on the Stock Exchange. But in a crisis the market disappeared. There was nobody to buy the stocks and bonds. When the pinch came these assets instead of liquefying froze up. Now a great part of the banking reserves of the country are held by the Federal Reserve Banks, which cannot be frozen up. The country's banking system no longer looks to Wall Street.

This banking reform is incalculably important of course for domestic trade. It is also very important for foreign trade, which in a special way depends on credit. Generally the foreign buyer wants longer credit than the domestic buyer. Generally the foreign seller wants cash. He gets cash through the instrument of the accepted bill of exchange, which has long been the chief means of financing import business. When a Brazilian has his coffee, say, on shipboard he draws a bill of exchange for the amount. The buyer has already arranged with a London bank to accept the bill. The Brazilian steps across the street to the branch of an English bank and gets credit for the bill—in other words, he gets cash. Before the war all that foreign bill-of-exchange business went to London, Berlin, Paris, Antwerp, because the United States had no banking machinery to handle it. American importers from South America made their banking arrangements in London. We have the banking facilities to handle this business now, and a considerable banking trade in accepted bills of exchange has already developed.

In the Foreign Banking Field

This particular phase of it applies only to imports, but imports and exports tend to run together. If you have to send a customer across the street for the hat he wants he is rather apt to buy his shoes there too. When we had to buy London credit in order to finance our imports South America tended to get an impression that London was the better shop.

Before the war England was believed to have about fifteen billion dollars invested abroad, France and Germany together almost as large a sum. This was undoubtedly an important help to the foreign trade of those countries. They had the money and the habit of investing abroad. If South America projected a new railroad, trolley line or water power the bonds to finance the enterprise might be sold in London or Berlin, but not in New York. Naturally London or Berlin got the order for the materials. Interest accumulating on foreign investments gave the investing country a constant fund with which to buy foreign goods or make further investments.

A country that is a big exporter of manufactured goods to the newer or less developed regions must be a foreign investor on a large scale. All such regions want capital for industrial development—railroads, trolley systems, machinery, and so on. By and large they will purchase the goods where they can get the credit.

Four years ago the United States was decidedly a debtor nation. It owed more money abroad than was owing to it—probably by four or five billion dollars. By and large the man who is a debtor isn't the man to apply to for credit. We were not in a good position to extend credit abroad. We are now well in the way of being the leading creditor nation. Counting our Treasury advances to the Allies and the foreign loans still outstanding here which were floated before our declaration of war, we hold about nine billion dollars of foreign paper.

Before the war it took three hundred million dollars a year or so to pay interest and dividends on our obligations held abroad, freight brought here in foreign ships, insurance and like items—not including, however, the great sums spent yearly by American tourists abroad or the remittances to Europe by immigrants. We paid the bill by shipping goods abroad—the excess of exports over imports. In the fiscal year 1914 the excess was less than five hundred million dollars, which probably left us in debt on net balance—taking tourists' disbursements and immigrants' remittances into account.

A Sentimental Proposal

At present, allowing for American securities still held abroad, Europe probably owes us $350,000,000 a year or thereabout on account of interest. Her indebtedness to us is constantly growing. Every week the Treasury announces new advances to the Allies. Now that the war is definitely ended there is a huge reconstruction job over there, and it will undoubtedly lean heavily upon American credit. We shall be making further advances in that connection. That Europe will be owing us half a billion or so a year on account of interest is quite certain.

There are those who propose that the indebtedness of the Allies to the United States, especially the indebtedness of France, be canceled as a gift. But that is a merely sentimental way of dealing with the situation. On November 1, 1918, France owed the United States a little more than two and a third billion dollars. To the same date France had appropriated nearly thirty billion dollars for war—largely represented by bonds and by more than six billion dollars of outstanding Bank of France circulating notes, against which there was a gold reserve of only eighteen per cent. Quite aside from repairing the actual physical damage of war—for which France can look to Germany—she needs credit to a great amount for the purpose of reorganizing her industries on a peace basis and consolidating her financial position. For all her immediate problems, merely to cancel nine per cent or so of her war debt would help very little. Credit is what France really wants.

Heretofore creditor nations have usually taken their annual pay in goods. For example, England, the premier creditor nation, imported more than she exported—the adverse balance of trade in merchandise about offsetting the revenue falling due to her on account of foreign investments. But besides being dependent on imports for a great part of her food supply—450,000,000 bushels of grain and 2,500,000,000 pounds of meats being imported in 1913—British manufactures depended to a great extent on imported raw materials. In 1915 England imported thirty per cent of her iron ore, ninety-nine per cent of her copper, ninety per cent of her lead, a hundred per cent of her cotton, eighty per cent of her wool, eighty-six per cent of her petroleum of all kinds.

In view of our own resources in the way of food and raw materials and of our tremendous manufacturing capacity it doesn't look as though we should import more than we export. It looks as though, in addition to half a billion or so of income from foreign investments, we should roll up another half billion or so of favorable trade balance—excess of exports over imports. If the world is falling in debt to us at the rate of a billion a year—or any other large sum—it cannot possibly pay us in money, gold being the only money of international settlement. We have no particular use for any more gold, war having increased our stock by more than a billion dollars. We shall not be taking pay in goods, for we shall be selling more goods than we buy. The only thing we can do with the balance due us is to reinvest it abroad—increase our holdings of foreign securities. Presumably, therefore, the nine billions or so which the world now owes us must be regarded simply as a thrifty man's nest egg. The greater our foreign investments and the greater our yearly fund from which to make new investments abroad the better our position to command foreign trade.

To get the advantage of this position we must of course follow the example of England, France, Germany, Holland in like circumstances by familiarizing ourselves with foreign securities and making them a staple of our investment market. One great Wall Street bank has already during the war established seventeen foreign branches, fourteen of them in Latin America. Other banks are following that lead. But the banks can be only intermediate between the foreign borrower and the domestic security market. The investing public must provide the market itself. It goes without saying that our trade legislation in general must take a broader view than heretofore.

Internationally considered we have been pretty largely borrowers and exporters of basic goods, such as foodstuffs, cotton, copper, petroleum, of which we had a great supply and for which the buyer, more or less, had to come to us whether he wanted to or not. We didn't much need to cultivate goodwill. Normally a borrower takes the lender's money, and with that his interest in the lender ceases; what becomes of him is a matter of indifference. A man selling wheat or hogs cares little who buys them. He knows somebody is bound to buy them at the market price. But with the making of a loan the lender's interest in the borrower only begins. Thereafter the borrower's well-being is a subject of lively interest to him. And a man selling manufactured goods under keen competition must be very regardful of his customer's wishes and prejudices. War has a good deal changed us over from the first position to the second—thereby pledging us to lively interest in "abroad" and active cultivation of "abroad's" goodwill. Our trade legislation must keep that in mind.

Mobilized Banking Power

In the tremendously important matter of credit, then, our position has vastly changed for the better since August, 1914. From debtor nation we have become creditor nation on a grand scale. War, with upward of twenty million bond subscribers, has uncovered capital resources here not dreamed of before. During the war banking reform has put us in possession of probably the most admirable credit instrument in the world. On that head it may be mentioned in passing that though our Federal Reserve system mobilizes and consolidates the banking power of the country about as effectually as any European system does it still leaves the freest play for local and individual initiative. The bank with which you do business is still in all its relations with you a strictly local, individual concern, alive and responsive to local conditions—instead of being only a branch of a great institution with headquarters at London or Paris, managed by appointees who are directed from London or Paris and whose advancement depends primarily upon pleasing headquarters rather than on pleasing you.

Four years have seen an improvement in our position with regard to foreign trade in other respects. Some great concerns, such as United States Steel, Standard Oil, International Harvester, have long been rich and strong enough to maintain an adequate organization for foreign trade and adequate representation in foreign fields. That takes a lot of money, however. Only a very big concern can do it on its own hook. A great many American manufacturers with goods suitable for foreign consumption were unable to set up their own branch houses and maintain an independent selling force abroad. Four years ago the law forbade them to cooperate for that purpose—or at least raised a lively probability of indictment if they tried it. That has been remedied. The Webb Act specifically authorizes combinations of manufacturers for export business. By forming associations smaller manufacturers can now get their goods properly represented abroad—with the advantage of American ships, American branch banks, and all the machinery and banking power that are necessary to manage credits.

You cannot get any exact measure of America's increase in actual banking power. The figures are there—so many billions in 1914 and so many in 1918. But the huge difference in actual effectiveness, secured by intelligently organizing our banking power under the Federal Reserve system, is immeasurable. Another great factor is equally immeasurable—namely, the factor of goodwill. There is no doubt, however, that four years have brought the United States a vast accretion there. We have the goodwill of Latin America and of the non-Teutonic world as we never had it before.

War has created a whole new dyestuffs industry here, much as it created a great shipbuilding industry. In many ways it has caused development of native manufactures. Almost every industry has responded to the stimulation of this enormous demand for goods. Some of them, like the glass industry, upon which war seemed likely to react very disastrously, find themselves in fact stronger than ever. After taking into account a war debt of twenty billions or any other probable figure there is no doubt that the United States is decidedly stronger industrially and financially than it was four years ago.

Wartime Wonder-Working

There is a certain danger in comparative figures that deal with values, because the standard of value has undergone a signal change. Commodity prices taken as a whole have slightly more than doubled since July, 1914, which means by and large that a dollar represents only half as many goods as it represented four years ago—inflation of prices, certainly; but the immense inflation of currency which war caused on the continent of Europe has been absent here, at least absent comparatively speaking.

From February 1, 1917, to September 1, 1918, the issue of circulating notes by the Federal Reserve Banks rose from two hundred and odd million dollars to slightly more than two billions, but a billion dollars of that increase was offset by increased holdings of gold. A statement in the Federal Reserve Bulletin for October shows that the stock of money in the country, outside that held by the United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve Banks, increased between the dates named $736,000,000—gold and gold certificates in circulation decreasing more than $1,000,000,000; Federal Reserve circulating notes increasing $1,800,000,000; all other forms of currency decreasing $100,000,000. A net increase of only $700,000,000 is not currency inflation as Europe knows it.

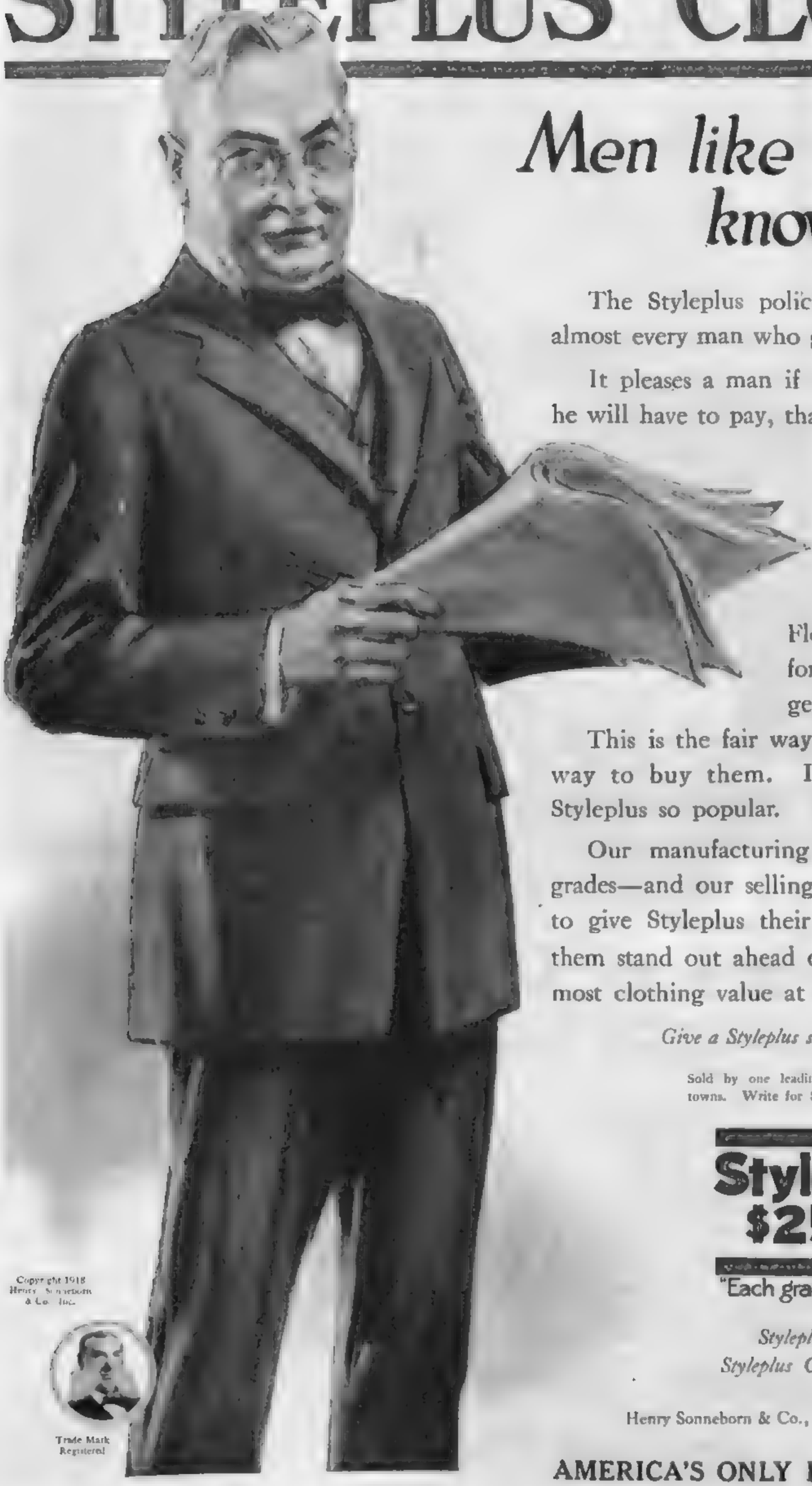
Though certain comparative figures must be discounted, therefore, to allow for the rise in prices, great and substantial gains remain. We have gained greatly in better organization of industry. Pretty much all the inhibitions and impediments upon coordination of industry imposed by politicians' moldy theories have been suspended. It is very significant that on motion of the Government the Supreme Court postponed its hearings of the leading antitrust cases until after the war. In a national emergency which involved vital dependence on industry the Government did not care to intervene any more as a mere disorganizing agency. On the contrary it has insisted upon coördination, and industry on the whole is better organized than ever before.

We have discovered during the war that it is measurably possible to keep capital and labor on their job of producing goods without stopping every half hour to fight out the differences that naturally rise between them. What we have learned about the possibilities of reconciling capital and labor must not be wholly lost. The conciliatory machinery that has been improvised during the war may well lead to something permanent.

War has introduced the nation to thrift. I believe almost any normally situated and normally acquainted American will agree from his own observation that among a great contingent of really intelligent and efficient persons war has made saving as much a virtue as spending formerly was.

Considering that unemployment practically disappeared, considering the great rise in wages, considering prosperity on the farms and among such a numerous class as retail merchants, there is no doubt that the civil population of the United States has been maintained in greater well-being and material comfort than ever before. And on top of sustaining the civil population in that state we have met the huge demands of war—equipped the armies, built the fleets, and so on. It is a great achievement. It was accomplished by organization, diligence, thrift. The same things will give us the future.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



Copyright 1918
Henry Sonneborn
& Co. Inc.

Trade Mark
Registered

Men like our known price plan

The Styleplus policy is based on the preference of almost every man who goes into a store to buy clothes.

It pleases a man if he can know exactly what price he will have to pay, that it is a fair, moderate price, and that the goods are right!

Styleplus are sold throughout the United States. Whether you buy them in Maine or in California, in Oregon or in Florida, you will pay the same price for the same grade of goods—and get the same high quality.

This is the fair way to sell clothes—the convenient way to buy them. It has counted big in making Styleplus so popular.

Our manufacturing method—*concentration* on few grades—and our selling method—*known-price*—combine to give Styleplus their unique "individuality"—make them stand out ahead of the field as "America's foremost clothing value at moderate prices."

Give a Styleplus suit or overcoat for Christmas!

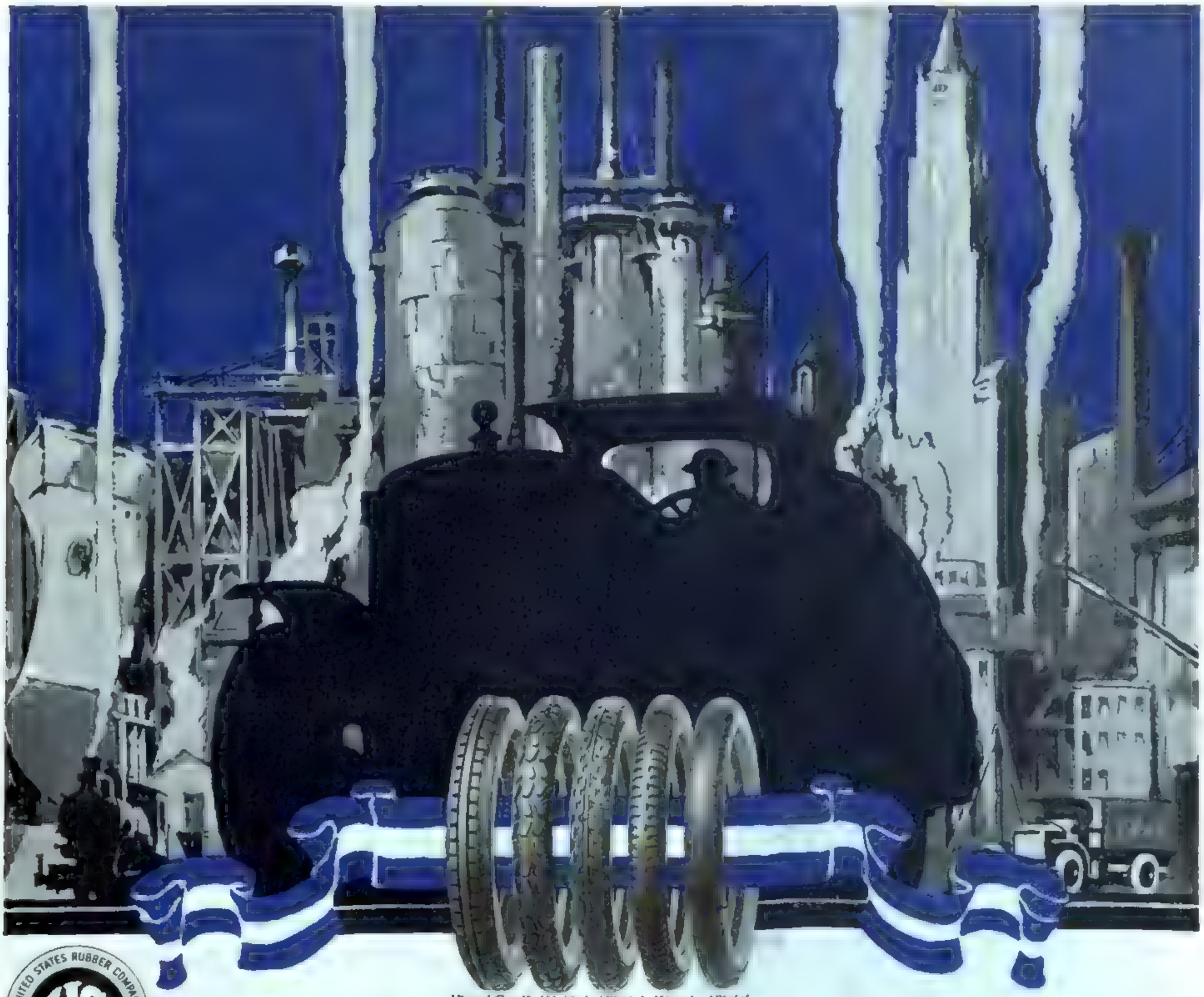
Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"Each grade one price the nation over"

Styleplus Suits: $25 and $30
Styleplus Overcoats: $25, $30 and $35

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES



'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

Carriers of Commerce

War brought motor vehicles into general use as commercial carriers—forced speedy recognition of their great value.

The more important they become as transportation units, the more important grows the question of the tires on which they travel.

From a business viewpoint, buying tires is merely buying miles—at so much per mile.

The best tires for your use—passenger or commercial—are the ones that will carry your car farthest and at lowest cost per mile *under your peculiar driving conditions.*

There are five distinctively different United States Tires for passenger car and light delivery use, and both pneumatic and solid for trucks.

Each is designed and built to give most mileage at least cost under certain specific conditions.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot dealer can supply you with United States Tires that will *exactly* meet your individual needs.

United States Tire Company
Tire Division of
United States Rubber Company

United States Tires are Good Tires

For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'.

Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles and Airplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

TEUFEL HUNDEN

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

IT'S the matter of all these children in the line-up that gets my goose flesh rising," confessed Sergeant Daniel Riley, and licked the wrapper of the cigarette he was rolling.

"I wisht that was the biggest of my troubles," retorted Sergeant Thomas Mogan, and reached for the sack of tobacco.

There was the tartness of reproof in his tones, for he liked the young lads and believed in them. Riley liked them, but doubted. Both were veteran tops, grizzled as to hair, seamed as to feature, and inured by thirty years of campaigning in whatever climes the United States has had occasion in that length of time to land a detachment of its famous Marine Corps.

"They're picked men physically," catalogued Mogan. "They're fighters by nature, or they wouldn't have chose our corps. They've took everything we could teach 'em down at Quantico and Paris Island, lickin' it up like greedy pups and eyin' us for more."

"That's the dope, all right," admitted Riley meditatively as he eased the small of his back against the pack that lay behind him and, turning, squinted an eye down the line of some eight hundred khaki forms of young men who, like himself, sprawled in a depression at the side of a broad macadamized road.

The situation at the moment was of the sort frequently described as tense. The lower air—that is to say, from six to ten feet above the heads of the sprawlers in the gutter—was filled with p-s-s-t-ts! and p-i-n-n-gs! and the thud of small cylinders of metal on the soft green wood of trees. The higher air was dwelt in by weirder noises, hisses and disembodied shrieks, which hurled themselves hither and yon like the ghosts of sounds.

The distant horizon thundered lazily; the wheat field upon the left gave forth an occasional rat-a-tat-tat! as if it concealed a battery of typewriters; while from the unhappy little collection of venerable houses in the town through which the line had just marched issued an irregular succession of deep, deliberate, half-smothered explosions that told where heavy shells landed and had their way with feeble stone and mortar.

To generalize upon all of these sounds, the business of a battle was going on about; and as if to emphasize the present tendency of the issues in that conflict, which was an affair of the first class, as militarists rate such things, a fagged line of French infantrymen in their faded blue was dog-trotting dejectedly past, away from the sound of machine-gun fire and toward those of exploding shells. By their manner and their expression these soldiers advertised that they were sick with the strain of many hard days of a conflict which in their experience had reduced itself to mere tactics of fighting and withdrawing, fighting and withdrawing.

"*Les boches! Les boches!*" shouted one of them excitedly to the khaki line. "*Rompez! Rompez!*" And he motioned to the young men vigorously, as if appealing to them also to rise and withdraw to a safer terrain.

This kindly advice, however, was received with scorn by the entire formation of affectedly blasé young men.

"Say!" taunted a smooth-faced boy who had never heard a shell whistle till ten minutes ago. "Come on back, Frenchy, and we'll show you a real fight."

The grizzled old Tom Mogan snickered delightedly.

"Did you hear it, Dan?" he inquired. "That frog has seen more fighting in four years than these kids'll see in all their lives. He is just trotting back now to a good place to turn and fight again, and these blessed infants josh him!"

"They've got that much of the jairine in 'em, anyway," admitted Dan. "They'll pretend to like fightin' whether they do or don't."

Just then the ears of the two tops were smitten by song:

"*From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli*
We have fought our country's battles on the land and on the sea.
Admiration of the nation, we're the finest ever seen;
And we glory in the title of United States Marine."

There is a swagger to the marine as he marches, and there is a swagger to his battle hymn as he sings it.

Old Tom Mogan had heard that song in Managua; he had heard it in Manila, in Peking, in Seoul, in Panama and Guantanamo; he had heard it on shipboard in every sea and in half the known ports of the world; and to hear it babbled now in the moment of going into action by these smooth-faced babes of men, who had been his fatherly charge for a year of training, gave him joy supreme.

"But look-ut!" argued Riley, who was mostly known in his regiment as Ancient Dan—and "look-ut," by the way, was a favorite expression of his. To him it seemed to mean, look here, or pause and consider, or some such combination of ideas as involved observation of and reflection upon any new angle of a situation. "Look-ut!" argued Ancient Dan. "Do you know where some of these rookies come from? They come from colleges. They come from Bible classes and Y. M. C. A.'s. Some of them say their prayers every night. Now what the Sam Hill kind of a fighting man is that?"

"Religion don't hurt a man for fighting," argued Mogan. "I'm religious." And he crossed himself.

"Me too," confessed Riley; and he also made a motion with his finger toward his forehead and his breast. "But not this milksop kind of religion. Besides, Tom, there's a corporal in my company that's keepin' diary in Greek. Honest to God, Tom, he is! If I suspected he knew a snitch of anything besides United States he wouldn't be a corporal. I was going to bust him the minute I heard about it; but along comes Sergeant Bob Smith and whispers into my ear, as solemn as a church: 'That guy's a Deke.'"

"Deke? What is that?" demanded Mogan, and removed the snipe from between his lips that he might reflect with undivided attention upon something under the sun which to his mature wisdom had hitherto remained unknown.

"Some kind of a lodge they have at college, the way I get it," explained Dan, and curved off the immediate subject to remark: "Now we've been training and pickling these strapping colts for months and grinding the rough edges off of 'em, thinking every day they were getting better and better; and now the time's come to try 'em. We're just about going to know, in fifteen minutes or so, which of 'em's got guts and which hasn't."

"I shouldn't worry, Dan, if I was you," suggested Tom soothingly. "Take these two regiments right through and they're young. I'll admit it. They've lied about their age something scandalous. And they're smooth. Lots of these boys would know just what to do at a pink tea; but don't let that fool you, Dan. They're chock-full of the old leatherneck spirit. They've got it salted right into their blood that a leatherneck never surrenders, never retreats, never knows when he's licked, never quits fightin' till he's dead; and even then he may not be so dead as he looks."

"I'm not doubtin' the boys'll be all right in a crowd and under orders," declared Dan; "but it looks to me like this fight we're going into now is going to be a bushwhacking affair. We're going to get all broke up into individual fightin' and scrappin'. Then I don't know about these here Willie boys from the town. Them old red-necks we used to gather in from the plains, boys that run three or four years older and knew how to take care of themselves in any kind of barroom row ——"

"Can it! . . . Old Swivel-eye!" grunted Mogan under his breath; and instantly the two sergeants came to a sort of mental attention without in anywise moving to rise from that recumbent position which had been enjoined upon all as a matter of battle precaution against unnecessary human wastage.

The same sort of warning was also nudged along the sprawling line; and with quite the same effect, for everybody ceased from whatever other occupation had engaged him and turned to mark the commander of the battalion.

He was a tough old bird, was the major, and endowed with a remarkably wide range of vision; so it was reported and firmly believed that he saw what went on behind his

(Continued on Page 29)

It *Can't* Leak
Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

WHY is the Kantleek so different from other hot water bags—why do we say it *can't leak?* Because there's not a single seam, patch, joint or splice to open up and leak. Because the bag is *molded* into one piece—neck, sides, bottom and all. Because it is made from the best of rubber, scientifically treated to give long and satisfactory non-leaking service. Because you can *feel* the quality of this soft, pliable rubber.

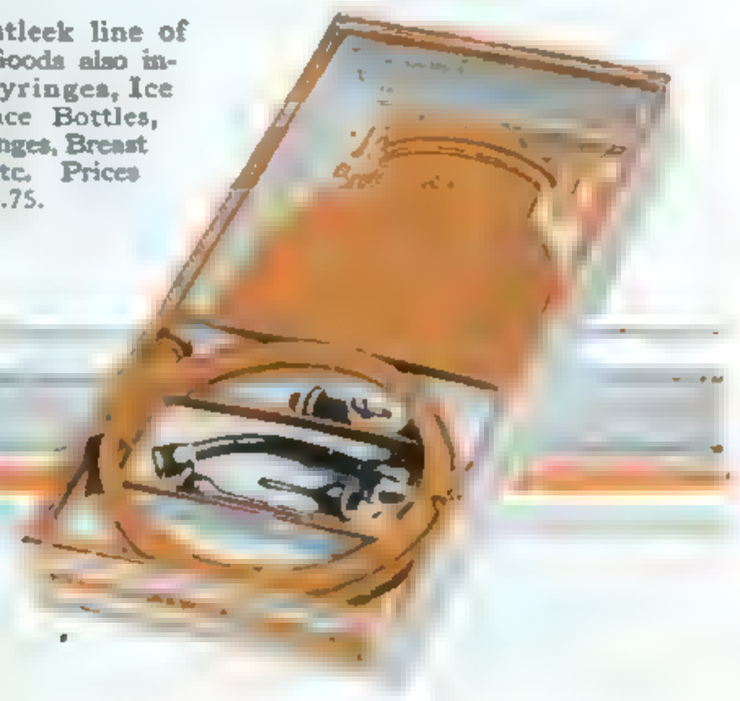
And it's guaranteed not to leak. If any Kantleek Hot Water Bag leaks within *two years* from the date of purchase, take it to any Rexall Store, regardless of where you purchased it, and get a new bag absolutely free.

The only hot water bag that ever came to you with absolute protection against leakage. You take no chances when you buy one. So go to the nearest Rexall Store and get a Kantleek—the hot water bag that's all in one piece.

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain are the only stores where Kantleek Rubber Goods may be bought. They have been given exclusive sale because they are linked together into one great National Service-giving organization. Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in their localities.

The Kantleek line of Rubber Goods also includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices 40c. to $4.75.



Our latest color—Paragold
Same quality as other bags

(Continued from Page 27)

back quite as well as what passed before his face; hence the nickname. It was not beautiful; but neither was the major. Furthermore, the term was never used in direct address.

Besides being tough, just the sort of man to command abject obedience and worshipful admiration from a group of young tigers, the major was valiant. His battalion had been ordered to lie down for its own safety; but the major clumped along the line from end to end of it, bolt upright, his eyes mostly upon the map he held in his hand, folded to a conveniently small compass, while he sought to relate his present position upon the roadway definitely with the situation depicted on the map.

A French runner came up and presented an order. The major passed it to the interpreter who made one of his staff group. The interpreter rendered it into English and the major threw back his head stubbornly. He uttered an ejaculation that was sharp and profane, and concluded with:

"I didn't come here to retreat."

A muttering, a sort of vocal rumbling, rose from those men at the roadside gutter who had heard both what the interpreter and the commanding officer of the battalion had said.

"You're dead right, major," they murmured, taking good care that the major should hear, but should also understand that he was not intended to hear.

The major turned and darted a fierce eye at the gutter; but within its fierceness was the light of pride, for his was a brood that he loved. And as for the men, they would rather have had a cursing from the major than a compliment from a general.

"No German goes down this road to-night unless he goes over my dead body!" snapped one of the precious cubs; and the major heard and smiled.

"Just listen to that now, Dan!" chuckled Mogan.

"I heard it," laughed Ancient Dan pleasantly. "I'm still just so Irish that a good brag is music to my ears."

The major meantime had turned to his maps again and was speaking in terse sentences to the officers who had grouped about him.

"Your position, Jones," he said, "is in the deep woods on the starboard flank."

The captain addressed turned and studied the roadway ahead; then contemplated the map and looked up in confusion. Something wasn't right. There was a driver there with a side car.

"I'll have a look," said the captain; and he climbed into the side car, which immediately went chugging off round the turn of the road at breakneck speed, as if it were not running straight into a battle.

In three or four minutes the side car returned.

"It's woods on the map, major," said the captain, "but there hasn't been any woods there since I was born. It's wheat!"

"Wheat?" said the major with a slight awe-stricken note in his voice. "Great God!"

Meantime, however, the major had also been bothered by failure to identify the cross-fields lane just at his back.

"The map's old," he snapped, and shook it impatiently—"old and only better than none; but how the blazes are we going to know where anything or anybody is? And how are we going to tell each other where we are?"

He stared at the offending piece of cartography for a moment and handed it to his aid.

"We'll take the men up the road," he said shortly to his officers, "till we find the war, and then get into it."

Then he stood prepared to move forward at the head of his battalion instead of behind it, for that was the kind of fighting man Old Swivel-eye was.

The captains transmitted their orders to their respective companies by a wave of their hands, while the sergeants and corporals emphasized the command to rise with sharp injunctions to "Snap out of it!"—"Hit the deck!"—"Rise and shine!"—and other like nautical tricks of expression, all of which were traditionally sacred in this organization, which, entrained or afloat or afield, never permitted itself to forget that it was essentially a seafaring set of men.

In consequence its mess kitchen is always the galley; it banks up the gunwales of its tents to keep the water out; and, if necessity takes it into the saddle, it boards the equine craft by the starboard gangway regardless of the landsman's habit of mounting by the port stirrup instead.

"Hoist your speed cones!" said the major sharply; and one minute later the battalion was on the move, in column of twos.

And a jaunty line those young sprigs made of it; and as they marched they sang the marine's most boastful song:

"The Leathernecks, the Leathernecks, with dirt behind their ears!
The Leatherneck's the man that mops up all the beers;
The infantry, the cavalry and the dirty engineers
Couldn't lick the Leathernecks in a hundred thousand years."

A courier on a motorcycle came charging up and handed the major a message. He paused to scan it, and in consequence of that scanning the battalion, which, still hugging the shade of the friendly forest on the left, had been flowing up the road like a brown stream, now twisted to the right into a deep, narrow gulch, there immediately turned to the left again, passed under a culvert in the road, and continued in the gully. The ocular effect from the roadway was of a disappearance as complete as if a long brown serpent were crawling into its hole.

The gulch, lightly fringed with bushes, angled off through the wheat field, which, according to the ancient map, should have been woods and grateful cover. The khaki line was still able to march two abreast, however, and it wound forward sinuously and with a certain sense of security until all at once there sounded a rude, jarring explosion in the gulch well up toward the head of the column; following which there was a confused echo in the narrow, tortuous space, with low, murmuring cries and sharp orders barked out quickly.

In obedience to these orders the movement of the column halted and the individual parts thereof glued themselves close against the forward bank of the gully and waited breathlessly to see whether something else would happen. It did. Things were bursting in there every few seconds, and after every burst there were men clinging to the sides that loosed their hold and rolled helplessly to the bottom.

Yet nobody leaped out of the gulch. Discipline manifested itself instantly.

Nobody must know that the battalion was entering the wheat field. The enemy did not know it was in the gully. He only knew the gully was there, and from time to time dropped small packages of high explosive into it on speculation. That was all he was doing now; but unfortunately his present speculation was deadly.

Nobody sang any longer. The last note of the Leatherneck song had died with the first whistle of a shell. Nobody forced a joke or told a funny story to keep his courage up. It was time for business now, not bravado. Ancient Dan got the stretcher men methodically at their work, himself helping skillfully with first aid; but while he helped he had time to note a tall young man who watchfully compelled other young men to plaster themselves closer under the shelving bank.

This was the same young man Riley had been awesomely told was a Deke. Corporal Deke they had begun to call him now; and Riley, observing critically, noticed that his face was pale, his manner shaken, and that his voice trembled when he gave his commands, while his eyes had a look of hurt surprise in them, as if he was pained rather at something he found within himself than at anything he saw without.

"Look-ut!" exclaimed Ancient Dan to himself, employing his favorite expression and considering the young man thoughtfully.

But, for all that trembling voice and shaken manner, Corporal Deke had given the commands.

"Up and over!" came an order from mouth to mouth down the line; and as it came along each man who was in condition to respond to any order lifted himself cautiously, bent his body caterpillarlike over the edge of the gulch, nosed through the fringe of bushes, and wriggled into the standing wheat, which was headed well but not yet ripened.

The battalion did not stop in the edge of the wheat, but wriggled stealthily forward in open order and succeeding waves. And the major was out there crawling also, just a few paces behind the center of his command.

The teeth of Private Hodges were chattering slightly and he endeavored both to cover and to apologize for his nervousness by confiding to Corporal Deke:

"It isn't quite my idea of going into battle."

And Corporal Deke himself was immensely relieved to have an occasion for endeavoring to make casual conversation.

"Not a bit like picture-book stuff," he commented, by way of proving that his mind was not clinging morbidly to the sights back there in the gulch. "Our major doesn't wave his sword and say 'Charge for the guns!'—does he?"

"On the contrary, he hasn't got even a sword. 'Crawl up your ditch,' he says; 'and keep your heads down, darn you!'"

And Donald was going to smile at this feeble oozing of his wit when both had their attention distracted from each other by noticing that the man ahead of them had ceased crawling and was tearing madly at his first-aid package The two found relief in going to his assistance.

"This this sitting still and being shelled! This—this lying here in the wheat and being machine-gunned!" remarked Corporal Deke when that incident of the first aid was well behind them.

"If we could only jump up and go after 'em ——" suggested Donald, whose teeth were gritted now instead of chattering.

"That's right," agreed the corporal. "but you can't depend on the rush of excitement in this game. Fighting in this man's war is ninety per cent holding still while the other fellow does things to you. You can't do that on bluff. You do it on nerve."

"I wonder if I've got it," confessed young Hodges honestly.

"Not inherently—no," answered Deke for himself just as honestly. "But we—we're Marines!"

There floated into his mind and into Donald's all that glorious tradition of the flinchless courage and the unhalting heroism of the famous organization whose reputation they and six thousand other young men held in their hands this day.

"We've got to have it!" declared Donald; and, reaching over, he shook hands with the corporal—two trembling hands clasping in a tryst of friendship and fortitude.

Then Corporal Deke, his own nerves considerably steadied, fell back and wormed along the line, looking his squad over. It is probable that in the course of what remained of daylight he exchanged several other little confidences like that with Private Donald Hodges.

Meantime, taking no particular account at all of Corporal Deke and Private Hodges, this very important engagement of which the two were such an infinitesimal part went on and developed according to the nature of the terrain. And the terrain was full of traps—thousands of acres of open field, intruded upon by scores of more or less connected patches of woodland, sometimes low and marshy, sometimes high and rocky, and each known as the *bois* this or the *bois* that—*bois* being French for woods.

For the most part these forests were not fine and open, but thickly studded with all but impenetrable undergrowth. And cunningly the enemy held these patches of woods and from them sowed death on the wheat fields and the pastures, for it was across these open spaces that the attackers had to move to get to the woods. They called it open fighting because there were no lines—merely contacts with the enemy; no trenches—only individual fox holes; no fortifications—only machine guns as mobile as the shoulders of the sneaking Huns who carried them about.

The scourge of machine-gun and shell fire, which drenched and deluged the areas of combat with flying death, made information difficult to transmit. Runners died with their messages undelivered; field wires were cut by high explosives; liaison was imperfect; uncertainties were inevitable and harassing.

"Is that our men in the woods over there?" inquired Ancient Dan of Grizzled Tom one day after a week of this battle, which, as he had foreseen, had resolved itself into a bushwhacking contest.

"There's one easy way to find out," suggested Tom. "Stand up for ten seconds and if you're still alive it's our men."

"I don't want to know that bad," remarked Dan dryly; and thereafter his shoulders crouched a little lower.

The result of such confusion was that occasionally a dangerous but unsuspected gap was left in the line of the advance; for there was always an advance. No unit ever retreated. It might be wiped out, but it didn't come back. Under such circumstances it was rather inevitable that the battle broke up and crumbled into bits; companies, platoons, squads, outposts fought by and for themselves, knowing but one strategy—never to go back!

After a fortnight Corporal Deke and Private Hodges were still in a wheat field. They had gone through several patches of woods in the interval. They had made straight-ahead progress of a mile. They had done things, seen things that they would never recount. The biggest part of their lives had been lived in this two weeks—the longest part. Anything back of that was dim, distant, far-away, fading into the misty memories of an almost forgotten childhood.

They were the same two men, but they were totally changed. They would never sing again as they lay by the roadside waiting to go into battle. Possibly they would never boast. War was no longer to them an adventure. It was a fierce business that had burned up in them every instinct but one. It had done the same for the hundreds like them who remained alive.

Teufel Hunden—devil hounds—the Germans called these smooth, relentless young warriors, and shrank from physical combat with them as from a flame of fire.

"Wonder if they'll get up with hot chow to-night?" said Deke, squatting in a gully and looking in at the rear of Donald's fox hole.

"A hot can of stew?" murmured Donald. "That's my idea of heaven!"

Not once in the whole two weeks had they tasted hot food; but there was always hope.

Sergeant Riley passed—that is, he crawled down the shallow gully that ran behind the fox holes in which all that were left of the ——th Company huddled and held on doggedly. It did not take so many holes to shelter them now, for the company was scarcely larger than a platoon.

As Riley skulked along he turned his head on one side and conferred an encouraging nod on the faces under the two turtlebacks of steel close together in the last of the earthen kennels on the left flank. His last fear about the fighting qualities of these boys had long since died. He now only gazed on them with a sort of wonder, as if marveling at what they might do next

"Where's the top going?" inquired Donald.

"Nosing back into those woods there," illuminated the corporal. "The second battalion cleaned them out Wednesday—or was it *jeudi?* And Old Dan's got instructions from the captain to look 'em over for an artillery position."

Thirty yards from the edge of the woods this gully turned in the wrong direction to accommodate further the purposes of the top's reconnaissance. Between the bend and the woods was a stretch of untenanted ground.

This open space was one of those innocent-looking spots that exist everywhere on a battlefield of any size. Clover bloomed there, bees were humming about it and occasionally there was a butterfly.

Considered just by itself, it was an Edenic spot in the sheltering lee of the woods; but every little while bullets whistled there. Shells cracked there. Seventy-sevens curled lazily over and dropped into it and tore its sward to pieces.

Anon it was still again.

The present was one of its still moments; and Ancient Dan, perceiving the uselessness of crawling where crawling afforded no cover, coolly sat up, lighted his pipe, and from that moment, scorning concealment, rose and walked in unhurrying stride toward the wood. Not a bullet nicked the clover about his feet.

Corporal Deke and Private Hodges turned and looked at each other significantly. This was a demonstration of that philosophy in which each had come to believe.

"If it isn't your time they can't get you," said Donald, and the corporal nodded; but both kept their heads down.

Within the wood Sergeant Riley paused for a long, invigorating breath of the cooler air and a delicious and deliberate stretch. It was the first real straightening of his form to an erect position in which he had been able to indulge himself for several days, and he paused long enough to enjoy it thoroughly before beginning in leisurely fashion to skirt the hill to a path that led upward windingly to the summit, which could hardly have been one hundred and fifty feet above him.

Once on this path, he moved cautiously, as the lessons of this brush fighting had taught him; and it was well that he did, for when halfway to the top, as he parted the screen of bushes ahead before taking the next step, his eyes encountered that which halted him abruptly.

He forgot to say "Look-ut!" But his features expressed the idea, for he had come upon a knot of German soldiers so absorbed in adjusting a machine gun in its cradle that they neither saw nor heard him. Germans? Here!

Riley's automatic was instantly in his hand and his first instinct was to step out upon this little party and make prisoners of them all; but reason quickly warned him that if there was one German machine gun over here there must be others.

Holding his fire, he glanced about him quickly, listening acutely. No more Germans were in sight; yet his ear caught the sound of other guttural conversations and the clink of metal on wood and stone, which suggested other adjustments of other guns, both above and on his right upon the hillside.

The crafty old sergeant stood perfectly still, careful not to crack a twig or displace a stone by any hasty movement of his feet, while he reflected upon the situation.

"Filtering back, hey?" he commented mentally and, turning, studied the contour of the terrain to make sure just how the thing had been done.

And this was presently clear. The center of the wide wheat field in front was split by a tongue of forest that constituted the enemy's most embarrassing position on this part of the line. From it ran one of those convenient wrinkles in the land, a small storm-washed gulch, directly toward this jutting patch of wood and rocky hill.

The Huns, having been driven once from this wood, had formed the daring project of sending their men back here in broad daylight, dragging their machine guns after them down the gully and through the wheat; then insidiously establishing them here, where half a dozen such weapons could obliterate Riley's company; or—if they waited till the first battalion moved forward at six o'clock that night, as Dan happened to know was on the card—they could practically wipe out that entire organization with five minutes of this enfilading fire.

The important, the all-important thing, Riley saw, was to get word back to his company and to the battalion to protect themselves until these nests were rooted out or smothered by artillery fire.

But the sergeant had no more than started working his way cautiously down the hill when he heard hobnailed boots grating on the rocks directly below him, the sound of toiling footsteps, accompanied by muttered German oaths. Peering cautiously over a friendly rock, Ancient Dan could see field-gray backs bending under the weight of more machine-gun equipment; and they, too, were clambering upward.

Again the old top fingered his automatic. He could have shot these men dead in their tracks if it were not that the first betrayal of his presence would bring down upon him men from these other machine-gun groups with which the hill seemed alive. He could kill a number of them, but eventually they would kill him; and, for the only time in the old sergeant's recollection, it seemed now to be all-important that he should not be killed.

But the course of action open to him was not clear. There were apparently two guns above him; there was one on the right and possibly one on the left, while certainly here came two or three gun crews toiling up the path; and the time left him for decision was only a matter of seconds.

Immediately behind him on the hillside was the abandoned working of a small quarry, a sort of narrow chamber in the rock, wider than long, open at the top, irregular in shape, with bushes growing on its floor and shrubs and small trees jutting out from crevices in its sides. It promised concealment, but was dangerously like a trap. Riley stepped into it, his revolver in one hand, while with the other he felt for the trench dagger in his belt.

The Germans came puffing up from below, halted, and, obeying the harsh command of a boche noncommissioned officer, lowered the pieces of their gun to the ground and began to set it up on the very ledge of rock across which Riley had slipped.

"Look-ut!" gasped Riley. "There's less and less strategy about this situation."

Following a cutting in the rock that kept him screened from sight, he turned to the rugged side of the quarry and began to climb, pulling himself up by an outcropping here or a gnarled bit of root there, until at length he lay ensconced upon a shelf of earth, with a juniper tree over his head, a tangle of vines in front of him, and the wall of the quarry at his back.

He might have climbed higher; but to do so would have been to crawl into the gun emplacement he had encountered first and which he judged was now some ten feet above his head; while not to climb at all would make discovery sure, because it was an absolute certainty that, once the men with this last gun got it emplaced, they would turn and explore behind them in the quarry for refuge from probable shell fire.

There was perspiration on Riley's wrinkled brow and his sharp old eyes had a worried look in them; he was not scared exactly, but he was perturbed and thinking rapidly.

"Look-ut!" he murmured again. "Our men have got just the same chance as nothing at all with these guns on top of 'em. They're out of luck, sure! And me? Well, I haven't never thought of trying to capture a battery of boche M. G.'s single-handed yet; but it looks like it's liable to be up to the old man to try it, at that."

With these preliminary observations, Ancient Dan resolved himself into a war college and went to work on the problem of strategy the circumstances had set for him.

One element not included in his calculations, however, was that away up in the very hottest place in this old wheat field was an American outpost, all but isolated. It had originally consisted of a combat group of eight men. Now there were but three, and these three were quite of the type of marine that the old sergeant had two weeks before confessed caused his goose flesh to rise as he thought of going into action with them. They were of the type of Private Donald Hodges and Corporal Deke.

This was even betokened by their names, which were as mild as those young men had been by nature when war overtook them—Georgie keeping books in a California Lemon Growers' Exchange; Francis selling ribbons in a Des Moines department store; and Edwin knitting his high white brows and soiling his long, refined fingers in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—and bent their lives and dispositions to something other than they had purposed.

This outpost of theirs was stationed just where it was to maintain liaison between the first battalion of one regiment which held the wheat field and the wooded ground upon the right and the second battalion of another regiment which held a stretch of woods at some distance on the left.

Between those two battalions was this dangerous gap, where the line grew thin and ceased to exist except in the form of this outpost. It was a line to be thickened as soon as certain matters could be arranged; but those matters hinged on others. Before a full battalion could be plugged into this gap a certain maneuver had to be executed that involved making this woodsy tongue of fire ahead of them untenable for the enemy.

That move could not be made because of certain other contingencies, one of which concerned rooting the boches out of a little town from the ruins of which the said boches defended the flank of their position in the tongue of woods. The flank of the little town was, in its turn, protected by their hold upon a farm farther back, and the farm was covered by a high ridge, which Fritz held in great strength.

The operation was, therefore, first against this ridge, then against the farm, then the town, and then the tongue of woods. All would go down together like the proverbial house of cards, once that larger operation was set in successful motion; and back at divisional headquarters they were preparing for this with artillery, with machine guns, with gas, with the bayonet and the bomb

Meantime, to save unnecessary human wastage, this dangerous part of the line was held thinly, so dangerously thinly that, as we have seen, the Hun was creeping back into this rocky woodland patch from which he was supposed to have been expelled completely.

"Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!" said a machine gun, deliberately registering the range.

Old Dan Riley writhed behind his bush, sweating more and more profusely. In the outpost Georgie, the bookkeeper, cocked his helmeted head cautiously ganderwise and peered with amazement into the woody eminence in his rear.

"What do you make of that, Buddy?" he inquired with the slow, calculating utterance of a veteran of many warlike experiences.

A stubble-faced, unkempt creature, dirty beyond belief from constant burrowings in the ground to escape shell fire and frequent burrowings out when the shell had covered him with earth, sat up in his kennel and listened also. This was Francis, the ribbon salesman.

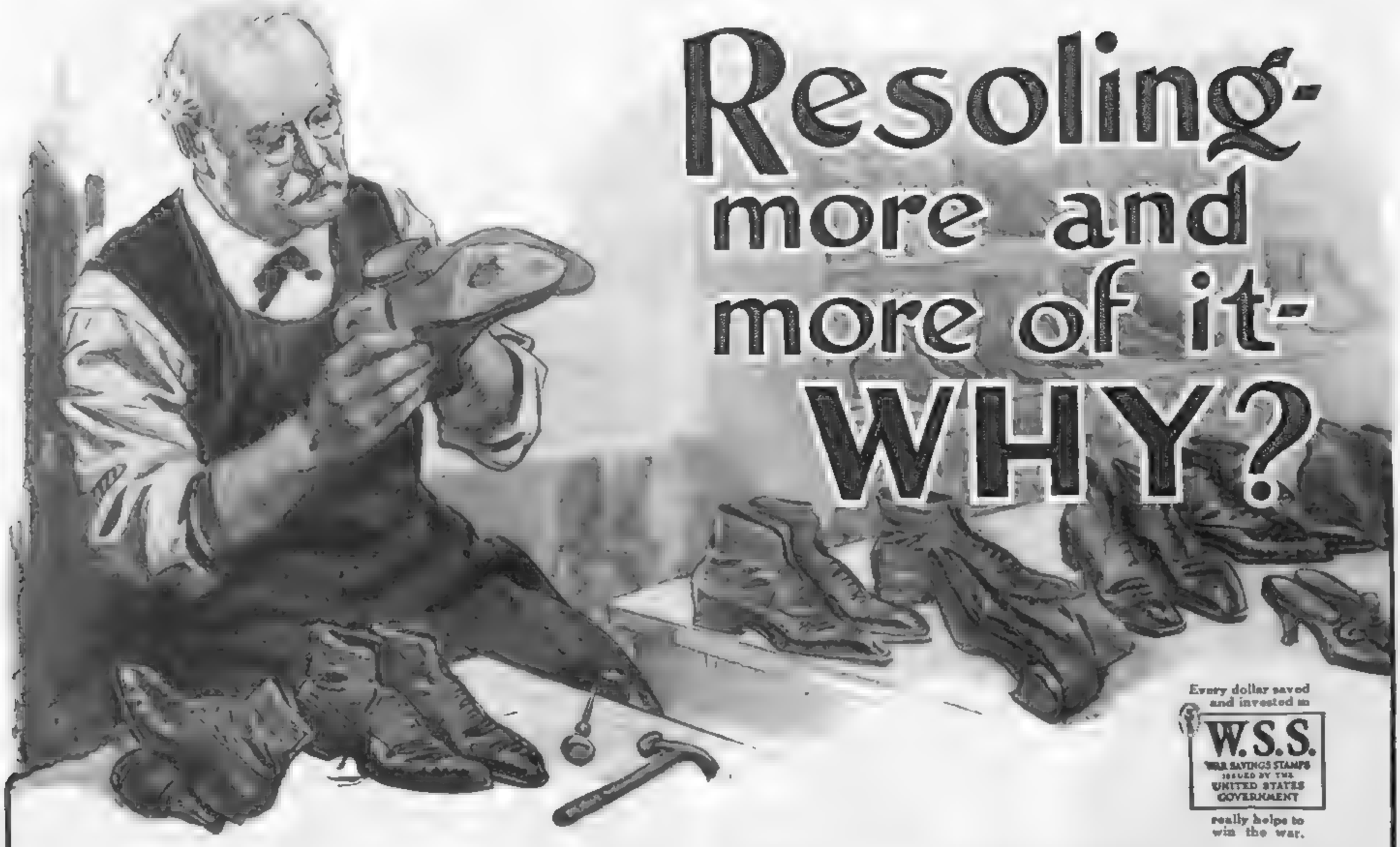
"That's not a Hotchkiss, you know!" exclaimed Georgie.

"Of course not!" agreed Francis, who had recognized instantly the difference between the swift whir of American or French machine-gun fire and the slow, deliberate, calculated plugging away of a German piece.

"It's a boche gun some of our fellows have captured. They took hundreds of 'em back there a piece."

But Georgie's expression was one of incredulity.

(Continued on Page 32)



Resoling- more and more of it- WHY?

Every dollar saved and invested in W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT really helps to win the war.

WITH wartime shoe prices ranging from $6 to $25 a pair, it is wasteful to discard good uppers because the soles have been worn through—and few people, no matter how wealthy, are doing it.

The war has compelled the use of unusually inferior sole leather and even before the war, rarely if ever did the average pair of soles outlast their uppers.

This is because shoe soles have not been of mineral tannage in the past as were the uppers.

Mineral-tanned leather is far more durable than vegetable or bark tannage and most of the upper leather found in shoes to-day is tanned by this wonderfully toughening and strengthening process.

Not until the introduction of KORRY-KROME was a process perfected that would produce mineral-tanned *sole* leather in a form easily worked by manufacturers and repairmen, and just as comfortable and flexible as the old-fashioned, vegetable-tanned product.

KORRY-KROME is a choice sole leather made from the toughest parts of carefully selected hides, and tanned by a highly developed and improved chrome process known only to the Howard Tanneries of Corry, Penna.

It is capable of as fine a finish and as much comfort as the best vegetable-tanned leather and has proven by actual service and mechanical laboratory tests that it will outwear any two ordinary soles.

KORRY-KROME is wiry, springy and tough without being heavy—is permanently waterproof, and provides unusual protection for sensitive, tender feet. And it won't slip on wet pavements.

It is the result of 10 years' exhaustive chemical research and experiment. It is just what manufacturers, retailers, repairmen and *you yourself* need—the sole leather that will outlast the uppers of your shoes.

Hard Uses for Korry-Krome

Everybody desires long-wearing soles and some must have tough ones. Businessmen, policemen, mail carriers, millmen, motormen, romping children and working girls and women on their feet constantly will welcome KORRY-KROME for the excellent service and comfort it gives.

Resoling is absolutely necessary in these days of high prices if you are to secure full value from the expensive shoes you purchase.

Practically all uppers will stand resoling. And if you see to it that KORRY-KROME is the leather used, you will receive *at least double* the service you would receive from any ordinary soles.

To have a pair of used uppers resoled with KORRY-KROME is like securing a pair of shoes for one-fourth the regular price without the discomfort of breaking them in. And the shoe expense of yourself and family will be reduced at least 33⅓%.

How to Secure Korry-Krome

Ask your shoe man for KORRY-KROME leather soles on the next shoes you buy, whatever the make. If he doesn't have them, tell him to have them next time you ask for them.

Insist on KORRY-KROME when you have your shoes resoled. Most good shoe men or repair shops have KORRY-KROME—if not they can secure a supply in a day or two from any leather supply house.

If you have the least trouble in securing it, send $1.00 with your name and address, and the size of your shoes, and we will mail prepaid a set of half soles and heels (or two sets children's size) which any repairman can attach. You can either pay him for the work separately or have him credit you for the soles you supply. Full soles and heels $1.50.

Korry-Krome Book Free

This interesting little book, "One Way to Save Money," will save many dollars for many people. It explains how KORRY-KROME cuts family shoe expense from 25% to 50% and how it gives better shoe service. Sent free on receipt of post card request. Write for it to-day.

J. W. & A. P. Howard & Co., Ltd.

Established 1867

Corry, Pa.

" * * * New chrome tanning is almost the most important method of light leather dressing, and has also taken a prominent part in the heavy department, more especially in curried leathers and where greater tensile strength is needed. The leather produced is much stronger than any other leather, and will also stand boiling water, whereas vegetable-tanned leather is completely destroyed at 70° C. and alum leather at 50° C."*

—ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—Vol. XVI, Page 341

Guaranteed to Outwear Two Ordinary Leather Soles

Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER – THE TOUGHEST SOLE

(Continued from Page 30

"Listen!" he insisted after a moment. "There's another cutting in right near it—playing the same tune too. Francis, old pal, they are boches! I can't make out where they're shooting though." And the young man tried to perform the acrobatic feat of lifting his head and lowering his body at the same time.

"I spy!" exclaimed Francis. "See that dust whipping up the road down there. They're ranging the wheat field where —— Company is dug in.'"

For a moment the two men gazed so intently at the rocky woodland that the third man lifted up his head and gazed also. Francis spoke first.

"We have to go get 'em, Georgie," he said.

"We do," assented Georgie. "Winnie, you hold the post."

"I'll hold her—damn her!" said Edwin, and looked to the Chauchat. "But I'd rather go along."

"Holding this post against a whole regiment of Huns is as much glory as getting cut in two by a stream of M. G. bullets," said Georgie tersely as he methodically lightened his body of all surplusage not needed in physical combat.

"Only it appears we haven't been holding 'em," commented Edwin. "They've been sneaking through on us."

"Well, watch 'em sneak out again!" And Francis described a short and vigorous arc with his bayonet before prostrating himself and beginning to do a belly wiggle in the wake of Georgie, who was already crawling toward the woods.

Rather stolidly, Edwin watched them go, two men with rifles in their hands and grenades in their pockets, against two machine guns; and the act did not seem to him particularly audacious or startlingly unusual. It was just business, the business to which he and they had, in two interminable weeks, become recklessly inured.

As to the issues in this unequal combat Edwin did not even speculate. Battle had done that much to him already—he merely gripped his Chauchat in its rest and peered cautiously out in front.

At least fifteen minutes earlier, however—say about the time when Ancient Dan was standing listening on the hillside after sighting the first of the Huns—a ripple of excitement had been created where his company was dug in, along the gulch in the grain, by the arrival of the company bugler, called always by the marines "the music," and employed always in battle as a runner or message bearer. His name was Winns, but mostly they called him Music, and he had just crept in from a trip to regimental headquarters by a circuitous route that had taken him through those same scrubby woods.

"Lieutenant," he croaked, "there's boches in the woods back there—boches with machine guns."

Lieutenant Wexford glanced involuntarily at the woods and then gazed at his runner with cool disbelief in his eyes.

"You're nutty, Winns!" he decided. "The second battalion went right through that scrub day before yesterday."

"They might have trickled back in," suggested Music.

"How could they, with the outpost there and the first battalion hooked round the other corner of the woods?" argued the lieutenant with himself while he studied the map.

Nevertheless, he thought enough of the matter to take Winns to the captain.

"Nonsense!" said the captain. "I walked through the back of those woods myself last night with the major. Besides, Sergeant Riley is reconnoitering over there now."

In the company commander's mind this seemed to settle the matter—for the time being, at any rate.

"Which shows," grumbled Music, sore at being disbelieved, "that in this man's army if a captain thinks a thing isn't so it isn't so. But there's boches over there just the same," he confided to his friend, Private Donald Hodges.

"Let's go over and rout 'em out," suggested Donald, who was getting a trifle fed up with his hole. "How many did you say?"

"If I saw one I saw a dozen," declared Music sullenly.

"With machine guns?"

"They had machine guns—yes."

"Then let's take a few grenades and go to it," insisted Donald.

Such an individualistic venture without permission was highly unmilitary, but it was also highly American. Music took to the idea with an undemonstrative kind of eagerness.

"Show that captain!" he muttered, stocking up his pockets with grenades.

"We ought to have enough men for a regular combat group; we ought to have eight," reflected Donald when he began to think of the project less as a personal enterprise and more as a military maneuver.

"Eight!" muttered Music. "We might as well ask for the whole battalion."

Lifting his head Music took a cautious survey to make sure of the whereabouts of Corporal Deke; for if this little expedition was to get away successfully Deke must be avoided.

P-p-ang! It was a sound like a hammer blow on sheet metal. Music's helmet bounced from his head and he dropped back into Donald's fox hole, rubbing a bunched place in his hair.

"Close enough!" commented Donald, picking up the helmet and studying the dent in it.

"Too close!" averred Music fervently.

"Luck or a sniper?" speculated Donald.

"I'm going to find out," said Music; and, placing his dented tin hat on the end of his bayonet, he lifted it carefully to the height at which he had just exposed it.

There was no instant ringing of jacketed steel on hardware. The hat moved round rather persistently on the end of the bayonet. Still, no shot was drawn.

"Accident!" decided Music; and, donning the helmet, he scouted his eye round once more for the Deke, who was nowhere in sight. "Off we go!" Music ordered, and worked out of the dugout.

Hodges followed; but the two had made only one hundred feet of stealthy progress when a shell landed with a plunk in the ditch ahead of them—a plunk and no explosion.

"Dud!" said Donald.

"Lucky for us!" agreed Music. "But is it teatime? Every day at teatime Fritz throws five shells into this ditch. He counts the hour with 'em."

"I wish we had laid up there in the cook pit till he got done striking five," admitted Donald. "These shells make me awful nervous. It's funny too! Before I came to war I could always figure that the shells would fall every place but on me. Now I can't figure how they can fall any place else. Listen to that, will you?"

A sound that was like a slowly rotating sniffle came lazily down from the upper air. Sniffle! Sniffle! Sniffle!

"It's so darned deliberate and slow!" complained Music, flattening himself against the bottom of the gulch.

"And it's such an ominous silence when the sniffling stops all at once and you're waiting to know whether you're to be landed on or not," alleged Donald.

P-p-p-ow! That deep, smothered note of explosion that comes when a shell has buried itself in the earth and then lets go heartily echoed fearsomely in the narrow gulch, showering both the bugler and the private with clods and sprinkling dirt. The two lay a moment comfortably realizing that it was earth and not fragments of a German seventy-seven which had rained down upon their backs. Music rose first and shook himself.

"Time for us to move along down," he said. "Fritz is heading upstream."

"Suppose he was to change his game and work downstream," considered Donald. "Number three might get us right in the back of the neck!"

"That wouldn't be Fritz," argued Music. "He does everything methodically. That number-one shell dropped forty yards below us; number two, ten yards below us; and number three will drop twenty yards above us—and twenty yards is much too close for convenience. I'll say we mooch along down toward where the first one struck, and then, when he's all through with announcing teatime, we can kind of debouch into those woods."

"Hey!" called a hoarse voice behind them. "Hey!"

The two looked back to see Corporal Deke waving at them.

"Tough luck!" said Donald.

"Yep!" decided Music, viewing the approaching corporal apprehensively.

"Where are you two birds pulling out for now?" Deke demanded in tones of complaint when he had wormed down to them.

"Just a little reconnaissance over here in the woods," said Music with a shrug.

"Oh! You were, were you? sneered the corporal. "Well, who told you you could go?"

"We didn't like to bother you," explained Donald, but not meeting the corporal's eye very squarely.

"No; I guess you didn't," retorted the Deke dryly. "You get back up there in that hog wallow where you belong."

"Mine isn't a hog wallow—if you've looked into it," protested Donald. "My funk hole is as good a piece of engineering as ——"

"Squat!" directed Corporal Deke.

There was that ominous, long-drawn-out sniffle in the sky again, only this time it was a louder and more vicious hissing than before; and the interval when its sniffling had ceased and the exact spot of its intended arrival had not yet been revealed was a more solemn and nerve-stretching moment.

"Hundred-and-fifty-five!" whispered Deke solemnly.

And just then it seemed as if the cover was torn clear off the wheat field. The earth trembled beneath their palpitating stomachs and a cloud of dust as large as a circus tent arose in the field.

"Blamed if Fritz didn't switch on us!" confessed Music in surprise, still lying low from having no exact idea of how long the fragments of such a shell may remain in the air before descending to their work of despoiling the human anatomy.

"Must be having something special for tea to-day," suggested Donald.

"Yes," observed Corporal Deke facetiously. "I suppose they heard you two young Napoleons were just moving off over there to flank the entire German Army."

Deke meantime had lifted his face cautiously above the rim of the gulch and was contemplating with his eye the exact spot in the wheat field where a ring of fresh-plowed earth and a thickening core of dust indicated that the hundred-and-fifty-five had landed.

"Not such bad shooting at that!" commented Music, sweeping an eye round to note that in all this line of funk holes helmets like turtlebacks appeared, indicating that every man was alert to this new assault upon his peace and security, and was also measuring with his eye the exact landing place of the shell and solemnly casting up probabilities.

"They never have registered on this gully with hundred-and-fifty-fives," remarked Deke—"not in four days."

"But they're going to register now," declared Music, and pointed to where an enemy balloon held the wheat field under direct observation. "His glasses will get the exact location of the dust cloud and in fifteen minutes they'll be dropping those big babies right in this ditch."

"Which," assented Deke, "is something else again, and means that if any of us are still alive we've got to push another hundred yards into the wheat and dig in again."

"More digging!" grumbled Donald. "I enlisted in this war to fight—not to be a darned ditch digger."

"There's Huns in that patch of trees and rocks over there," announced Music, partly by way of changing a none too pleasant subject and partly by way of diplomatically enlisting the interest of the corporal in the project he and Donald had in mind.

"Dead ones," observed the corporal acridly; "and you two kid marines were going over there after souvenirs. Well, there's nothing doing."

"Live ones," affirmed Music—"with machine guns."

"Jumping beeswax! On our flank? How many?"

"I saw about a dozen."

"Why in time didn't you tell the captain?"

"He wouldn't believe me. Officially there aren't any Huns there. Unofficially there are."

"How'd they get there?"

"Easy enough—a piece of our line's up in the air out yonder."

"And you two birds were going over to clean 'em up alone?" inquired Deke sarcastically.

"Three would be better. Mooch along!" suggested Music, proudly unmoved by sarcasm.

"You blamed fools!" assayed Deke, and paused to consider. "Why —— Say, Riley?" he sputtered suddenly. "Dan's out there reconnoitering."

"He's probably been taken prisoner by now," suggested Music craftily.

"Riley?" Corporal Deke jumped as if he had been hit. "What do you mean prisoner? You damned slanderer!" And Deke's hands were almost at Music's throat. "No Hun can take Dan Riley prisoner. He's human. Bullets will kill him, but nobody can take him prisoner."

Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop! said the machine gun on the hill. These were the first of those range shots which had so startled the trio in the outpost and which had set Dan Riley to raging in his lair.

"There they are, by gad!" exclaimed Deke savagely, his whole point of view changed by the realization that Ancient Dan was over there and might be in trouble. "Come on; let's get 'em!. Got any eggs?"

"Three apiece."

"Whack 'em up," ordered the corporal; "then we'll each have two."

Sergeant Riley about this time was tying himself into knots. He had seen two other machine guns brought up and placed below the last one on the hillside—three guns within a space of fifteen yards. Slowly the veteran top's dappled gray hair rose on end as they tried the range; and when their traverses swept that distant roadway, raising little trains of dust that ran to and fro in it, he almost moaned aloud. The hellishness of it was that in ten minutes by his watch the first battalion would move out of the woods and cross that road.

"There's at least one gun that'll never cut down on 'em," declared the old man stubbornly; and he began carefully to slip down the side of the rock to the open chamber of the quarry.

Every movement was in sight of the men at the nearest gun if they had but looked over their shoulders; but they did not do this. They were too intent upon the registering of their piece. But as Riley crept forward there was a vicious crack on the hillside below, which to the sergeant resembled quite completely the explosion of a hand grenade, and he saw the men at the gun start and peer forward.

"*Teufel Hunden!*" one of them gutturaled in startled tones.

Possibly ten seconds later Riley noted over their backs the tin helmet and the square, muscled shoulders of a marine who appeared suddenly from behind the bush that masked the second machine gun below Dan's eyrie. Coolly and swiftly the American caught the gun's muzzle with his bare hand, threw it from its bed, and for the infinitesimal fraction of a second stood grinning down derisively at the surprised gunners, who, true to form, when once a foe was on them and hand-to-hand conflict imminent, threw up their hands with cries of "*Kamerad!*"

With a quick jerk of the bayonet rearward, the marine ordered them down the hill, with arms held high, while he dodged upward.

Meantime the men of the crew nearest to Riley depressed the muzzle of their own gun to command that stalwart, advancing figure. This was Riley's chance, and he leaped in among them so startlingly that the astonished crew surrendered without having been able to fire a shot. But instantaneously the tables were turned again.

"Hands oop, *Amerikaner!*" shouted a coarse voice from above; and the sergeant and Georgie looked up to find a machine gun on the rim of rock above already depressed to command them, while a noncommissioned officer gloated over them exultantly.

The younger marine's quick-thinking response to this was a sneer and a hoarse cry.

"Marines never surrender!" he shouted.

And, pushing Riley on one side so violently as to fling him down and temporarily out of the zone of fire, the former bookkeeper of the lemon exchange sprang with the agility of a cat to the side of the excavation, dodged behind a rock, circled a bowlder, dashed under the branches of a low-hanging tree, and was springing at them from a distance of a dozen feet, his bayonet poised as he came, while the Huns tried to swing the machine gun toward him and the officer fumbled with a grenade.

"None o' that now! None o' that!" announced a sharp voice behind them; and the group stood petrified, even to Georgie, who looked up in amazement to see Corporal Deke squatting behind another German gun, his hand upon the trigger and his sights set to cut the Germans down like ripened grain.

There followed a moment of sensation as Sergeant Riley, who had scrambled to his feet and backed off till his eyes could command what was happening on the stage

(Concluded on Page 35)

Helps You Save Sugar

LOUISIANA high-grade Molasses and Sugar Cane Syrup help you do without sugar at this time when there is such a shortage. Louisiana high-grade Molasses and Sugar Cane Syrup are made in the sugar section of the state around New Orleans. This city is the market for the product, and New Orleans molasses has been famous for years. Molasses and Sugar Cane Syrup are manufactured from the same sugar cane that makes sugar. There is a difference only in the boiling between syrup and sugar, but the molasses is the residue after some of the sugar has been crystallized and extracted. Practically, however, when you use Louisiana Sugar Cane Syrup or Molasses you are getting the same saccharine content or "sweetness" as you do when you use sugar. It is in a liquid instead of a solid form. There is a difference, however, in molasses. The lowest grades are known as "black strap." The recipes here are based on the use of high-grade molasses and not low grades.

Here Are Some Recipes For Holiday "Goodies"

Fruit Cake

Plum Pudding

New England Pumpkin Pie

Dixie Syrup Cake

Molasses Candy

Caramels

Peanut Candy

Add one cup Louisiana high grade Molasses to one-half cup melted

Pop Corn Goodies

Boil thoroughly one cup Louisiana high-grade

Grape Sherbet

Baked Apples

Fill cored apples with one tablespoon

Chocolate Cookies

War Cake

Meringue

Lemon Pie Filling

Louisiana Molasses and Sugar Cane Syrup

American Cane Growers Association

New Orleans, Louisiana

The Pie of Great Nutrition

California Raisin Pie

GIVE yourself this delicious treat today. Your choice of Raisin pie is a choice for good taste, wisdom and economy. You will find in the richly mellow, fruity flavor of Raisin pie a personal palate appeal.

Wise mothers serve Raisin pie because children welcome it; and because raisins carry strength and health to growing bodies. Few desserts hold this double charm. Food experts testify to the energy-producing food value of raisins. That's why all men like Raisin pie.

Make Plain Foods Appetizing

THOUSANDS of women use Sun-Maid Raisins to improve the plain dishes of today. Put raisins in boiled rice, Indian pudding, bread pudding and corn bread. They add fine flavor and greater food value.

You can buy Sun-Maid Raisins at most grocery stores.

Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins (seeds removed) in blue package.
Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins (grown without seeds) in red package.
Sun-Maid Cluster Raisins (on the stem) in blue trays.

These Sun-Maid packages are held in high esteem in thousands of homes. Keep them in yours. Order Sun-Maid today.

SUN-MAID Raisins

Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest varieties of sun-cured, California grapes. They are tender, thin-skinned, juicy and plump—natural confections.

Raisins supply 1560 calories of energy-producing food value per pound. A pound of eggs furnishes only 720 calories.

Send for FREE copy "100 Sun-Maid Recipes"
This book is needed in every kitchen. It will help you plan delicious meals and cut down household bills.

California Associated Raisin Co. *Membership 9000 Growers* Fresno, California

VICTORY PENNY-BUNS

You will like these buns of mixed flours, raisins and spice. In hundreds of modern bakeries these savory buns are baked daily. Try them toasted or fresh from your dealer.

Always look for the "Sun Maid Girl" on the package that you buy. It's the sign of quality in raisins.

All dealers sell this brand. Don't ask for merely "raisins." Always say "Sun-Maid."

CALIFORNIA RAISIN BREAD

Try this appetizing bread and note how the raisins compensate for wheat and sugar limitations. Raisins make Victory bread truly victorious. Children are eager for it they like it without butter.

(Concluded from Page 32)

above him, demanded in slightly exasperated but extremely grateful tones:

"Well, Deke, where the blazes did you come from?"

"From our rest billets over in the wheat," suggested Corporal Deke blandly. "Hodges and Music got uneasy when they heard these guns ranging up here and wanted to look you up. We spotted these fellows warming up and came down on top of 'em, picking 'em off one at a time, and all nice and quiet, when somebody started this row down below here."

"Hodges and Music? Where are they?"

"Music? Got it, I guess," reflected the corporal slowly. "He hasn't been with me since the first gun. Hodges is back here holding the prisoners."

"Prisoners?"

"We've got six live ones and three guns," exulted Corporal Deke.

"And I thought you had too much education to make a fighter!" murmured Sergeant Dan, eying Deke almost mournfully till he recalled Georgie standing there, and turned on him with: "And you—you young dare-devil!" he declared. "You're that lemon-squash from California, ain't you? What's your story?"

"Yes, sir," smiled Georgie, saluting. "There's no story though. Francis and me heard the first pop of these fellows up here, I guess, and we just came up to take 'em out."

"Two of you—huh!—rushing a hill full of machine guns! Francis is that millinery salesman from Des Moines, ain't he? Well, where is Francis?"

"He's sitting down there under a bush, holding his foot. The first crew saw us and cut down on us."

"You mean that you rushed three machine guns from the front single-handed?" demanded Riley accusingly.

"*Teufel Hunden!*" muttered the German noncom, and shook his head in a puzzled way, as if such bravery could not be.

"Not single-handed—no, sir," protested Georgie, somewhat embarrassed. "Francis hobbled along to look after the prisoners. There's only three of 'em. That first crew was kind of spoilt when I had to drop an egg on 'em."

"Well, I'll be ——" began Ancient Dan; and just then a rattle of machine-gun and rifle fire, mingled with shouts, echoed from away out on the level of the wheat field.

The eyes of the three men in khaki, and of the prisoners as well, shifted to where the first battalion debouched from its covering of woods and advanced by rushes to a concerted line in the open field some fifty yards from the edge of their objective woods. There they reformed in the face of a galling fire from the wood, leaped up again, and with frenzied yells darted into it, bayonets flashing, grenades lobbing over.

The whole movement seemed over in three minutes; for when an enterprise like that succeeds it succeeds quickly.

"It's owing to you that they didn't have to face any fire except what's in front of them," Riley said soberly to his khaki comrades.

"And that was enough," said Georgie significantly, noting the brownish heaps upon the plain.

Sergeant Riley gathered up his captures—fourteen prisoners and seven machine guns. One prisoner took Francis on his back; two others carried Music, who, gravely wounded, was yet very much alive.

"They got me," he smiled at Dan; "but they didn't get me hard enough."

The rest of the prisoners bore the captured guns, which it would seem they must have become quite used to dragging about by this time, and at the bottom of the hill they met Lieutenant Wexford and half a platoon; for the captain, warned by the first of those range shots that Music had told him truly, had immediately ordered a reconnaissance in force.

"Believe me now, don't you, lieutenant?" demanded Music with a leer.

"Yes, Music, I do," admitted the lieutenant.

That night Ancient Dan crawled over into the edge of the apple orchard, where his company joined Tom Mogan's. "Education and being young don't hurt 'em, I do believe," conceded Dan. "They fight like wildcats, just the same."

SAMMY BOY

(Continued from Page 11)

out and if I had of went my name would be in the casuality list as missing in actions but I guess at that if Florrie picked up the paper and seen it she wouldn't know it was her husband its so long since she wrote it on a envelop.

Well Al they's other gals in the world besides Florrie and of course its to late to get serious with them when a man has got a wife and kid but beleive me I am going to enjoy myself if they happen to pick out Cologne to send us to and if the little gal down there is 1 of the kind that can be good pals with a man without looseing her head over me I will sure have a good time but I suppose when she sees me she will want to begin flirting or something and then I will half to pass her up before anybody gets hurt. Well any way I wrote her a friendly letter today and just told her to keep me in mind and I stuck a few French words in it for a gag but I will coppy down what I wrote the best I can remember it so you will know what I wrote. Here it is.

Mon cher Marie: Your note reed. and you can bet I was mighty glad to hear from you and learn you would show me around Cologne. That is if they send us there and if we get out of here alive. Well you said you was just learning English well I will maybe be able to help you along and you can maybe help me with the French so you see it will be 50 50. Well I sure hope they send us to Cologne and I will let you know the minute I find out where they are going to send us and maybe even if its somewheres else couldn't you visit there at the same time and maybe I could see you. Well girlie we will be out of here in less then a wk. now if we don't have no bad luck and you can bet I won't waist no time getting to where ever they send us and I hope its Cologne. So in the mean wile don't take no wood nickles and don't get impatient but be a good girlie and save up your loving for me. Tres beaucoup from

Your Sammy Boy.

JACK KEEFE

That's what I wrote her Al and I bet she can't hardly wait to hear if I'm comeing or not but I don't suppose they's any chance of them sending us there and a specially if they find out that anybody wants to go there but maybe she can fix it to meet me somewheres else and any ways they won't be no lifes lost if I never see her and maybe it would be better that way. But a man has got to write letters or do something to keep your mind off what happened to them poor birds that went in the patrol and a specially when I come so near being 1 of them.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 18.

FRIEND AL: Well Al if I am still alive yet its not because I laid back and didn't take no chances and I wished some of the baseball boys that use to call me yellow when I was in there pitching had of seen me last night and I guess they would of sang a different song only in the 1st. place I was where they couldn't nobody see me and secondly they would of been so scared they would of choked to death if they tried to talk let alone sing. But wait till you hear about it.

Well yesterday P.M. Sargent Crane asked me how I liked life in the trenchs and I said O.K. only I got tired on acct. of they not being no excitement or nothing to do and he says oh they's plenty to do and I could go out and help the boys fix up the bob wire in front of the trenchs like we done back in the training camp. So I said I didn't see how they could be any fixing needed as they hadn't nothing happened on this section since the war started you might say and the birds that was here before us had plenty of time to fix it if it needed fixing. So he says "Well any ways they's no excitement to fixing the wire but if you was looking for excitement why didn't you go with that patrol the other night?" So I said "Because I didn't see no sence to trying to find out who was in the other trenchs when we know they are Germans and that's all we need to know. Wait till they's a real job and you won't see me hideing behind nobody." So he says "I've got a real job for you tonight and you can go along with Ted Phillips to the listening post."

Well Al a listening post is what they call a little place they got dug out way over near the German trenchs and its so close you can hear them talk sometimes and you are supposed to hear if they are getting ready to pull something and report back here so as they won't catch us asleep. Well I was wild to go just for something to do but I been haveing trouble with my ears lately probably on acct. of the noise from so much shell fire or something but any ways I have thought a couple times that I was getting a little deef so I thought I better tell him the truth so I said "I would be tickled to death to go only I don't know if I ought to or not because I don't hear very good even in English and of course Jerry would be telling their plans in German and suppose I didn't catch on to it and I would feel like a murder if they started a big drive and I hadn't gave my pals no warning." So he says "Don't worry about that as Phillips has got good ears and understands German and he has been there before only in a job like that a man wants company and you are going along for company."

Well before we snuck out there Sargent Crane called us to 1 side and says "You boys is takeing a big chance and Phillips knows what to do but you want to remember Keefe to keep quite and not make no noise or talk to each other because if Jerry finds out you are there we probably won't see you again"

Well Al it finely come time for us to go and we went and if anybody asks you how to spend a pleasant evening don't steer them up against a listening post with a crazy man. Well I suppose you think its pretty quite there at home nights and I use to think so to but beleive me Al, Bedford at 2 o'clock in the A.M. is a bowling alley along the side of 1 of these here listening posts. It may sound funny but I would of gave a month's pay if somebody would of shot off a fire cracker or anything to make a noise. There was the bosh trench about 20 yds. from us but not a sound out of them and a man couldn't help from thinking what if they had of heard us out there and they was getting ready to snoop up on us and that's why they was keeping so still and it got so as I could feel 1 of their bayonets burrowing into me and I am no quitter Al when it comes to fighting somebody you can see but when you have got a idear that somebody is cralling up on you and you haven't no chance to fight back I would like to see the bird that could enjoy themself and besides suppose my ears had went back on me worse then I thought and the Dutchmens was realy makeing a he—ll of a racket but I couldn't hear them and maybe

(Concluded on Page 38)

Columbia

All the Music of all the World

"This Columbia Grafonola looks mighty good to me. Let's go down town and hear it."

"It sounds even better than it looks. Can you send it home today?"

Columbia Grafonola
Columbia Records
TRADE MARK

Grafonola

FORTUNATE are the homes the Columbia Grafonola enters. For its gift of beautiful music brings a new and different pleasure to every member of the family.

For the kiddies—their own songs and games and fairy tales; stories of elves and gnomes and four-footed animal friends. For mother—the old, sweet songs that mother loves; her favorite opera airs sung by great artists. For dad—lively, laughing music that makes him forget the day's work and worries. For big brother and sister, home from school—whirlwind waltzes, military one-steps, novelty jazzes; the latest war-song hits.

As a family entertainer, this big, handsome Grafonola is the favorite of all home folks, big and little. In your home, too, his cheery, melodious voice is surely needed—with its promise of many happy musical years to come.

Standard Models up to $300. Period Designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
NEW YORK

War
s Stamps

bia
rds
ARK

afonola

(Concluded from Page 35)

they was getting ready to come over the top and I wouldn't know the differents and all of a sudden they would lay a garage and dash out behind it and if they didn't kill us we would be up in front of the court's marshal for not warning our pals.

Well as I say I would of gave anything for some one to of fired off a gun or made some noise of some kind but when this here Phillips finely opened up his clam and spoke I would of jumped a mile if they had of been any room to jump anywheres. Well the sargent had told us to not say nothing but all of a sudden right out loud this bird says this is a he—ll of a war. Well I motioned back at him to shut up but of course he couldn't see me and he thought I hadn't heard what he said so he said it over again so then I thought maybe he hadn't heard the sargent's orders so I whispered to him that he wasn't supposed to talk. Well Al they wasn't no way of keeping him quite and he says "That's all bunk because I been out here before and talked my head off and nothing happened." So I says well if you have got to talk you don't half to yell it. So then he tried to whisper Al but his whisper sounded like a jazz record with a crack in it so he says I am not yelling I am whispering so I said yes I have heard Hughey Jennings whisper like that out on the lines.

So he shut up for a wile but pretty soon he busted out again and this time he was louder then ever and he asked me could I sing and I said no I couldn't so then he says well you can holler can't you so I said I suppose I could so he says "Well I know how we could play a big joke on them square heads. Lets the both of us begin yelling like a Indian and they will hear us and they will think they's a whole crowd of us here and they will begin bombing us or something and think they are going to kill a whole crowd of Americans but it will only be us 2 and we can give them the laugh for waisting their amunitions."

Well Al I seen then that I was parked there with a crazy man and for a wile I didn't say nothing because I was scared that I might say something that would encourage him some way so I just shut up and finely he says what is the matter ain't you going to join me? So I said I will join you in the jaw in a minute if you don't shut your mouth and then he quited down a little, but every few minutes he would have another swell idear and once he asked me could I imitate animals and I said no so he says he could mew like a cow and he had heard the boshs was so hard up for food and they would rush out here thinking they was going to find a cow but it wouldn't be no cow but it would be a horse on them.

Well you can imagine what I went through out there with a bird like that and I thought more then once I would catch it from him and go nuts myself but I managed to keep ahold of myself and the happiest minute of my life was when it was time for us to crall back in our dug outs but at that I can't remember how we got back here.

This A.M. Sargent Crane asked me what kind of a time did we have and I told him and I told him this here Phillips was squirrel meat and he savs Phillips is just as sane as anybody usualy only everybody that went out on the listening post was effected that way by the quite and its a wonder I didn't go nuts to.

Well its a wonder I didn't Al and its a good thing I kept my head and kept him from playing 1 of those tricks as god knows what would of happened and the entire regt. might of been wiped out. But I hope they don't wish no more listening post on me but if they do you can bet I will pick my own pardner and it won't be no nut and no matter what Sargent Crane says if this here Philips is sane we're stopping at Palm Beach.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 19.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal don't say nothing about this not even to Bertha what I am going to tell you about as some people might not understand and a specially a woman and might maybe think I wasn't acting right towards Florrie or something though when a man is married to a woman that he has been in France pretty near 4 mos. and she has wrote him 3 letters I don't see where she would have a sqawk comeing at whatever I done but of course I am not going to do nothing that I wouldn't just as leave tell her about it only I want to tell her myself and when I get a good ready.

Well I guess I told you we was only supposed to stay here in the front line 10 days and then they will somebody come and releive us and take our place and then we go to the rest billets somewheres and lay around till its our turn to come up here again. Well Al we been in the front line now eight days and that means we won't only be here 2 days more so probably we will get out of here the day after tomorrow night. Well up to today we didn't have no idear where we was going to get sent as they's several places where the boys can go on leave like Aix le Bains and Nice and etc. and we didn't know which 1 it would be. So today we was talking about it and I said I wished I knew for sure and Jack Brady stands pretty good with 1 of the lieuts. so he says he would ask him right out. So he went and asked him and the lieut. told him Cologne.

Well Al I hadn't no sooner found out when 1 of the boys hands me a letter that just come and it was a letter from this baby doll that I told you about that's in Cologne and I will coppy down the letter so you can see for yourself what she says and here it is Al.

Dear Sammy Boy:

I was tres beaucoup to get your letter and will sure be glad to see you and can hardly wait till you get here. Don't let them send you anywhere else as Cologne is the prettiest town in France and the livelhest and we will sure have some time going to shows etc. and I hope you bring along beaucoup francs. Well I haven't time to write you much of a letter as I have got to spend the afternoon at the dressmaker's. You see I am getting all dolled up for my Sammy Boy. But be sure and let me know when you are going to get here and when you reach Cologne jump right in a Noir et Blanc taxi and come up to the house. You know the number so come along Sammy and make it toot sweet.

Yours with tres beaucoup,
MARIE.

So that's her letter Al and it looks like I was going to be in right in old O.D. Cologne and it sure does look like fate was takeing a hand in the game when things breaks this way and when I wrote to this gal the first time I didn't have no idear of ever seeing her but the way things is turning out it almost seems like we was meant to meet each other. Well Al I only hope she has got some sence and won't get to likeing me to well or of course all bets is off but if we can just be good pals and go around to shows etc. together I don't see where I will be doing anything out of the way. Only as I say don't say nothing about it to Bertha or nobody else as people is libel to not understand and I guess most of them women back in the U.S. thinks that when a man has been up at the front as long as we have and then when he gets a few days leave he ought to take a running hop step and jump to the nearest phonograph and put on a record.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al just a line and it will probably be the last time I will write you from the trenchs for a wile as our time is up tomorrow night and the next time I write you it will probably be from Cologne and I will tell you what kind of a time they show us there and all about it. I just got through writeing a note to the little gal there telling her I would get there as soon as possible but I couldn't tell her when that would be as I don't know how far it is or how we get there but Brady said he thought it was about 180 miles so I suppose they will make us walk.

Well talk about a quite section and they hasn't even been a gun went off all day or no areoplanes or nothing and here we thought we was going to see a whole lot of excitement and we haven't fired a shot or throwed a grenade or even saw a German all the wile we was here and we are just like when we come only for those poor birds that went on that wild goose chase and didn't come back and they's been some talk about sending another patrol over to get revenge for those poor boys but I guess they won't nothing come of it. It would be like sending good money after bad is the way I look at it.

Several of the boys has been calling me Sammy Boy today and I signed my name that way in 1 of the notes I wrote that little gal and I suppose who ever censored it told some of the boys about it and now they are trying to kid me. Well Al I don't see where a censor has got any license to spill stuff like that but they's no harm done and they can laugh at me all they want to wile we are here as I will be the 1 that does the laughing when we get to Cologne. And I guess a whole lot of them will wish they was this same Sammy Boy when they see me paradeing up and down the blvd. with the bell of the ball. O you sweet Marie.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al its all off and we are here yet and what is more we are libel to be here till the duration of the war if we don't get killed and beleive me I would welcome death rather then stay in this he—ll hole another 10 days and from now on I am going to take all the chances they is to take and the sooner they finish me I will be glad of it and it looks like it might come tonight Al as I have volunteered to go along with the patrol that's going over and try and get even for what they done to our pals.

Well old pal it was understood when we come up here that we would be here 10 days and yesterday was the 10th. day we was here. Well I happened to say something yesterday to Sargent Crane about what time was we going and he says where to and I said I thought our time was up and we was going to get releived. So he says "Who is going to releive us and what and the he—ll do you want to be releived of?" So I said I understood they didn't only keep a regt. in the front line 10 days and then took them out and sent them to a rest billet somewheres. So he says what do you call this but a rest billet? So then I asked him how long we had to stay here and he said "Well it may be a day or it may be all summer. But if we get ordered out in a hurry it won't be to go to no rest billet but it will be to go up to where they are fighting the war."

So I made the remark that I wished somebody had of tipped me off as I had fixed up a kind of a date thinking we would be through here in 10 days. So he asked me where my date was at and I said Cologne. So then he kind of smiled and said "O and when was you planing to start?" So I said "I was figureing on starting tonight." So he waited a minute and then he said "Well I don't know if I can fix it for you tonight or tomorrow night, but they's some of the boys going to start in that direction one of them times and I guess you can go along."

Well Al I suppose Alcock and Brady and them has been playing another 1 of their gags on me and I hope they enjoyed it and as far as I am concerned they's no harm done. Cologne Al is way back of the German lines and when Sargent Crane said they was some of the boys starting in that direction he meant this here patrol. So I'm in on it Al and they didn't go last night but tonight's the big night. And some of the boys is calling me Sammy Boy and trying to make a monkey out of me but the smart Alex that's doing it isn't none of them going along on this raid and that's just what a man would expect from them. Because they's a few of us Al that come across the old puddle to fight and the rest of them thinks they are at the Young Peoples picnic.

Your pal, JACK

The Next "Back to the Land" Movement

Make It A "Cracker Jack" Christmas

Eat Cracker Jack, the famous food confection of America. It contains less sugar than most confections, yet satisfies the candy appetite.

Made of carefully selected, crispy popcorn and roasted peanuts all coated with delicious molasses candy, Cracker Jack is a real conservation food.

Have a Cracker Jack Christmas! It's so jolly! So patriotic, too; for

Cracker Jack is a wonderful treat, that saves sugar and wheat.

America's War-Time Food Confection that puts the *sweet* in Home Sweet Home.

On sale at your neighborhood confectioner's, grocery or drug store. If your dealer cannot conveniently supply you, send 45 cents for six packages which will be delivered to you parcel post, prepaid, anywhere in the United States. The wax-sealed packages keep the contents fresh and sweet

Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and Other Reliable Confections
Chicago and Brooklyn, U. S. A.

The energy and ability of this company are now concentrated upon the creative victories of peace in which our product will largely share—no less than it performed its essential part for the successful termination of the war.

HESS-BRIGHT
Ball Bearings
Philadelphia

THE AMERICAN ARMY MOTOR EMPIRE ABROAD

(Continued from Page 16)

special book prepared for its guidance. It gives maps showing routes from the sea to every point of importance that we occupy in France; it shows the location of gasoline and repair stations; it gives concrete directions how to pack vehicles so as to use every cubic inch of space. More than once I have encountered these trains winding along the highways bearing their burden of freight.

Though its functions are many-sided the reception park merely represents the first stage in the overseas career of mechanical transport. Equipment is not only subject to a terrific wear and tear but also to the hazards of enemy action. It must be renewed and sometimes rebuilt. Hence the highways of supply and combat are punctuated with a succession of depots known as service, overhaul and reconstruction park. Each has its specific work; together they keep the motor machine fueled and going.

A service park may be installed with combat troops or behind the lines. In the field it consists of mobile workshops, which are motor hospitals on wheels, to which the lame, the halt and sometimes the decrepit vehicles come under their own power for repair. Often these parks are set up in a wheat field or alongside an orchard, with little French children as interested spectators. Such a station maintains a wrecking car and crew who bring in disabled and wrecked vehicles and arrange for evacuating them to the overhaul or reconstruction parks for overhaul if necessary. In the base and intermediate sections these service parks are installed in permanent structures. Whether mobile or immobile they carry a limited stock of spare parts, tires, and in some instances maintain a limited replacement section of motor vehicles in order to substitute when necessary a serviceable motor vehicle for an unserviceable vehicle when sent in for repairs.

The Admirable Crichton

The overhaul park, which is usually housed in a permanent structure, serves two main purposes—it repairs and overhauls motor vehicles and parts that do not need rebuilding, and also serves as advance supply depot for supplies, material, parts and equipment. Every piece of mechanical transport used by the American Expeditionary Force must be overhauled periodically. It is done at the overhaul park.

At the reconstruction park you find the real casualties of transport. Here is assembled the maimed and battle-scarred equipment brought down by rail for renewal or rebuilding. You see motor cycles that are merely twisted bundles of steel; passenger cars riddled with holes; trucks that are wire-gashed and shrapnel-torn. Crimsoning these vehicles is the good red blood of the American doughboys who stuck to steering wheel until death released their grip. All the tragedy of war is written in these mute symbols of service and sacrifice. The reconstruction park is a combination of what the British call a heavy repair shop and a salvage station for vehicles and spare parts. The work done amounts to actual manufacture, and it is well worth seeing.

The vast reconstruction park that we will now visit is one of the most remarkable institutions in the whole A. E. F., in reality the incarnation of the personality of a no less remarkable man. For now we come to the stronghold of Col. Harry A. Hegeman, Admirable Crichton of mechanical transport. The story of how he wrought the swift transformation of a thousand-acre field into a modern well-equipped American automobile factory employing thousands of men is like a tale out of some industrial Arabian Nights' Entertainments. But there is a difference—the nights that witnessed this marvelous evolution were somewhere in France. Instead of being filled with music and magic they were packed with work and worry. Nowhere in the war have I seen a group of men to surpass the unit that made this performance possible.

The project grew out of a plan devised at Washington in June, 1917, for the establishment of a huge motor transport repair and spare-part plant in France. It demanded a highly trained personnel, an immense amount of specialized machinery and accessories, and an experienced and resourceful commanding officer. This rare combination was achieved because the job of mobilizing men and machines was put up to the then Major, and now Colonel, Harry A. Hegeman, one of the pioneer motor enthusiasts in the Army. Big of bone, tireless of energy, a born leader of men and a glutton for work—this is why they call him "Bull" Hegeman in the Army—he was the ideal choice. A mechanical engineer by profession he went into the Army as volunteer officer in the war with Spain, and remained there. His service ranges from the Philippines to Mexico. He had charge of one of the first motor-truck trains that carried food and supplies for the Pershing punitive expedition that went after Villa. He knew a good deal about motor transport; now came the opportunity to capitalize his experience.

His first step was to buy the necessary machinery. This meant a trip throughout industrial America. In purchasing his equipment he met scores of manufacturers. They had hundreds of artisans coming under the draft. He said to them "Save me your skilled men," and they did. The result was the mechanical repair shop unit that will be forever famous in the annals of the American Expeditionary Force. This is a hand-picked organization of one hundred and eighty officers and four thousand men, who represent exactly one hundred and nineteen different trades and occupations.

With its arrival in France difficulties at once developed. Though the organization brought hundreds of carloads of machinery, spare parts and tools, no site had been selected for its plant. Men and material were dumped out at the little town in the north which is the headquarters of the intermediate section. At once the unit displayed its adaptability to circumstances. Instead of waiting until a site was found it immediately established itself in an old French barracks, where once Napoleon's legions had lived. In this dingy drafty quadrangle, including the stables, a repair shop was set up, and it did efficient work.

Meanwhile a factory site was located thirty miles from town. Now began the dual life of the unit. While one section carried on at the old French barracks the other began to convert the thousand allotted acres into a modern automobile factory. No army labor was available and these highly skilled artisans unloaded freight cars and performed the most menial toil. At the site hundreds saw considerable trench life, but it consisted of digging and leveling ground for roads and cement foundation-post excavations. Frequently they worked in rivers of mud during the wet season and in fierce sun in the dry. Because engineers were unavailable a detachment of these motor mechanics laid five miles of railway trackage, including ballasted roadbeds, switches and turn-outs. It is typical of the character of the organization that the foreman of the railway construction gang was a Chicago druggist who had joined as office man!

In Temporary Quarters

To obtain material for concrete work and road building it was necessary to dredge sand from the bottom of an adjacent river. It was loaded on a canal boat, drawn eight miles by mule power, unloaded by hand and trucked to its destination. Fifty thousand tons of crushed stone and rock obtained from French quarries was handled in the same way.

Keep in mind the fact that during all this construction work the temporary shops at the old French barracks thirty miles away were turning out an enormous amount of repair and salvage work. Both projects were under Colonel Hegeman's personal supervision. Day and night he dashed from one to the other in a high-powered automobile—inspiring, organizing, planning. Only a man of massive frame, iron constitution and indomitable will could have seen the job through in the face of the handicaps that beset him and his little army of willing workers.

In less than sixty days the first immense shop—a fabricated-steel structure made in the United States and shipped in sections for assembling—rose out of that erstwhile wheat field. Now began the procession of long trains of trucks packed with machine-shop equipment, tools and accessories that found their proper station at last. Before a shop was complete it was in operation, because the equipment was installed on the concrete floors before the last rivet was in the roof. Approximately six hundred tons of freight were unloaded each day by hand during the period when the shops were being equipped. The amount of actual physical labor alone performed by these men is almost beyond belief.

It was midsummer when Colonel Hegeman broke out his flag at this suburb of Detroit that had risen in France. He had five steel shops, each averaging twenty-five thousand square feet, and in addition a vast storehouse equipped with metal shelves, which is the great American spare-part depot overseas.

This park is organized precisely like any one of the great motor plants in the United States, with the additional responsibility of feeding, supplying and housing its four thousand employees. At the apex of the pyramid of organization is Colonel Hegeman. Under him is an executive officer who has charge of office records, correspondence, personnel and statistics. There is a chief quartermaster charged with finance, subsistence and supplies; a master mechanic and a general foreman. Under them in turn are the various technical departments, each in charge of an army captain who in civil life was a mechanical or electrical engineer. These various departments include engineering, electrical work, spare parts, woodworking, motor vehicles, tires. A separate department deals with salvage reports and records. Thus the institution planned to repair and renew motor equipment has become a full-fledged manufacturing plant.

And They Won the Pennant

Months before this reconstruction park, as it is technically known, was a going concern Colonel Hegeman and his unit had become the handy men of the whole intermediate section. No matter what was wanted the Hegeman outfit could provide it. This is why I called him the Admirable Crichton of mechanical transport. No sooner had he set up shop than he faced a shortage in raw material. A large quantity intended for him was caught up in the service-of-supply pool, and for the moment was unavailable. A little thing like that did not disturb Hegeman. He got in his car, skirmished round the country, and bought up all kinds of metal junk, including abandoned trunnion bands of big guns, which he converted into dies, gears and steering arms.

Once installed, his factory became the repository of requests for every conceivable kind of article. Upon one occasion the Signal Corps was in urgent need of telegraph cross arms and appealed for relief. Within forty-eight hours eight thousand arms, converted out of undressed lumber, were on their way. A whole fleet of five-ton trucks was idle because certain steering arms, unobtainable in France, had not been shipped from America. In five days Colonel Hegeman's factory turned out five hundred, which immediately released this number of trucks for the Front. These arms had to be made with dies and hammers practically manufactured at the plant. A third demand was for certain parts which were urgently required for ambulances. Five thousand were turned out in lots of five hundred every three days, and as a result nearly a thousand ambulances were enabled to be put into service at once.

Still another achievement was the design and construction of a stockroom on wheels for use in renewing motor equipment at the Front. An automobile body designed of wood and metal and equipped with scores of compartments to hold spare parts, and even including a tiny cubbyhole of an office for the clerk in charge, was mounted on a five-ton chassis and has been of great value. The Tank Corps needed a training tank that would give the student a realistic idea of tank riding and control, so the Hegeman unit constructed one mounted on rollers that fills the bill. The chief quartermaster wanted the old-fashioned horse-drawn kitchens improved. Colonel Hegeman's men equipped them with truck wheels, springs and ball bearings, which enabled them to stand shock and hard service, thus making them valuable field assets.

To turn from serious war needs to lighter demands, let me round out this catalogue

GILBERT
TOYS
TOYS THAT ARE GENUINE
Play With a Punch In It!
I am just boy enough myself to know that boys want toys that are genuine. And Gilbert Toys are genuine. In playing with them boys build things, make things, and do things just like grown ups. It's play that has the thrill of real life in it.
To make Erector I studied the steel work of actual bridges and designed every part exactly like the genuine. Gilbert Chemistry Outfits are scientifically correct. Gilbert Electrical Sets are real miniature installations of electricity.
So it is with all Gilbert Toys. They give your boy the right kind of play—the kind he really wants.
ERECTOR
CHEMISTRY OUTFITS
ELECTRICAL SETS
TOY MOTORS
NURSES OUTFITS
FOR GIRLS
MACHINE GUNS
There is a Gilbert Toy to please every boy. The ones pictured above are just a few of the many Gilbert favorites. The new Gilbert Catalog shows them all—Erector, Electrics, Sets, Chemistry Outfits, Telegraph Sets, Telephone Outfits, Magic Sets, Puzzles, Nurses Outfit, Submarine, Machine Guns and lots of others. Write now for free copy.
Gilbert Toys are sold by dealers everywhere
The A. C. Gilbert Co.
9 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
In Canada The A. C. Gilbert Meccano Company, Ltd. Toronto, Ontario
The A. C. Gilbert Company 119 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
Please send me, free, your Catalog illustrating and describing all Gilbert Toys.
Name
Street
City
State
LOOK AT THESE GILBERT TOYS

He can't get in—
and he *knows* it!

THAT crafty denizen of the underworld is an *expert*. He doesn't waste time on impossibilities.

Show him "Yale" on the locks guarding your house and he looks elsewhere for easier game.

If you put on a Yale Night Latch as the *sole* protector to aid a lock you're uncertain about—a child has as much chance of getting by as the slickest burglar.

If you snap a Yale Padlock on outside doors and chests and bins and tool houses you've hired the best watchman in the world. Yale Padlocks never "give up"—they stay on duty regardless of weather or clocks.

You'll not have "scares" and "creepy feelings" when "Yale" is protecting you and yours night and day.

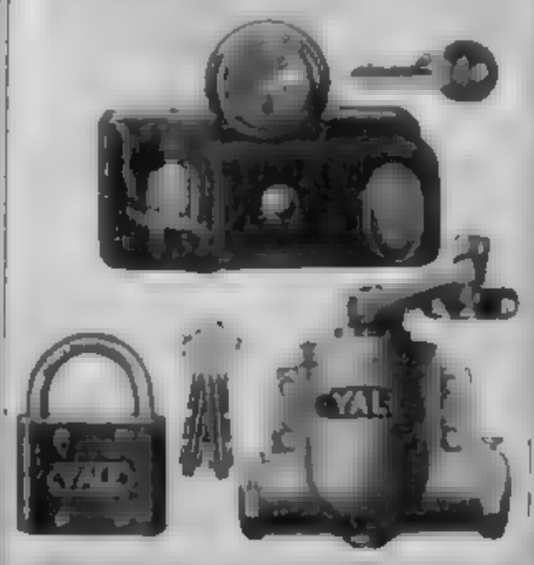
Today and every day your hardware dealer is prepared to show you these "Yale" products—bearing the same trademark as Yale Door Closers, Builders' Hardware, Cabinet Locks and "Yale" Chain Blocks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.
St. Catharines Ontario



of emergencies met by saying that when no baseball shoes were available for the six first-class teams in the organization this astounding institution made up a hundred pairs which have proved most serviceable. You are not astonished when I say that at the time I write the reconstruction park nine holds the S. O. S. pennant. This unit does all things well.

Incredible as it may seem, all this spectacular performance has been a mere side issue. The regular task of the construction park is to renew battered motor equipment. The smashed motor cycles, passenger cars and trucks that come in every day emerge, remade and shining. You can follow the progress of a vehicle from the casualty section through these cheerful humming shops until it emerges as good as new. During the week preceding my visit in August, 1638 salvage and emergency jobs were received and 445 of them were completed. The list includes large and small trucks; passenger cars; motor cycles and side cars; bicycles and animal-drawn vehicles such as general service wagons. To do salvage work it was necessary to cope with more than one crisis. The unit found that it had to upholster cars. No multiple cutter to cut trimming was available, so one was manufactured on the premises. The need of an adjustable binder to bind leather to celluloid was met in the same way. The place drips with self-sufficiency.

When you visit this institution you can scarcely believe—save for the presence of officers in uniform—that you are in an establishment built by the Army and for the Army. Those acres of steel shops with their high roofs, glass sides and concrete floors that represent the last word in industrial construction and which resound with the incessant rattle of lathe and hammer might be anywhere in America. Like the great cities of supply that we have reared, it lends itself to indefinite expansion. This is why every time you come back you see some new annex that has risen during your absence.

How Do We Do It?

If overhaul and even complete reconstruction of wheels and bodies represented the whole mechanical transport upkeep proposition it would be an easy matter to keep the service going. But every day thousands of spare parts, from screw to transmission shaft, must be replaced. With standardized vehicles that have interchangeable parts we would simply have to carry a large stock of comparatively few items. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. As I have already pointed out, unpreparedness for war made it necessary for us to buy transport indiscriminately. We use many makes and many types of every make. Their parts are not interchangeable and we are therefore compelled to keep approximately 70,000 different items on the shelves of our stockrooms, and more especially in that great central supply depot which is a part of Colonel Hegeman's establishment up in the intermediate section. How do we do it?

To get the answer we must fall back on that army mainstay—the automatic supply. By this I mean that all spare parts are renewed each month on an automatic basis. When a truck is sent to France a quantity of extra spares is shipped at the same time. If the shipment is a hundred trucks then one hundred sets of spares are started coincidentally on the same boat or some other vessel. It is precisely like the automatic supply of rations that is sent to France with every unit of 25,000 men.

This lot of spares is renewed automatically at regular intervals. In case of exceptional needs, due for example to the destruction of a warehouse of supplies by fire, a requisition is made by cable for a complete new stock. Washington has a complete file of the specific needs of every type of vehicle used. In addition it has the book catalogue of spares of every known truck and vehicle in the A. E. F. If a cablegram is sent asking for "Ten X32362A" it means that ten steering knuckles completely assembled—right front—of a certain five-ton truck are desired. Thus renewal of spare-parts stock, though involving countless items, is reduced to a comprehensive and workable basis.

Taking Colonel Hegeman's central depot as an illustration we find that though millions of articles are carried in stock there is a separate metal bin for every item. This bin is carefully labeled and inspected every day When a service park, which carries a small stock of spares, makes a requisition on the central depot for renewal of stock the central depot in turn automatically replaces the supply by requisitioning on the reception park at the base port. In this way insurance is taken out against sudden shortages.

When you go into the matter of spare-parts supply you find that in every army certain history repeats itself. This is due to the fact that human nature remains the same whether the person wears a British, a French, an Italian or an American uniform. Most chauffeurs have a tendency to hoard spare parts. They know that, as compared with other motor-car supplies, such as tires, spare parts are scarce. With commendable zeal all desire to keep their equipment going constantly. Hence they resort to all sorts of subterfuges to get a surplus of spares. In order to prevent hoarding and to have the least possible drain on the supply no spare part is renewed until the old part is tendered in exchange. If the part is destroyed and therefore cannot be returned a complete report on the matter of destruction, indorsed by an officer, must be submitted. All requisitions for spare parts must be made out in triplicate. To prevent mistakes these requisitions must be visèed by an officer at the garage or wherever the truck or car happens to be stationed, and who is supplied with complete vocabularies of all spare parts. He orders by numbers, and thus the requisition is made as mistake-proof as possible.

With tires the procedure is of course much simpler. A tire is a tire. It is pneumatic or solid. No elaborate stock of different types is required. Our supply in France is based on carefully figured-out estimates of tire life. Into this computation go such factors as mileage covered, wear and tear, and the kind of service the vehicle is in—that is, whether it is passenger or freight. From these facts, based on previous experience, is derived an average of the number of new tires needed by a truck, for example, every month. This average happens to be two. This number is multiplied by the number of trucks in France, and the result represents the tire renewal sent every thirty days. The tires are usually arranged in long racks that reach to the ceiling of the darkened warehouses. As little light as possible is allowed to shine on these treasure-troves of rubber.

One all-important essential to motor transport operation remains to be described. I mean gasoline, which the British call petrol and the French designate as essence. To keep the army supplied with gas is a tremendous responsibility, because without this life-giving fluid all equipment would be useless. When you analyze our system you find that it differs in every detail but one from the British. The one common feature in both armies is that the juice arrives in France on tank steamers. The British then reduce it to tin containers of four gallons each, which are in universal use. Every British army motor vehicle carries a number of these cans.

Juice That Makes the Car Go

With the A. E. F., however, the bulk system is used from refinery to Front. Here the experience of the reserve officer again comes into useful play, because the head of the gasoline department—it is under the control of the chief quartermaster—is Lieut. Col. Charles E. Dudley, who literally grew up with the world's greatest oil corporation and represented it in England before we went to war.

Somewhere on the French coast are our ports of gasoline entry. Here come the tank steamers, which carry from 1,500,000 up to 8,000,000 gallons. Their cargo is pumped direct into huge steel storage tanks fabricated in America and set up by army men in France. Evidence of our war endeavor is the fact that we are now building one tank which will hold 2,700,000 gallons. From these tanks the gasoline is pumped in turn to American-made and American-operated tank cars—the same kind of big steel drums that you see everywhere on our railroads at home. These cars have a capacity of 6500 gallons. Every day a string of these cars leaves the ports for the tank stations, which you find all the way up the line from the sea to the Belgian frontier.

At scores of points we have portable metal tanks for storage. They are made of assembled plates forged in America, and they hold from 7500 to 15,000 gallons each. They had to be specially built to make the low clearance of the French tunnels. These portable tanks are sidetracked at the railway stations and serve as the reservoirs of supplies for the motor tank wagons that haul the fuel to the consumer, which may be a garage or the headquarters of the division in the field. These tank wagons travel in trains.

This bulk-system idea is maintained straight through the advance section. In regions where there is danger from shell fire or air raids a reserve supply is maintained in an underground tank which holds on an average 1200 gallons. The gasoline flows in by gravity from the tank wagon. Up in the field a small tank mounted on a light truck is used to supply trucks and cars that work with the combat army.

The system of distribution is so simple and comprehensive that Colonel Dudley can sit at his desk at Tours and know all the time just what the situation is. Before him is a huge map on which storage stations are indicated by red flags. Attached to the map is a card brought up to date every morning, which shows the quantity of gasoline in France. The whereabouts of tank cars is followed with equal precision by means of a chart showing the railway routes from ports to the advance section. On it the location of every tank car is shown by tags. A small green tag indicates the loaded car, while a red one is the empty car on its way back to the seaboard.

You might know that any American oil enterprise would have the inevitable pipe-line attachment. The Army is building a line from a certain well-known French port to the center of our gasoline distribution that will save exactly ten thousand dollars a day in tanker tonnage alone, for the reason that it will cut down the fuel-ship "turn around" by six days.

If Peace Had Not Come

When Major Dudley suggested this pipe line to the French authorities they said it was impossible. But the Army is making good. This undertaking means the laying down of eighty-two miles of pipe, which must cross one of the largest rivers in France. The material is not only in process of construction but some of it is already in France.

When you come to gasoline statistics you plunge once more into the arena of bewildering figures. The average allotment is five gallons a month for each man in the A. E. F.

Just before the Armistice was signed, it was estimated that the American Army in France, as then planned, would consume 150,000,000 gallons of motor gasoline from July 1, 1918, to June 30, 1919. The air service alone would burn up 30,000,000 gallons in that time. Kerosene oil would be used to the extent of 7,500,000 gallons. The homely but effective item of castor oil for aëroplanes would register 2,250,000 gallons, while the total amount of motor-lubricating oils for trucks, automobiles, motor cycles, tanks and aëroplanes would be 1,875,000 gallons. A final reminder of the scope of the army motor operation is the fact that during these twelve months 3,000,000 gallons of cup grease would have been needed had not the cessation of hostilities caused a revision of all estimates.

All motor supplies, whether spares, tires or gasoline, are easily available throughout the sections that we use in France. I made a considerable trip by motor over the lines of communication, and we were never at a loss for anything. The chauffeur or driver must sign a duplicate receipt for everything he gets. A carbon copy goes to his unit and is charged up against his car. Following the British precedent every road is marked with signs that proclaim "Keep to the Right" or "Motor Transport Park Straight Ahead." If the war keeps on much longer French highways will be a succession of international signboards.

This motor-driven machine that I have tried to take apart and which often carries the men and munitions upon which the fate of battle hangs must be kept fit. The periodical overhaul at a park will not do the job completely for the simple reason that day and night—for mechanical transport is always at work—collisions, abuses or any one of the many hazards of travel on congested roads may impair mechanism, and the car or truck might fail in a vital emergency. Hence a constant inspection of equipment is necessary.

In command of this supervision which really supervises is Col. Charles Hine,

(Concluded on Page 44)

Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

CHAMPION

REG.U.S.PAT. OFF.

For FORDSON Tractors

Champion Fordson Tractor Plugs

Price $1.00

Conclusive Proof of Their Greater Value

OWNERS of Ford cars and Fordson Tractors are satisfied they have the greatest spark plug efficiency and value if *"Champion" is on the porcelain.*

Their implicit confidence is born of satisfactory experience and is confirmed by the endorsement of the highest possible authority.

Read the advice of this authority, contained in the Ford Motor Company's instruction book placed in every Ford car:

"There is nothing to be gained by experimenting with different makes of plugs. The make of plugs with which Ford engines are equipped when they leave the factory are best adapted to the requirements of the motor."

Consider that Champion "X" is regular factory equipment on Ford cars, and has been continuously since 1911—

Consider that the Champion Fordson tractor plug is also regular factory equipment in Fordson tractors and that Fordson builders recommend *this* plug to Fordson owners—

Could there be stronger proof to guide you in the choice of spark plugs for *your* Ford car or Fordson tractor?

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

X

REG.U.S.PAT.OFF

For FORD Cars

CHAMPION X

Price 90c

(Concluded from Page 42)

former organization expert of the Harriman railway system. He is a West Pointer who became a freight brakeman after his graduation and worked his way up to a vice presidency. When we came to grips with Germany he was assistant to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Our army motor inspection has the advantage of his many years of experience with steam, electric and gasoline driven traffic.

At best, any kind of inspection is a thankless task. The average man who runs a truck for a corporation does not like to have an eagle-eyed and heartless official descend upon him at unexpected moments and turn his vehicle inside out. He resents the process. The whole idea behind Colonel Hine's scheme of operation therefore is to reverse the usual procedure and make inspection welcome. Thus tact is the first essential among his inspectors, who are all technical men and who can take an automobile apart and assemble it with equal ease. Though they have the authority to stop any vehicle on the road and inspect it at will, they carry a line of selling talk that will convince the chauffeur that inspection, however inconvenient, not only makes for personal efficiency and therefore promotion but is just one more step toward winning the war. The American soldier, intense individualist that he is, has taken naturally to this supervision which is such an all-essential feature of M. T. operation.

You have seen how we get machines and supplies to France and keep them renewed. These transport fleets need thousands of chauffeurs and mechanics. Where do they come from?

Here you touch the human element, no less interesting in the realm of motor cars than in the domain of big guns. Go to any big army garage and you are likely to see a one-time automobile salesman giving commands to his former boss. The little tin insigne on the shoulder levels all previous relations. Up the line you may encounter John Jones, previously a driver of a Fifth Avenue motor bus in New York, running the star-bedecked car of a major general, while the rider of the motor cycle with side car attached that passes him on the road and throws a cloud of dust in his face is probably Bill Brown, who once operated the luxurious limousine of a millionaire steel magnate.

There are two principal sources of personnel supply. One is the chauffeur of civil life, who simply changes from the vehicle of peace to the wagon of war and who needs no technical teaching. The other is the man trained by the Army.

Let us first take the case of the enlisted man who is assigned to the Motor Transport Corps. Immediately upon his arrival in France he is required to fill out what is known as an organization card on which he not only states his personal history but indicates what experience he has had with motor vehicles. On the back of this card are the names of thirty occupations all connected with motor transport and ranging from assembler in an automobile factory up to expert driver and skilled mechanic. Each occupation is numbered. At the top of the card is a scale of these numbers. If a man is a truck driver a little red clip is put over Number Eleven—which happens to be the number of that job. On every other truck driver's card a similar marker is placed at eleven.

When a requisition comes in from a division or a park for truck drivers the personnel officer simply looks at his file of men available and can see from the number of red markers how many drivers are in his human pool. As soon as a man is assigned his card goes into the assigned index. He is then caught up in the records of whatever unit he joins and thus continues to be a cog in the service census. As in the British Army Service Corps we make every effort to employ men as drivers and mechanics who are unfit for further fighting. Class B and C men, for example, who have been wounded but who are still fairly physically fit are trained for the motor service.

This brings us to the second source of personnel supply, which is the army motor training school. Uncle Sam has set up in France as complete a school for chauffeurs as you can find anywhere. It is running Colonel Pope's famous get-trained-quick course down on the Mexican border a close second, because it turns out drivers ready to take the wheel in exactly two weeks' time. The school is located in the intermediate section a short distance from Colonel Hegeman's reconstruction park. The reason for this proximity is obvious. One object of the institution is to give the students an intimate knowledge of automobile manufacture. Hence each day a batch of them drive over in a truck to the shops at the park, don overalls and take up station at lathe or forge. They study with the real thing.

The course for drivers includes shop and field work, individual driving and infantry drill, which is the training in military etiquette and discipline. No student is permitted to get a certificate from the school of instruction until he has had a working try-out on the road. He must prove that he can run a truck on a crowded highway on a dark night and not lose his nerve. He must also assemble engines that have been taken apart and make emergency repairs of mechanism purposely put out of gear.

One necessary detail is a mastery of French road signs. As in the case of the American locomotive engineers our motor transport drivers are up against the language and traffic customs of a strange country. In England road traffic turns to the left instead of to the right, as in the United States. In France this is not true, but the highways are literally plastered with warnings which must be heeded to escape accident. John Jones therefore must learn that *virage* means a sharp turn; that *cassis* is a bad bump; that *ralentir* means slow up; that *tenez votre droit* is keep to your right, and that *passage à niveau* is railway crossing.

The school course for motor mechanics is for six weeks and includes shop work of all kinds. Before a man graduates he must give practical demonstrations of mounting and dismounting vehicles, use of machine and bench tools for forging, soldering and brazing, and he must also repair solid and pneumatic tires. Most of these students have worked in some kind of machine shop before. There is also a six weeks' course for officers, which embraces automobile engineering, shop management, map reading and convoy running.

It only remains to follow mechanical transport up to the firing line. The moment you get into the zone of the armies you leave the jurisdiction of the director of the Motor Transport Corps and come under the authority of the fighting chiefs. As in everything else the combat troops have first call on motor equipment.

Each army exercises a supervision of motor operation.

This means that there is a so-called motor transport officer at headquarters with each corps and with every division. These officers are responsible for the upkeep of transport, which in the field ranges from the motor cycle up to the huge and unwieldy gasoline-driven caterpillars that haul the massive howitzers. Every division has its allotment of vehicles and personnel, which are renewed from service parks in the advance section.

Just as soon as a truck is assigned to a division it is labeled with the device of that unit, which is a symbolic picture of some kind. I used to think that the French camions—as their trucks are known—held the record for originality of insignia with their crowing cocks and running hares, but the Americans have surpassed them. On our trucks you can see baseball players at the bat; heads of pretty girls; a coiled snake ready to spring, which recalls that famous Revolutionary battle flag flung to the breeze on many a hard-fought field and which bore the words "Don't tread on me." On our trucks you also see stencils of the Bunker Hill Monument, foxes and Indian heads. All equipment of the air service bears the familiar red-white-and-blue circle which gleams from the aëroplane wings.

This matter of markings for trucks is systematized. At motor-transport headquarters at Tours a soldier who was an artist in civil life has prepared a hundred different designs, which are kept in a folder and allotted to divisions.

In the field the pooling system is in full swing. There is always a liquid reservoir of transport ready for emergencies. It made possible the mobilization of General Pershing's army last September and enabled him to forestall the Germans and achieve the now historic victory of St. Mihiel. It is this kind of coöperative effort that makes for success in a war where unity of supply is just as essential as unity of high command.

The whole close-knit American motor machine not only serves the fighting army but is impressing lessons of efficiency and organization that will reach far beyond the flaming battle lines and have a definite and constructive effect upon the commerce of peace. Chief among them is the standardization of vehicles. We have settled down to a definite and orderly basis of supply. In passenger cars we are buying only three well-known makes, whose worth has been amply proved. Likewise only two long-established light delivery trucks will be acquired, while the one-ton truck to be bought henceforth will have the same chassis as our heavy ambulance and therefore the parts of these two vehicles will be interchangeable. With one-and-a-half and two ton trucks, one make will be used, which will greatly simplify renewal.

It is with three and five ton trucks, however, that the real achievement in standardization has been registered. It finds expression in the Liberty Truck, which will go down into history as a worthy work fellow of the Liberty Motor. It is composed of parts made by manufacturers who are provided with government specifications produced by the Bureau of Standards at Washington. Anybody with a factory anywhere can get these specifications and make the parts. The truck therefore becomes a matter of assembling. If you can standardize honesty in the production of parts you can get a hundred per cent vehicle; and, what is equally important, you will solve the whole trying problem of spare-parts supply. Every part will be interchangeable. The Army is not concerned with the various arguments for or against this kind of standardization after the war. It wants action now, and the Liberty Truck, like all the rest of the mechanical transport, delivers the goods.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France. The next will tell of the salvage of men and material

THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

"You go to the dinner, Slim, my boy, and I'll let you see me 'ittin' the 'ay before you starts."

"But you could hit the hay and get out of bed again."

"No; because I'll make you lock the door. I ain't a-goin' to 'ave ye 'ave no hanxiety on my account."

So we settled it—not that I was to lock him in, but that he was to guarantee me against being anxious; and I suppose Christian would say that another bit of victory was scored.

XV

A FEW days later I learned that my father had established a small trust fund for my benefit, and that the income was to be paid to me quarterly.

He had thus after all recognized me as his son, though not on the footing of his other sons. Each of his other sons would have—but I won't go into that.

It is enough to say that for every dollar I should receive Jerry and Jack would have twenty or thirty, and so would my sisters. Even in my mother's life interest I was not to have a share when she no longer needed it.

Among the many sins I have to confess that of being specially mercenary is not one. I make this affirmation in order that you may not condemn me too severely when I say that for days I labored under a sense of outrage. Mine was the state of mind common among evildoers who object to paying the penalty of which they have had fair warning. My father had told me with his own mouth that on account of certain indulgences which I had refused to give up he had cut me off altogether. I had chosen to take my own way and to brave the consequences; and now when the latter proved to be not so bad as I had been bidden to expect I was indignant.

When I informed Andrew Christian of the bequest I added that I had practically made up my mind to refuse it. He gave me that look which always seemed about to tell you a good joke.

"Why do you think he left you anything?"

"I suppose he wanted to feel that if the worse came to the worst I shouldn't be quite penniless."

"But why should he want to feel that?"

"Well, hang it all, sir, when everything is said and done I was his son!"

"You were his son, and he—he cared for you."

"He cared for me to—to that extent."

"And considering your attitude toward him could you expect him to care for you more?"

I said unwillingly: "No; I suppose not."

"Could you expect him to care for you as much?"

"I—I'd given up thinking he cared for me at all."

"And this shows he did. In spite of all you made him suffer—and, what was probably worse in his eyes, made your mother suffer—he loved you still. I know you're not thinking of the money, Frank."

"No, I'm not; and that's perfectly sincere."

"You're thinking of his affection for you; and now you're assured of it. The amount of money he left you is secondary. That, and the way in which he left it to you, were determined by something else."

I looked at him hard as I said: "And what was that?"

His look as he answered me was frank, straight and fearless.

"The fact that he didn't trust you." I suppose he must have seen how I winced, for he went on at once: "That's about the bitterest pill fellows like us have to swallow. In addition to everything else that we bring on ourselves we forfeit other people's confidence. There's the nigger in the woodpile, even when we buck up. Your father was fond of you, Frank; but he was afraid that if he did for you all he would have done if you'd gone straight it would only send you to the devil. Don't you see that?"

With some relief as well as some reluctance I admitted that I did.

"It takes years, Frank, old boy, for men who've been where you and I have been to build up a life which gives a reasonable promise of making good. In seven or eight months you've done splendidly. I don't know that we've ever had a fellow in the club who's been more game ——"

"It's the club that's been game."

"True; but you've got out of it the best that it can give. Only don't imagine for a moment that your fight is over."

"Oh, no, sir; I don't."

"It's perfectly true that if you resist the devil he will flee from you; but he can show a marvelous power of coming back. Some of your toughest tussles lie ahead. Now I'm only reminding you of that to show you that your father has perhaps done the very wisest thing for you. A large part of your safety lies in the necessity for your working. If you weren't absolutely obliged to do it in order to live like a respectable man there's no telling what tide of suppressed temptations might rush in and engulf you."

I nodded slowly.

"I see that. Thank you for pointing it out to me."

"But, Frank, old fellow, that's not the chief thing I want you to see. What will give you more satisfaction than anything else is the knowledge that what has been done for you has been done in love. Your father has shown his love for you; you show your love for him. Accept this gift graciously. Enjoy it and make the best of it. Your life with him isn't over."

My expression must have been one of inquiry because he went on:

"One of the sublimest and truest things that ever fell from a pen is this: 'Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.' It's almost a startling thing to realize that by the sheer act of love we're sons of God and know him."

"Ah, but what kind of love?" I asked with some incredulity.

"Are there more kinds than one? The kingdom of love is like that of minerals or that of vegetation—one in essence though multiform in manifestation. Just as one

(Continued on Page 46)

Fine Fuel *for* Young Engines!

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

"I'se in town, Honey!"

THOSE young human engines—with their healthy, hundred horse-power appetites—how they do take a plate of Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

And this palatable, nourishing breakfast is just the early-morning food their lively little bodies require. It warms them and satisfies them and strengthens them—gives them an abundant store of energy to start the day with.

In thousands and thousands of homes it is the preferred breakfast. Last year Aunt Jemima Pancakes were served 120 million times!

So easy to prepare!

First a little water, next a little stirring, then a hot griddle—

And in two minutes you have a big, inviting plate of golden-brown pancakes on the table. Pancakes so light, fluffy and tender, so rich and satisfying—the best you've ever tasted!

Aunt Jemima Flour is *complete*—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs. There's no complicated mixing and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing—the simple addition of water makes perfect pancakes every time.

Order from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. He has it or will gladly get it for you. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. They're SO good!—and so economical

Send for the jolly Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Aunt Jemima, Uncle Mose and two gay little pickaninnies all come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send for one of them, or for the whole famous family.

Copyright 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

(Continued from Page 44)

will give us coal and diamonds with much the same ingredients, and another the strawberry, the rose and the apple tree, all closely akin, so love shows itself in a million ways, and yet remains always love."

"And would you say that the love of parents and children, the love of husbands and wives, the love of sweethearts, and the love of God ——"

"— — are all fundamentally related? Yes, I would. I can't understand love in any other sense, if it's to be real love. Do you remember how often we've talked of the spirit there is in the world that throws dust into our eyes by creating distinctions and confusions where neither confusion nor distinction exists? Well, the same evil imp is forever at work to stultify love by trying to take the meaning from the word. And when it has stultified love it has stultified God, since the one is identical with the other."

I became argumentative.

"But if all love is identical with God, how do you account for what would commonly be called a wrong love?"

"There's no such thing as a wrong love. Men are wrong and women are wrong, and they treat love wrongly; but love itself is always right. There a distinction must be made between love and passion; but it's easy enough to make it. One of these days we'll take the time to talk that over. At present my point is simply this—that there's only one love as there's only one God, and it's only by understanding the unity of both that we get the significance of either. Moreover, the same pen that wrote 'Every one that loveth is born of God,' wrote 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' You see then how magical a thing love is, and why any kind of love—remember I'm speaking of love, not of physical passion, which is another thing—but you can see how any kind of love should work wonders." He asked suddenly: "Have you written to your mother since your father died?"

I said I had not, that I hadn't supposed a letter from me would be welcome.

"Don't ask whether it would be welcome or not. Do your duty—and let other people take care of theirs. Let your mother see that so far from feeling sore over the provision in your father's will, you take it in the way I've tried to indicate. It will be an amazing comfort to her; and if you want to give your brothers and sisters the surprise of their young lives you'll be doing it." He took my hand and pressed it. "Good-by now, old chap. I've got to go and see Momma about the meals for tomorrow."

He passed on to the kitchen, where a Greek named Pappa—nicknamed Momma by the boys—had taken the place of Mouse; but he left me with a new outlook.

Following his instructions I began almost immediately to get some of the reward he promised me. My mother wrote to me within a week, timidly but tenderly, and with joy at being in touch with me again. A few weeks later my sister wrote, affectionately if with reserve. When my birthday came in March, and I was thirty-two, I had small presents from them both, and from my two sisters-in-law as well. I noticed that all letters, even from my mother, were hesitatingly expressed, and in something like an undertone of awe. My family, too, felt apparently that I had put an abyss between myself and them, and that in the effort to recross it there was a suggestion of the supernatural. It was as if my father were saying to them: 'This, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again'—and they were experiencing some of the strangeness that Mary and Martha must have known when Lazarus came back to the house at Bethany.

But that was not my only reward, though of what I received in addition I find it difficult to tell you. Indeed, I should make no attempt to tell you at all were it not so essential to this small record of a human life. All I want to say is that that thing came to me as a new revelation which is probably an everyday fact to you—that by the simple process of loving I could dwell in God, I could be aware that God was all round me.

I mean that once I understood that love was God the great mystery that had tantalized me all my life was solved. All my life I had been tortured by the questions: Who is God? What is God? What is my relation to him—or have I any? And now I seemed to have found the answer. When I got back to love—the common natural love for my father and mother and sisters—when I got back to feeling more gently toward my brothers—I began to see—you must forgive me if I seem blatant, but that is not my intention—I began to see faintly and very inadequately that I was actually in touch with God.

I am far from saying that all my difficulties were overcome. Of course they were not. I mean only that that divine force of which I had been told the universe was full, but which had always seemed apart from me, remote from my needs, actually came, in some measure at least, within my possession. Just as Beady Lamont found the furniture-moving business shiny with it, once he knew where to look for it, so I began to see my work as an architect. It was as if a golden key had been put into my hand which unlocked the richest of life's secrets.

All at once people whom I had known to be well disposed toward me, and whom I had dismissed at that, began to translate God to me. Ralph Coningsby, Cantyre, Lovey, Christian, Pyn, not to speak of others, were like reflectors that threw the rays of the great Central Sun straight into my soul. I am not declaring that there was no tarnish on the surfaces that caught those beams and transmitted them to me—probably there was—but light and warmth were poured into me, for all that. Not that there was a change in their attitude toward me; the change was in my point of view, in my capacity for seeing. What I had thought of only as human aid I now perceived to be the celestial bread and wine; and where I had supposed I was living only with men I knew I was walking with God.

And yet there was a love with regard to which I could not have this peace of mind. Christian would perhaps have ascribed that defect to the fact that there was passion in it. My own fear was that having had its inception in a moment of crime it could never free itself from the conditions that gave it birth.

After the Christmas dinner there was a change toward me in the bearing of Regina Barry and her mother. Without growing colder they became slightly more formal; and that I understood. As they had come so far in my direction it was for me to go some of the distance in theirs; and I didn't.

I didn't because I couldn't. I was like a man who would have been glad to walk if paralysis hadn't nailed him to his seat. As, however, it was emotional paralysis and not physical there was no means by which they could become aware of it; nor could I make up my mind to tell them.

For quite apart from my damnable secret was the common, everyday fact that I had no income sufficient to maintain a wife in anything like the comfort to which Regina Barry had been accustomed. Though she might have accepted what I had to offer I felt the usual masculine scruples as to offering it. This, too, was something that couldn't be explained unless there was some urgent need of the explanation; and so when I was mad to go forward I had, to my shame and confusion, to hang back.

Their retreat was managed with tact and dignity. During the week after Christmas I saw them on a number of occasions, always by invitation, though I had no further talk with Regina Barry alone. Two or three times I guessed she would have been willing to go out to walk with me, but I didn't suggest it. As she had proposed it once she could hardly do so a second time, and so we sat tamely in a sitting room. Like that minute on Christmas Eve when she would have flown into my arms had I opened them other minutes came and went; and I saw my coldness reacting on her visibly.

At the end of ten days a note told me that they had returned to New York, apologizing for the fact that they had not had time to bid me good-by. Though seeing plainly enough the folly of a correspondence I wrote in response to that note, hoping that a correspondence might ensue. But I got no answer. I got nothing. Not so much as a message was sent to me on the days when Ralph Coningsby came down.

I did not resent this; I only suffered. I suffered the more because of supposing that she suffered too. And yet when I next saw her I found nothing to support that theory.

When I went to New York for a few days in February I called, but they were not at home. Having left my card I waited for a message that would name an hour when I should find them; but I waited in vain. During the four days my visit lasted I heard nothing kindlier than what Cantyre repeated, that they were sorry to have been out when I came.

As I sent them flowers before leaving the city a note from Mrs. Barry thanked me for them cordially; but there was not a syllable in it that gave me an excuse for writing in response. Reason told me that it was better that it should be so, but reason had ceased to be sufficient as a guide.

In March I made an errand that took me to town for a week-end, and on the Sunday afternoon I called again at the house which had so curiously become the focusing point of my destiny. Miss Barry was at home and receiving. I found her with two or three other people, and she welcomed me as doubtless she had welcomed them. Even when I had outstayed them she betrayed none of that matter-of-course intimacy which had marked her attitude toward me in December. She seemed to have retired behind all sorts of mental fortifications over which I couldn't at first make my way.

When we were seated in the style of Darby and Joan at the opposite corners of a slumbering fire she told me her father had made one hurried visit from California, and that now that he had returned to the Pacific Coast she and her mother were thinking of joining him there. Should they do so they would probably remain till it was time to go to Long Island in June. Two or three protestations against this absence came to my lips, but of course I couldn't utter them.

I could have sworn that she was saying to herself "You don't seem to care!" though aloud it became: "We've never been in California, and we want to see what it's like."

I seized the opportunity to rejoin: "You've a fancy for seeing what things are like, haven't you?"

She took up the challenge instantly.

"Why do you say that?"

"Only because of what you've said at different times yourself."

"Such as?"

"I don't want to quote. I was thinking of the taste you've frequently acknowledged for making experiments."

"Experiments in things—or people?"

"I was thinking of people."

She marched right into my camp by saying boldly "Oh, you mean the number of times I've—I've broken engagements?"

"Perhaps I mean rather the number of times you've formed them."

"Did you ever buy a house?"

I replied with some wonder that I had not.

"Well, we've bought two—this one, and the one at Rosyth. But before buying either we rented each for a season to see whether or not we liked it."

"And you did."

"But we've rented others which we didn't. So you see."

"I see that experiments are justified. Is that what you mean?"

"If one is satisfied with anything that comes along by all means take it. But if one only wants what one wants ——"

"And you know what you want?"

Her eyes were all fire; her lips had the daring scarlet of a poppy.

"I've never got beyond knowing what I don't want."

"That is, you've never taken anything up except in the long run to throw it down?"

"Your expressions are too harsh. One doesn't throw down everything one doesn't want. One sets it aside."

"And would it be discreet to ask why you—why you set certain things—and people—aside?"

She looked at the fire as if considering.

"Do you mean—men?"

"To narrow the inquiry down, suppose I say I do."

"And"—she threw me a swift, daring glance—"and marriage?"

"That defines the question still further."

Her words came as the utterance of long, long thoughts: "One couldn't marry a man one didn't trust."

"No; of course not."

"Nor a milksop."

"You couldn't."

"Nor a man who wasn't a thoroughbred."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, don't you know? If not I can't explain. All I can say is that there are things a thoroughbred couldn't do."

"What sort of things?"

"Why should you want me to tell you? You know as well as I do. The things that make a man impossible—mean things—ignoble things."

"Criminal things?"

"Criminal things, too, I suppose. I don't know so much about them; but I do see a lot of meanness and pettiness and—Oh, well, the sort of lack of the fastidious in honor that—that puts a man out of the question."

"Aren't you very hard to please?"

"Possibly."

"And if you don't find what what you're looking for?"

"I shall do without it, I suppose."

"And if you think you find it—and then discover that after all ——"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know. I've never been absolutely disillusioned so far. When disillusion has come to me—as it has—I could see it on the way. But if I—I cared for someone and found I was deceived in him —— But what's the use in talking of it?" she laughed. "Please don't think I'm putting forth a claim to be treated better than the average. It's only when I see the average ——"

"The average of men?"

"No, the average of women. When I see what they're willing to take—and marry and live with—I can only say that I find myself very well off as I am."

This conversation did not make it easier for me to go back to the starting point of our acquaintance; but the moment came when I did it.

XVI

I DID not, however, do it that spring, since the event that compelled me at last to the step took up all my attention.

It was toward the end of April that I received a telegram signed by my sister's name:

"Mother seriously ill. Wants to see you. Come at once."

In spite of my alarm at this summons I saw the opportunity of putting up a good front before my relatives. Taking Lovey with me as valet, and stopping at the best hotel, I presented the appearance of a successful man.

Though anxiety on my mother's account made my return a matter of secondary interest I could see the surprise and relief my apparent prosperity created. My brothers had been expecting one of whom they would have to be ashamed. Furthermore, they had not been too confident as to my attitude with regard to my father's will. Looking for me to contest it they had suspected that behind my acquiescence lay a ruse. When they saw that there was none, that I made no complaint, that I seemed to have plenty of money, that I traveled with a servant, that I had the air of a man of means—a curious note of wonder and respect stole into their manner toward me. I know that in private they were saying to each other that they couldn't make me out; and I gave them no help in doing so.

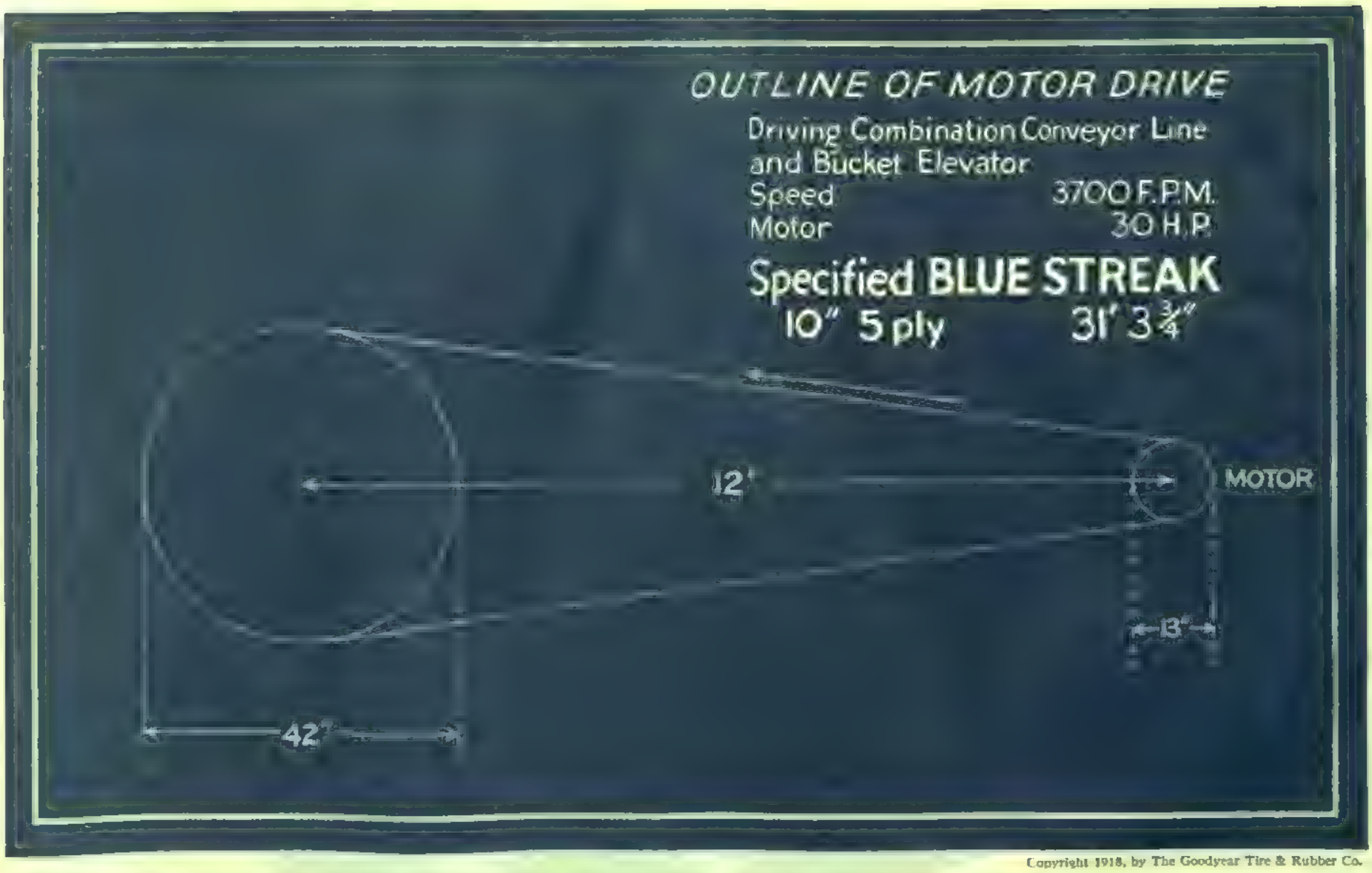
I gave them no help during all the month I remained in Montreal. I arranged with Coningsby to take that time, and my little stock of savings was sufficient to finance me. Though I was once more putting up a bluff it was a bluff that I felt to be justified; and in the end it found its justification.

I have no intention of giving you the details of those four weeks of watching beside a bed where the end was apparent from the first. Now that I look back upon them I can see that they were not without their element of happiness, since to my mother at least it was happiness to know that I was beside her. The joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth was on her face from the day I appeared, and never left it up to the moment when we took our last look at her dear smiling features.

When the lawyer came to read us her will I found to my amazement that she had left me everything she possessed.

It was then that I reaped that which I had sown at Andy Christian's suggestion. Since with a good grace I had accepted my father's will the rest of the family could hardly do otherwise with regard to my mother's. She left a note saying that had my father lived a few months longer he would have seen that I had reestablished myself sufficiently to be allowed to share equally with the rest of the family in what he had to leave; but as it was too late for that she was endeavoring to right the seeming injustice—which he had not meant as an injustice—as far as lay in her power. These words from her pen being much more emphatic than any that I could remember her ever to have uttered with her lips, my brothers and sisters, whatever they felt inwardly, could only give their assent to them.

(Continued on Page 49)



Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

The Hard Drive That Seems Simple—and the G. T. M.

Fifteen belts had been devoured in the plant of the Allentown Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Penna., in three years by a small motor-drive that seemed to be simple and easy. The fifteen had been of every conceivable type and material. Their prices ranged from the cheap to the most expensive. One day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—Mr. Ford from our Philadelphia Branch, called on the plant superintendent. He got a hearing immediately, and it surprised the G. T. M. Generally the first thing he got was a question about prices.

The G. T. M. explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts only after a careful analysis of the drives to be served—and not as a grocer sells sugar. The superintendent took him to the motor-drive that looked so simple and easy, and told him how it fairly ate up dollars. The G. T. M. looked it over.

He found that the drive wasn't simple and easy at all. It transmitted power to drive a combination conveyor line and bucket elevator—*without the use of reciprocal gears*. All the strain and vibration of the conveyor and bucket elevator loads were directly on the belt. It just had to be kept exceptionally tight. In addition the drive was in a grinding room so that an excessive amount of gritty dust collected on it, got between it and the pulleys, and ground away at the belt face. The G.T.M. pointed out all these things to the superintendent. "That's true," said the latter, "and what are you going to do about it?"

The G. T. M. thought it over. Then he measured the pulleys, the distance between centers, and the belt speed. He figured for a few moments and told the superintendent that the drive needed a 31 foot 3¾ inch, 5 ply Blue Streak Belt—and added that a certain kind of fastener should be used.

Then he quoted the price. It was less than that of some of the previous belts. He got the order—not because of the price, but because his method of studying the conditions and prescribing the proper Goodyear Belt seemed to the superintendent the logical method. The belt came, was installed March 23, 1917, and is still serving the drive. It has already given over a year and a half of service. The best average before that time had been four and a half months.

The saving effected was so great that the G. T. M. was asked to analyze other drives and to prescribe the proper belts. If you have a hard drive, especially if it is one whose belt-devouring nature seems unexplainable, ask a G. T. M. to call. One from the nearest Goodyear Branch will be glad to do so when next he is in your vicinity. His service is free—for the savings it effects for purchasers are so evident and material, that a gratifying volume of business from the plants analyzed is certain to be ours within a few years.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

CHALMERS
Inrox
and Porosknit made of full-combed cotton

For months the Government has taken the entire output of our mills. Until some of our machinery is released it may be difficult for civilians to obtain Chalmers Underwear.

HE TRUSTED HIS EYESIGHT

SOME wise thinking fellow put it this way: "The eye is the Chairman of the Purchasing Committee of the Senses."

We are all pretty sure to choose a thing that looks especially good to our eyes. "I don't pretend to know the fine points about underwear," said one man recently, "but as soon as I set eyes on Chalmers Underwear I felt confident it was better quality than I had been wearing."

He saw the difference, but he had no idea that it was due to long, soft cotton, first carefully combed and then knitted on the new Inrox machine, making not only finer elastic ribs but stronger by many months' wear.

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

MILLS AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 46)

What my mother possessed included not only the personal estate she had inherited from her father, considerably augmented by her husband's careful management, but books, furniture and jewelry. The books and furniture I made over to my sister to remain in the two houses, the one in Montreal, the other on the Ottawa. Some of the jewelry I gave to her, to my sister in England, and to my two sisters-in-law, though keeping the bulk for my wife—when I got one.

For I was now in a position to marry. Though my mother had had no great wealth, what she left me, together with the trust fund established by my father and what I earned, would assure me enough to live in at least as much comfort as Ralph Coningsby. I could therefore propose to Regina Barry and feel I could make a home for her.

I had again come to the conclusion that if I asked her she would accept me. I make no attempt to analyze this feeling on her part, because I saw plainly enough that it was founded on mistake. That is to say, having developed an ideal of the man whom she could marry she had nursed herself into the belief that I came up to it, when as a matter of fact I did not.

Now I had seen enough of husbands and wives to know that in most marriages there is some such illusion as this, and that it can be successfully maintained for years. When the illusion itself has faded it can live on as the illusion of an illusion. By the time there is no illusion or shadow of illusion left at all it has ceased in the majority of cases to matter. Time has welded what mutual distaste might have put asunder, and the married state remains undisturbed.

I was therefore obliged to face the consideration that if I married the woman I loved she would probably never discover what I felt it my duty to confess. Was it really, then, my duty to confess it? Since no one knew it but myself was it not rather my duty to keep it concealed? Other men had secrets from their wives—especially those that concerned the days when they were unmarried—and all were probably the happier for the secrecy. Even Ralph Coningsby, who was the most model husband I could think of, had said that if he were to tell his wife all he could tell her about himself he would be ashamed to go home. There were weeks when I debated these questions every day and night, arriving at one conclusion by what I may call my rough horse sense, and at another by my instinct. Horse sense said: "Marry her and keep mum." Instinct warned: "You can never marry her and be safe and happy with such a secret as this to come between you."

Throughout this wavering of opinion I knew that when the time came I should act from instinct. It wasn't merely that I wanted to be safe; it was also that, all pros and cons apart, there was such a thing as honor. Not even to be happy—not even to make the woman I cared for happy—could I ignore that.

I am not sure how much Andrew Christian understood of the circumstances when without giving him the facts or mentioning a name I asked his advice. He only said:

"You've had some experience, Frank, of the potency of love, haven't you? Well, love has a twin sister—truth. In love and truth together there's a power which, if we have the patience to wait for its working out, will solve all difficulties and meet all needs."

My experiences during the past few months having given me some reason to believe this I decided, so far as I came actively to a decision, to let it rule my course, but in the end the critical moment came by what you would probably call an accident.

It was the last Sunday in June. My work in Atlantic City being over Mrs. Grace had asked me to come down for the week-end to her little place in Long Island. It was not exactly a party, though there were two or three other people staying in the house. My chief reason for accepting the invitation—as I think it was the chief reason for its being given—was that the Barry family were in residence on the old Hornblower estate, which was the adjoining property.

As a matter of fact Mrs. Grace and her guests were all asked to Idlewild, as the late Mrs. Hornblower had named her house, to Sunday lunch.

The path from the one dwelling to the other was down the gentle slope of Mrs. Grace's gardens, across a meadow, at the other side of which it joined the Idlewild avenue, and then up a steep hill to the rambling red and yellow house. Here one dominated the Sound for a great part of the hundred and twenty miles between Montauk Point and Brooklyn.

Sauntering idly through the hot summer noon I found myself beside Mrs. Grace, while the rest of the party straggled on ahead. As my hostess was not more free than other women from the match-making instinct it was natural that she should give to the conversation a turn that she knew would not be distasteful to me.

"She's a wonderful girl," she observed, "with just that danger to threaten her that comes from being overfastidious."

"I know what you mean by her being overfastidious; but why is it a danger?"

"In the first place, because people misunderstand her. They've ascribed to light-mindedness what has only been the thing that literary people call the divine searching for perfection."

"And do you know the kind of thing she'd consider perfect?"

It was so stupid a question that I couldn't be surprised to see a gleam of quiet mischief in her glance as she replied: "From little hints she's dropped to me, quite confidentially, I rather think I do."

Fair men blush easily, but I tried to ignore the fact that I was doing it as I said: "That's quite a common delusion at one stage of the game; but suppose she were to find that she was mistaken?"

The answer shelved the question, though she did it disconcertingly: "Oh, well, in the case she's thinking of I don't believe she will."

I was so eager for data that I pushed the inquiry indiscreetly.

"What makes you so sure?"

"One can tell. It isn't a thing one can put into words. You know by a kind of intuition."

"Know what?"

"That a certain kind of person can never have had any but a certain kind of standard." She give me another of those quietly mischievous glances. "I'll tell you what she said to me one day not long ago. She said she'd only known one man in her life—known him well, that is—of whom she was sure that he was a thoroughbred to the core."

"But you admitted at the beginning that that kind of conviction is a danger."

"It would be a danger if her friends couldn't bear her out in believing it to be justified."

Unable to face any more of this subtle flattery I was obliged to let the subject drop.

The lunch was like any other lunch. As an unimportant person at a gathering where everyone knew everyone else more or less intimately I was to some extent at liberty to follow my own thoughts, which were not altogether happy ones. For telling what I had to tell the necessity had grown urgent. What was lacking, what had always seemed to be lacking, was the positive opportunity. This I resolved to seek; but suddenly I found it before me.

This was toward the middle of the afternoon, when the party had broken up. It had broken up imperceptibly by dissolving into groups that strolled about the lawns and descended the long flights of steps leading to the beach below. As I had not been seated near Miss Barry at table it was no more than civil for me to approach her when the party was on the veranda and the lawn. Our right to privacy was recognized at once by a withdrawal of the rest of the company. It was probably assumed that I was to be the fourth in the series of experiments of which Jim Hunter and Stephen Cantyre had been the second and the third; and though my fellow guests might be sorry for me they would not intervene to protect me.

Considering it sufficient to make their adieux to Mrs. Barry they left us undisturbed in a nook of one of the verandas. Here we were out of sight of any of the avenues and pathways to the house, and Mrs. Barry was sufficiently in sympathy with our desire to be alone not to send anyone in search of us. On the lawn robins were hopping, and along the edge of shorn grass the last foxgloves made upright lines of color against the olive-green scrub oak. Far down through the trees one caught the silvery glinting of water.

The sounds of voices and motor wheels having died away Miss Barry said languidly: "I think they must be all gone. They'll say I'm terribly rude to keep myself out of sight. But it's lovely here, isn't it? And this is such a cozy spot in which to smoke and have coffee. I read here, too, and —— Oh, dear, what's happening?"

It was then that the little accident which was to play so large a part in my life occurred. She had leaned forward from her wicker chair to set her empty coffee cup on the table. As she did so the string of pearls which she wore at the opening of her simple white dress loosened itself and slipped like a tiny snake to the floor of the veranda. From a corresponding chair on the other side of the table I sprang up and stooped. When I raised myself with the pearls in my right hand I slipped them into my pocket.

Between the fingers of my left hand I held a lighted cigar. Bare-headed, I was wearing white flannels and tennis shoes. Now that the moment had come I felt extraordinarily cool—as cool as on the night when I had slipped this string of pearls into my pocket before. I looked down and smiled at her. Leaning back in her chair she looked up and smiled at me.

I shall always see her like that—in white with a slash of silk of the red of her lips somewhere about her waist, and a ribbon of the same round her dashing panama hat. Her feet in little brown shoes were crossed. With an elbow on the arm of her chair she held a small red fan out from her person, though she wasn't actively using it.

"What does that mean?" she asked idly.

"Doesn't it remind you of anything?"

"No—of nothing."

"Didn't you ever see anyone put these pearls into his pocket before?"

"Why, no!" She added, as if an idea had begun to dawn in the back of her memory: "Not in that way."

"Oh, I remember. You didn't see him put them in at all. You only saw him take them out."

The smile remained on her features, but something puzzled, gave it faint new curves.

"Why ——"

"It was like this, wasn't it?"

I drew out the pearls and threw them on the table.

She bent forward slightly, still smiling, like a person watching with bewildered intensity a conjurer's trick.

"Why ——"

"Only your gold-mesh purse was with them—and your diamond bar-pin—and your rings."

"Why—why, who on earth could have told you?"

I, too, continued to smile, consciously wondering if I should be as calm as this in the hour of death.

"Who do you think?"

"It wasn't Elsie Coningsby?"

"No. She was there, but ——"

"How did you know that?" She uttered a mystified laugh. "She was there! It was one of the nights she stayed with me when papa and mamma were down here superintending some changes before we could move in. But I never told her anything about it."

"Why didn't you—when she was right on the spot?"

"Oh, because."

The smile disappeared. She stopped looking up at me to turn her eyes toward the foxgloves and scrub oak.

"Yes? Because—what?"

"Because I promised—that man—I wouldn't."

"Why should you have made him such a promise?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just at the time I was—I was sorry for him."

"And aren't you sorry for him still?"

She looked up at me again with one of her bright challenges.

"Look here! Do you know him?"

"Tell me first what I asked you. Aren't you sorry for him still?"

"I dare say I am. I don't know."

"What did you—what did you—think of him at the time?"

"I thought he was—terrible."

"Terrible—in what way?"

"I don't know that I can tell you in what way. It was so awful to think that a man who had had some advantages should have sunk to that. If he'd been a real burglar—I mean a professional criminal—I should have been afraid of him; but I shouldn't have had that sensation of something meant for better things that had been debased."

"Didn't he tell you he was hungry?"

The smile came back—faintly.

"You seem to know all about it, don't you? It's the strangest thing I ever knew. No one in this world could have told you but himself. Yes, he did say he was hungry; but, then, a man who'd been what he

Polar Cub
HOME MOTORS

SEWING MACHINE MOTOR

Polar Cub will run any standard type of sewing machine when connected by cord to an ordinary incandescent light socket. He relieves you of all the hard work and enables you to do much more sewing at a cost of only one cent for power in two hours. Price $12.00.

POLISHER AND GRINDER MOTOR

Let Polar Cub sharpen your knives, scissors, etc. Let him polish silver and keep your tinware, brass ornaments and steel knives bright. Grinding and polishing motor $12.00 complete.

CHURN AND MIXER MOTOR

As a churner of butter Polar Cub can save you lots of money; and for whipping cream, beating eggs, mixing mayonnaise, etc., he is superb. Only $12.00 makes him your obedient servant.

POLAR CUB VIBRATOR

Think of it!—a perfect vibratory massage at home. Polar Cub will change with his special vibratory arm and three rubber vibratory appliances. Price $6.85 complete with attachments.

Any Polar Cub motor described above can be used for running a sewing machine, for churning and mixing, for running a vibrator or an electric fan—by purchasing the extra attachments at $1.50 in each case. He is a great all around worker.

DE LUXE CABINET

There's no finer or more useful gift than the Polar Cub De Luxe Outfit with all the above attachments complete mahogany finished hardwood cabinet beautifully lined. Retail price $25.00.

SEE POLAR CUB WORK

Visit any one of the following stores and see how helpful Polar Cub is; how he saves time and lightens labor

ALABAMA
Birmingham—Matthews Electric Supply Co.; Robert Powell Stove Co.

CALIFORNIA
Fresno—E. Gottschalk & Co.
Los Angeles—The Broadway
Oakland—[illegible] & Co.;
Sacramento—[illegible] C. How[illegible], Wm. [illegible] Lubin
San Diego—Southern [illegible]
San Francisco—[illegible]
San Jose—[illegible] Dohrmann Co.
Santa Barbara—Fred A. Downer & Co.

COLORADO
Denver—[illegible]

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport—[illegible]
Hartford—[illegible]
New Haven—W. W. [illegible] & Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington—[illegible]

FLORIDA
Jacksonville—[illegible]
Tampa—[illegible]

GEORGIA
Atlanta—[illegible]

IDAHO
Boise—[illegible]

ILLINOIS
Chicago—[illegible] & Co.

IOWA
Des Moines—[illegible]
Keokuk—[illegible]

INDIANA
Indianapolis—[illegible]

MAINE
Bangor—[illegible]
Portland—[illegible]

MARYLAND
Baltimore—[illegible] & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Haverhill—[illegible]
Lowell—[illegible]
Springfield—[illegible]

MICHIGAN
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Jackson—Rogers Lighting
Lansing—[illegible]
Muskegon—[illegible]
Saginaw—[illegible]

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis—[illegible]
St. Paul—[illegible]

MISSOURI
Kansas City—[illegible]
St. Louis—[illegible]

MONTANA
Butte—[illegible]

NEBRASKA
Lincoln—[illegible]
Omaha—[illegible]

NEVADA
Reno—[illegible]

NEW YORK
Albany—[illegible]
Brooklyn—[illegible]
Buffalo—[illegible]
Kingston—[illegible]
New York City—[illegible]
Rochester—[illegible]
Syracuse—Alexander Grant & Son

OHIO
Akron—[illegible]
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—The [illegible] Electric Co.
Columbus—The Frank P. Hall Co.
Dayton—[illegible]
Steubenville—[illegible]
Toledo—[illegible]
Youngstown—[illegible]

OREGON
Portland—[illegible] Clarke & Co.

OKLAHOMA
Muskogee—[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown—[illegible]
Altoona—[illegible] & Power Co.
Hanleton—Jas. Woodring & Co.
Lancaster—[illegible]
Philadelphia—[illegible]
Pittsburgh—[illegible]
Porter [illegible]—[illegible]
Reading—[illegible]
Scranton—Scranton Dry Goods Co.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—Fred Cantrell
Memphis—[illegible]

TEXAS
Dallas—[illegible]
Fort Worth—[illegible]
Houston—[illegible]
San Antonio—[illegible]

UTAH
Ogden—[illegible]
Salt Lake City—[illegible]

VIRGINIA
Richmond—[illegible]

WASHINGTON
Spokane—Ware Bros. Co.; E. M. Murray Light Co.
Tacoma—[illegible] Co., Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston—Whitmore Electric Co.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
320-A Bruckley Avenue New Haven, Conn.
In Canada, The A. C. Gilbert-Meaness Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

send 30¢ today for package of five

Once you use these improved phonograph needles you'll never want to go back to the old steel needles!

Sonora SEMI-PERMANENT SILVERED **Needles**

Three Grades—Loud—Medium—Soft

The Sonora Standard
"Not how cheap but how good"

These new phonograph needles are so superior that you will use them permanently because of their

1. CONVENIENCE—They save constant needle changing.
2. GREATER ECONOMY—They [illegible] for wearing out.
3. INCREASING LIFE OF RECORDS—The record engaging point does not enlarge as it wears, having the same diameter throughout.
4. IMPROVED TONE [illegible]

For sale by your local dealer or send direct to

SONORA PHONOGRAPH SALES COMPANY, INC.
George E. Brightson, President
270 Broadway, Dept. A, New York
Demonstration Salon: Fifth Ave. at 33rd St.

FREE

[illegible]

BUREAU OF PUBLICITY
Dept. 15, Chamber of Commerce, Omaha

"Nebraska Facts:" Illustrated Booklet, 80 pages. Opportunities for Homeseekers and Investors. Free on request. Address NEBRASKA PUBLICITY BUREAU, Lincoln, Nebraska.

must have been shouldn't have got into that condition. He'd stolen into our pantry, poor creature, and drunk the cooking wine. He told me that ——" Without rising her figure became alert with a new impulse. "Oh, I see! You do know him. He was an Englishman. I remember that."

I placed myself fully before her.

"No, he wasn't an Englishman."

"He spoke like one."

"So do I, for the matter of that."

"Then he was a Canadian. Was he?"

"He was a Canadian."

"Oh, then, that accounts for it. But you did puzzle me at first. But how did you come to meet him? Was it at that Down and Out Club that papa and Mr. Christian are so interested in? You go to it, too, don't you? I think Stephen Cantyre said you did."

"Yes, I go to it too."

She grew pensive, resting her chin on a hand, with her elbow on the arm of the chair.

"I suppose it's all right; but I never can understand how men can be so merciful to each other's vices. It looks as if they recognized the seed of them within themselves."

"Probably that's the reason."

"Women don't feel like that about each other."

"They haven't the same cause."

"I hope he's doing better—that man—and picking up again."

"He is."

She asked in quite another tone: "You're not going back to New York to-morrow, are you?"

"I'm not sure—yet."

"Hilda said she was going to try to persuade you and the Grahams to stay till Tuesday. If you can stay mamma and I were planning ——"

I put myself directly in front of her, no more than a few feet away, my hands in the pockets of my jacket.

"Look at me again. Look at me well. Try to recall ——"

Slowly, very slowly, she struggled to her feet. The color went out of her lips and the light from her eyes as she backed away from me in a kind of terror.

"What—what—are you trying to make me—to make me understand?"

"Think! How should I know all that I've been saying if ——"

"If the man himself didn't tell you. But he did."

"No, he didn't. No one had to tell me."

She reached the veranda rail, which she clutched with one hand, while the other, clenched, was pressed against her breast.

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes, I do mean ——"

"Oh, you can't."

"Why can't I?"

"Because—because it isn't—it isn't possible! You"—she seemed to be shivering—"you could never have ——"

"But I did."

She gasped brokenly.

"You? You?"

I nodded.

"Yes—I."

The colorless lips sagged piteously.

"How?"

I tried to tell her, but I suppose I did it badly. Put into a few bald words the tale was not merely sordid, it was low. I could give it no softening touch, no saving grace. It was more beastly than I had ever imagined it.

Fortunately she didn't listen with attention. The means were indifferent to her when she knew the end. For the minute, at any rate, she saw me not as I stood there, clean and in white, but as I had been a year before, dirty and in rags. But she saw more than that. With every word I uttered she saw the ideal she had formed broken into shivers, like a shattered looking-glass.

She interrupted my preposterous story to gasp: "I can't believe it!"

"But it's true."

"Then you mustn't mind if—if I put you to a test. Did you—did you write anything while you were there?"

"I printed something—in the same kind of letters you've seen at the bottom of architects' plans."

"And how did you come to do it?"

I recounted the circumstances, at which she nodded her head in verification.

"So that was how you knew the words you repeated to me a few months ago?"

"That was how. I said there were men in the world different from any you'd seen yet; and I told you to wait."

She made a tremendous effort to become again the daring mistress of herself which she generally was. She smiled, too, nervously, and with a kind of sickening, ghastly whiteness.

"Funny, isn't it? There are men in the world different from any I'd seen before that time. I've—I've waited—and found out."

Before I could utter a rejoinder to this she said quite courteously: "Will you excuse me?"

I bowed.

With no further explanation she marched down the length of the veranda—carrying herself proudly, placing her dainty feet daintily, walking with that care which people show when they are not certain of their ability to walk straight—and entered the house.

I didn't know why she had gone; but I knew the worst was over. Though I felt humiliation to the core of the heart's core I also felt relief.

With a foot dangling I sat sidewise on the veranda rail and waited. Glancing at my watch I saw it was not yet four, and I had lived through years since I had climbed the hill at one. My sensations were comparable only to those of the man who has been on trial for his life, and is waiting for the verdict.

I waited nervously, and yet humbly. Now that it was all over it seemed to me that the bitterness of death was past. Whatever else I should have to go through in life, nothing could equal the past quarter of an hour.

The sensations I hadn't had while making my confession began to come to me by degrees. Looking back over the chasm I had crossed I was amazed to think I had had the nerve for it. I trembled reminiscently; the cold sweat broke out on my forehead. It was terrible to think that at that very minute she was in there weighing the evidence, against me and in my favor.

Mechanically I relighted the cigar that had gone out. Against me and in my favor! I was not blind to the fact that in my favor there was something. I had gone down, but I had also struggled up again; and you can make an appeal for the man who has done that.

She was long in coming back. I glanced at my watch, and it was nearly half past four. Her weighing of the evidence had taken her half an hour, and it was evidently not over yet. Well, juries were often slow in coming to a verdict; and doubtless she was balancing the attenuating circumstance that I had struggled up against the main fact that I had gone down.

But I must soon know. It was ten minutes of five. The jury had been out more than three quarters of an hour.

A new quality was being transmuted into the atmosphere. It was as if the lightest, flimsiest veil had been flung across the sun. In the distant glinting of the sea, which had been silver, there came a tremulous shade of gold. The foxgloves bowed themselves like men at prayer. The robins betook themselves to the branches. From unseen depths of the scrub oak there was an occasional luscious trill, as the time for the singing of birds wasn't over yet.

Round me there was silence. I might have been sitting at the door of an empty house. I listened intently for the sound of returning footsteps, but none came.

At a quarter past five a chill about the heart began to strike me. I had been waiting more than an hour. Could it be possible that . . . .

It would be the last degree of insult. Whatever she did she wouldn't subject me to that. It would be worse than her glove across the face. It was out of the question. I couldn't bear to think of it. Rather than think of it I went over the probabilities that she would come back with the smile of forgiveness. It would doubtless be a tearful smile, for tears were surely the cause of her delay. When she had controlled them, when she was able to speak and bid me be of good comfort, I should hear the tap of her high heels coming down the uncarpeted stairway. No Red Indian ever listened for the tread of a maid's moccasins on forest moss so intently as I for that staccato click.

But only the birds rewarded me, and the cries of boys who had come to bathe on the beach below. There was more gold in the light; more trilling in the branches; a more pungent scent from the trees, the flowers and the grass; and that was all.

It was half past five; it was a quarter of six; it was six.

At six o'clock I knew.

My hat was lying on a chair near by. I picked it up—and went.

I went, not by the avenue and the path but down the queer, rickety flights of steps that led from one jutting rock to another over the face of the cliff, till I reached the beach.

It was the delicious hour for bathing. As far as one could see in either direction there were heads bobbing in the water, and people scrambling in and out. Shrill cries of women and children, hoarse shouts of men, mingled with the piping of birds overhead. Farther out than the bathers there were rowboats, and beyond the rowboats sails. In the middle of the Sound a steamer or two trailed a lazy flag of smoke. Far, far to the south and the west a haze like that round a volcano hung over New York. I should return there next day to face new conditions. I only wished to God that it could be that night.

The new conditions were briefly three: I could use the revolver still lying in my desk; or I could begin to drink again; or, like the bull wounded in the ring, I could seek shelter in the dumb sympathy of the Down and Out. The last seemed to me the least attractive. I had climbed that hill, and found it led only to a precipice that I had fallen over.

Neither did the first possibility charm me especially. Apart from the horror of it, it was too brief, too sudden, too conclusive. I wanted the gradual, the prolonged.

It was the second course to which my mind turned with the nearest approach to satisfaction. Christian had told me that some of my severest tussles lay ahead; and now I had come to the one in which I should go under. In that the flesh at least would get its hour of compensation, when all was said and done.

At the foot of Mrs. Grace's steps I paused to recall Christian's words of a few days previously:

"In love and truth together there's a power which, if we have the patience to wait for its working out, will solve all difficulties and meet all needs."

I had tried that—love and truth together!—and at the result I could only laugh.

My immediate fear was lest Mrs. Grace and the Grahams would be on the veranda, vaguely expecting to offer me their congratulations. When halfway up the steps I heard voices and knew that they were there. So be it! I had faced worse things in my life; and now I could face that.

But as I advanced up the lawn I saw them moving about and talking with animation. As soon as Mrs. Grace caught sight of me she hurried down the steps, meeting me as I passed among the flower beds. She held a newspaper marked Extra in her hand, and seemed to have forgotten that I had love affairs.

"Have you seen this? Colt, the chauffeur, was at the station and brought it back. It's just come down from New York."

Glad of anything that would distract attention from myself I took the paper in my hand and pretended to be reading it. All I got was the vague information that someone had been assassinated—some man and his morganatic wife. What did it matter to me? What did it matter to anyone? Of all that was printed there only five syllables took possession of my memory—and that because they were meaningless: "Gavrilo Prinzip!"

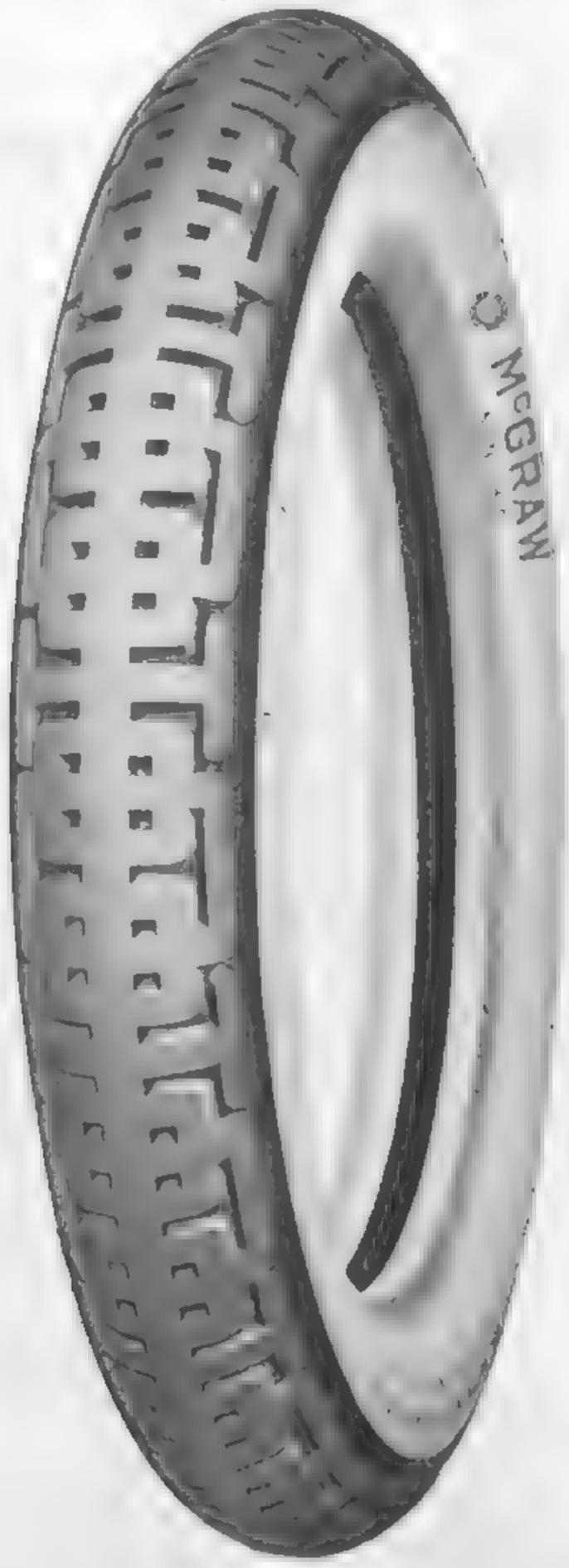
I was repeating them to myself as I handed the paper back, and we exchanged comments of which I have no recollection. More comments were passed with the Grahams, and then, blindly, drunkenly, I made my way to my room.

There I found nothing to do less classic than to sit at the open window, to look over at the red and yellow house on the opposite hill. It was my intention to think the matter out, but my brain seemed to have stopped working. Nothing came to me but those barbaric sounds, that kept repeating themselves with a kind of hiss: "Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip!"

From my stupefied scanning of the paper I hadn't grasped the fact that a name utterly unknown that morning was being flashed round the world at a speed more rapid than that of the earth round the sun. Still less did I suspect that it was to become in its way the most sinister name in history. I kept repeating it only as you repeat senseless things in the minutes before you go to sleep:

"Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



That We May
Ride In Comfort

Introducing

The NEW McGRAW

NON SKID AND
RIBBED TREAD

A PRODUCT upon whose exceptional quality have been concentrated the experience and resources of a long-established manufacturer, with a daily plant capacity of five thousand tires.

5,000 Mile Guarantee

THE McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO. ··· East Palestine, Ohio, U. S. A.

Makers of Pneumatic Tires, Motor Truck Tires and Inner Tubes

1760 Packard Trucks Complete National Truck Efficiency Test

Winning Truck Establishes 3 Months' Record of 952 Points out of 1000—$5025 Awarded in Prizes

THE National Truck Efficiency Test was organized and conducted by the Packard Motor Car Company in co-operation with the efforts of the National Council of Defense and the War Industries Board to put motor trucking on a basis of higher efficiency, and to save railroad facilities for urgent Government uses.

The test consisted of three months' running, all phases of the truck performance and truck costs being recorded daily on the National Standard Truck Cost System, as perfected by the Truck Owners' Conference.

The trucks were divided in three classes, according to capacity.

Prizes were awarded in each class—$1000 to the owner of the winning truck; and to the drivers, $500 for *first*, $100 for *second*, and $75 for *third* best records.

The Prize Winners in the National Truck Efficiency Test

Class A—1½ and 2 ton trucks

FIRST: What Cheer Chemical Co., Pawtucket, R. I., James L. Drury, Driver.

SECOND: Edson, Moore & Co., Detroit, Mich., Edward Dallas, Driver.

THIRD: Edson, Moore & Co., Detroit, Mich., L. Moore, Driver.

Class B—3 and 4 ton trucks

FIRST: H. F. Cherigo & Sons, Baltimore, Md., Lew Bacagnipi, Driver.

SECOND: Salt Lake City Pressed Brick Co., Salt Lake City, Oloff Hanson, Driver.

THIRD: Harper & Wilz, Baltimore, Md., C. Wilz, Driver.

Class C—5 and 6 ton trucks

FIRST: W. M. Hoyt Co., Chicago, Ill., Joseph Brookbank, Driver.

SECOND: Gottfried Krueger Brewing Co., Newark, N. J., Charles Langbein and Joseph Birchler, Drivers.

THIRD: H. F. Cherigo & Sons, Baltimore, Md., J. Butts, Driver.

THIS three months' test of 1760 Packard Trucks in all parts of the United States is the first *all-'round* and nation-wide test of truck hauling ever conducted.

It is the first to consider and record the *transportation factors* that enter into truck efficiency:—

Traffic Conditions	Return Load
Type of Country	Percentage of Capacity
State of Roads	Economy in Gasoline
Type of Tires	Economy in Tires
Running Time	Economy in Oil
Loading and Unloading Time	Economy in Upkeep
Outgoing Load	Wage Cost
	Condition of Truck

Many a truck owner, discovering that his fleet is costing more than it should, finds all his efforts at economy baffled—because he thinks of efficiency only as a matter of trucks.

Truck efficiency depends on *transportation principles.*

There is not a truck owner in the United States but can benefit by the results of the Packard National Truck Efficiency Test.

They are *transportation results.*

They are just as applicable to the single truck as to the fleet—to the little delivery car as to the Packard.

Whether you are a Packard Truck user or not—the Transportation Department of your local Packard Branch or Packard Dealer will be glad to see you. They will talk the thing over with you—show you what transportation results to look for and how to record them day by day on the National Standard Truck Cost System.

One of the most vital things for the Nation today is that every transportation agency shall come as near 100% efficiency as possible.

It is an extension of the Packard program of 100% War Work to give the results of this test to every truck owner or driver who will make use of it—*freely, and without thought of imposing obligation.*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

CAN HAPPEN!

(Continued from Page 9)

Then he went back to his cousin and give him a pack of cigarettes, out of his overflowing heart, and asked where was something he could put his wild animal in and take it to town to his great friend Doctor Hong Foy, who had a desire for it.

The cousin took the cigarettes, but he looked at Lew Wee a long time, like he didn't understand Chinee at all. Lew Wee said it all over again. He wanted something to take the wild animal to town in, because the chicken coop it was now in hadn't any bottom, and was too big anyway.

The cousin again looked at him a long time, like one in a trance. Then, without any silly talk, he went over to the barn and handed Lew Wee a bran sack.

Lew Wee said that was just the thing; and would the cousin come over and help him in case the animal would be timid and not want to go in the sack? The cousin said he would not. And he didn't go back to the artichokes. He went to a bed of cauliflower clear at the other end of the garden, after giving Lew Wee another of them long "Can happen!" looks, which signify that we live in a strange and terrible world.

Lew Wee went back alone to his prize, finding it still calm, like a gentleman in his club. He reassured it with some more cheerful words. He had a thought right then, he says; kind of a sudden fear. He had been told the first day by his cousin, and also by his great friend, Doctor Hong Foy, that the skunk gave out a strong scent disagreeable to many people. But this one he'd caught didn't have any scent of any kind. So mebbe that meant it wasn't in good condition and Doctor Hong Foy wouldn't wish it for twenty-five dollars. However, it was sure a skunk, and looked strong and healthy and worth taking in to the doctor, who could then tell about its condition.

Lew Wee opened the neck of the bag, laid it on the ground close by him, got down on his knees, and carefully raised one side of the coop. The wild animal looked more beautiful than ever; and it didn't seem alarmed, but just the tiniest mite suspicious.

It must of looked like it was saying it was entirely willing to be friendly, but you couldn't ever tell about these Chinamen. Lew Wee reached a hand slowly over toward it and it moved against the back of the coop, very watchful. Then Lew Wee made a quick grab and caught the back of its neck neatly.

Of course this showed at once that a Chinaman wasn't to be trusted, and Lew Wee says it put up a fierce fight, being so quick and muscular as to surprise him. He was fully engaged for at least thirty seconds; the animal clawed and squirmed and twisted, and it bit in the clinches and almost got away. He was breathing hard when he finally got his wild animal into the sack and the neck tied.

He says he didn't actually realize until then, what with all the excitement, that something had gone kind of wrong. He was not only breathing hard but it was hard breathing. He says he felt awful good at that moment. He had been afraid his animal might not be in good condition, but it undoubtedly was. He thought right off that if one in just ordinary good condition was worth twenty-five dollars to Doctor Hong Foy, then this one might be worth as much as thirty-five, or even forty. He thought it must be the best wild animal of that kind in the world.

So he picked up the sack, with his prize squirming and swearing inside, and threw it over his shoulder and started back to the country club. He stopped a minute to thank his cousin once more; but his cousin seen him coming and run swiftly off in a strange manner, as if not wishing to be thanked again. Then Lew Wee went on across a field and over the golf links. His idea was to take the little animal to his room in the clubhouse and keep it there until night, when he could take it into town and get all that money for it. He was quite happy and wished he hadn't scared the poor thing so.

He thought when he got to his room he might let it out of the sack to play round there in freedom during the day. He spent the twenty-five dollars for different things on the way over the golf links. He told me he knew perfectly well that his pet would be likely to attract notice; but he didn't realize how much. A Chinee is a wonder. He can very soon get used to anything.

But Lew Wee never did get to his room again. When he got up near the clubhouse some fine people were getting out of a shiny purple motor car as big as a palace, and they had golf sticks in bags. One of 'em was a big red-faced man with a fierce gray mustache, and this man begun to yell at Lew Wee in a remarkable manner. The words being in a foreign language, he couldn't make 'em out well, but the sense of it was that the big man wanted him to go away from there. Lew Wee knew he wasn't working for this man, who was only a club member; so he paid no attention to him beyond waving his hand friendly, and went on round toward the back entrance.

Then out of the side entrance come the chief steward, also yelling, and this was the man he was working for; so he stopped to listen. It wasn't for long. He lost a good job as cook in no time at all. Of course that never bothers a Chinee any; but when he started in to get his things from his room the steward picked up a golf club with an iron end and threatened to hurt him, and some of the kitchen help run round from the back with knives flashing, and the big red-faced man was yelling to the steward to send for a policeman, and some ladies that had got out of another big car had run halfway across the golf links, as if pursued by something, and more people from the inside come to the door and yelled at him and made motions he should go away; so he thought he better not try to get his things just then. He couldn't see why all the turmoil, even if he had got something in prime condition for his friend Doctor Hong Foy.

It was noticeable, he thought; but nothing to make all this fuss about, especially if the fools would just let him get it to his own room, where it could become quiet again, like when he had first seen it in the trap. But he saw they wasn't going to let him, and the big man had gone in the front way and was now shaking both fists at him through a side window that was closed; so he thought, all right, he'd leave 'em flat, without a cook—and a golf tournament was on that day too! He was twenty-five dollars to the good and he could easy get another job.

So he waved good-by to all of 'em and went down the road half a mile to the car line. He was building air castles by that time. He says it occurred to him that Doctor Hong Foy might like many of these wild animals, at twenty-five dollars each; and he might take up the work steady. It was exciting and sporty, and would make him suddenly rich. Mebbe it wasn't as pleasant work as his cousin did, spending his time round gardens and greenhouses; but it was more adventurous. He really liked it, and he would get even more used to it in time so he wouldn't hardly notice it at all. As he stood there waiting for a trolley car he must of thought up a whole headful of things he'd buy with all these sudden emoluments. Several motor cars passed while he waited, and he noticed that folks in 'em all turned to look at him in an excited way. But he knew all Americans was crazy and liable to be mad about something.

Pretty soon a car stopped and some people got off the front end. They stopped short and begun to look all round 'em in a frightened manner—two ladies and a child and an old man. The conductor also stepped off and looked round in a frightened manner; but he jumped back on the car quick. Lew Wee then hopped on to the back platform, with his baggage, just as it started on. It started quick and was going forty miles an hour by the time he'd got the door open. Then two women in the car screamed at him like maniacs, and before he'd got comfortably set down the conductor had opened the front door and started for him. He got halfway down the car; then he started back and made a long speech at him from the front end, while the car stopped like it had hit a mountain, throwing everyone off their seats.

Lew Wee gathered that he was being directed to get off the car quickly. The other passengers had crowded back by the conductor and was telling him the same thing. One old gentleman with a cane, who mebbe couldn't walk good, had took up his cane and busted a window quick, and had his head outside. Lew Wee thought he was an anarchist, busting up property that way. Also the motorman, who had stopped the car so soon, was now shaking a brass weapon at him over the heads of the others. So he thought he might as well get off the car and save all this talk. He'd got his fare out, but he put it back in his pocket and picked up his sack and went out in a very dignified way, even if they was threatening him. He knew he had something worth twenty-five dollars in his sack, and they probably didn't know it or they wouldn't act that way.

He set down and waited for another car, still spending his money.

The next one slowed down for him; but all at once it started up again more swift than the wind, he says; and he could see that the motorman was a coward about something, because he looked greatly frightened when he flew by the spot. He never saw one go so fast as this one did after it had slowed up for him. It looked like the motorman would soon be arrested for driving his car too fast. He then had the same trouble with another car; it slowed up, but was off again before it stopped, and the people in it looked out at him kind of horrified.

It begun to look like he wasn't going to ride to the city in a trolley car. Pretty soon along the road come a Japanese man he knew. His name was Suzuki Katsuzo; and Lew Wee says that, though nothing but a Japanese, he is in many respects a decent man.

Suzuki passed him, going round in a wide circle, and stopped to give him some good advice. He refused to come a step nearer, even after Lew Wee told him that what he had in the sack was worth a lot of money.

Suzuki was very polite, but he didn't want to come any nearer, even after that. He told Lew Wee he was almost certain they didn't want him on street cars with it, no matter if it was worth thousands of dollars. It might be worth that much, and very likely was if the price depended on its condition. But the best and most peaceful way for Lew Wee was to find a motor car going that way and ask the gentleman driving it to let him ride; he said it would be better, too, to pick out a motor car without a top to it, because the other kind are often shut up too tightly for such affairs as this, like street cars. He said the persons in street cars are common persons, and do not care if a thing is worth thousands of dollars or not if they don't like to have it in the car with them. He didn't believe it would make any difference to them if something like this was worth a million dollars in American gold.

So Lew Wee thanked Suzuki Katsuzo, who went quickly on his way; and then he tried to stop a few motor cars. It seemed like they was as timid as street cars. People would slow up when they seen him in the road, and then step on the gas like it was a matter of life and death. Lew Wee must of said "Can happen!" a number of times that morning.

Finally, along come a German. He was driving a big motor truck full of empty beer kegs, and Lew Wee says the German himself was a drinking man and had been drinking so much beer that he could nearly go to sleep while driving the car.

He slowed up and stopped when he saw Lew Wee in the middle of the road. Lew Wee said he wanted to go to San Francisco and would give the driver a dollar to let him ride back on the beer kegs. The driver said: "Let's see the dollar." And took it and said: "All right, John; get up." Then he sniffed the air several times and said it seemed like there had been a skunk round. Lew Wee didn't tell him he had it in his bag, because the driver might know how much it was worth and try foul play on him to get possession of it. So they started on, and the German, who had been drinking, settled into a kind of doze at the wheel.

Lew Wee was up on the beer kegs and enjoying himself like a rich gentleman riding to the city in his motor car. It was kind of nice, in spite of being used to his pet, to be going through the air so fast.

The German seemed to be getting sobered up by something, and after about five or six miles he stopped the car and yelled to Lew Wee that a skunk had been round this place, too, and mebbe he had

Miller "Fix-All"

Mends Rubber Goods Quickly

Every motorist should carry the Miller "Fix-All" in his tool kit and every home should have it, too.

Tires, tubes, boots, shoes, hose, water bottles, rubber gloves, etc., can all be easily and quickly mended with this outfit. The variety of uses is amazing. This wizard will stop the leak in anything that's rubber.

Home Repair Guide Free

Send your address for our valuable, new 36-page book "Guide to More Tire Mileage," containing many illustrations that show you how to avoid tire troubles and get more miles from your tires and tubes without extra help. No obligation. Send while these books last.

Miller Uniform Cord Tire

Miller GEARED-TO-THE ROAD UNIFORM MILEAGE Tires

Miller Accessories are produced by the makers of the Miller Uniform Tires—the talk of the tire world because of their Uniform Mileage and their cog-like tread that is *Geared-to-the-Road*. Uniform Mileage is solely a Miller achievement accomplished by Uniform hand-work that makes all Millers wear alike under like conditions. The result is a breed of long-distance cord tires—not occasionally some that give great mileage—but 99 in 100.

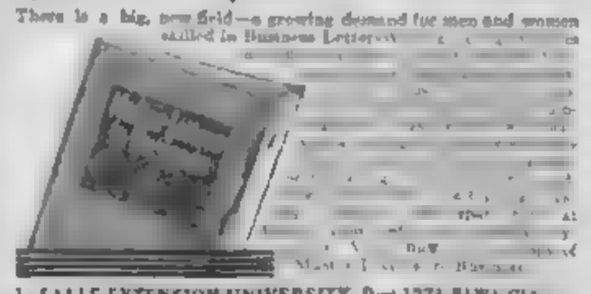
Miller Cords are the big buoyant tires whose elastic action absorbs the road shocks; they wear longer and ride easier than any other type of tire built, including our own Uniform Fabric Tires. If you can't get them now, be sure to when you can.

The Miller Rubber Company
Dept. A79 Akron, Ohio

When having Tires and Tubes repaired by others request the use of Miller Repair Materials and you are sure of a longer-lasting job. (208)

$35 to $100 a Week

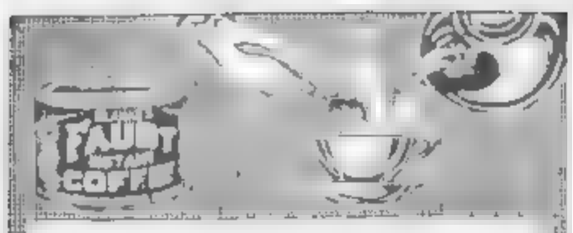
There is a big, new field—a growing demand for men and women skilled in Business Letters



LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept 1271-BLWA, Chicago
The World's Greatest Extension University

NEWSPAPER BLANKETS

[illegible] 120 Marlborough St., Boston, for [illegible] blanket.



Back from the Trenches!

Our entire output of Faust Coffee, in the Instant form, has been going to the boys "over there." They wanted, deserved and got the best of everything that was within the power of the United States to give them. We served "our boys" first—we are now ready to again serve the public.

Faust Coffee and Tea

In the INSTANT FORM

No Pot—No Grounds—No Leaves—No Boiling or Cooking—No Straining—Simply put Soluble Powder in Cup and add Hot Water.

That's all you have to do for the most delicious coffee or tea. You can't make it wrong. It will be the same every time—wonderful in flavor, healthful instead of harmful—economical, convenient, instant.

Purchase Faust Instant Coffee or Tea from grocer. If he does not carry it send dealer's name and 30c (foreign 40c) for Coffee or Tea. Dealers supplied direct or by any jobber. Jobbers write us.

The celebrated, World Famous Faust Coffee and Tea, and the new and delicious combination seasoning—Faust Chile Powder—are also manufactured by us.

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE & TEA
C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO. ST. LOUIS

Fascinated!

TYPEWRITING

NOW TAUGHT A NEW WAY

The New Way in Typewriting

[illegible] commands the highest salaried positions in the profession. A course of home study, so far in advance of any other, that once started your lessons become a fascinating game. You reach the pinnacle of success, big wages and executive positions with very little effort.

MONEY AND TIME SAVER. [illegible] months of [illegible] methods, the NEW WAY [illegible]

FREE. The coupon below will bring you a book containing an account of the NEW WAY in Typewriting. It tells how to become an expert, and explains our system of instructions. Read what [illegible] have done—read about our ridiculously low [illegible] fers, which can be paid little by little. Send [illegible] NOW.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
NEW WAY IN SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING
72 COLLEGE HILL, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

[illegible] Please send Free NEW WAY Typewriting Book to

Name ____

Address ____

An Improved quality U. S. Regulation

CANVAS LEGGING

for Enlisted Men of U. S. Army

Many thousand pairs sold every week. Extra heavy olive drab Duck.

Leather straps inside over Steel springs insure that

THEY DON'T WRINKLE

An acceptable present for any soldier. Also worn by Hunters, Farmers, Miners, Etc.

SOLD by Dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid on receipt of price:

In ordering give calf size.

No. 1501. Split Cowhide Strips, pair ... $2.00

No. 1504. Grain Cowhide Strips and Leather Cuff around bottom, per pair ... $2.50

Money back if you want it.

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO.
Columbus, Ohio

[illegible] makers of Military Officers' Uniforms [illegible] by appointment to U. S.

Write for Catalog

$ EARN MORE MONEY! *You can.* Curtis representatives make from $5.00 to $40 a week in spare time. Let us tell YOU how. The Curtis Publishing Company, 686 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna. $

run over one. Lew Wee looked noncommittal; but the German was getting more wakeful every minute, and after a couple more miles he pulled up again and come round to where Lew Wee was. He says it seems like a skunk has been round everywhere; and, in fact, it seems to be right here now. He sees the sack and wants to know what's in it. But he don't give Lew Wee a chance to lie about it. He was thoroughly awake now and talked quite sober, but bitterly. He ordered Lew Wee to get off of there quickly. Lew Wee says he swore at him a lot. He thinks it was in German. He ain't sure of the language, but he knows it was swearing.

He wasn't going to get off, at first; but the German got a big stick from the roadside and started for him, so he climbed down the other side and started to run. But the cowardly German didn't chase him a single step. He got back in his seat and started down the road quicker than it looked like his truck had been able to travel.

Anyway, Lew Wee was a lot nearer to town, owing to the German not having been sensitive at first; and if worst come to worst he could walk. It looked like he'd have to. Then he saw he'd have to walk, anyway, because this brutal German that put him off the truck hadn't give him back his dollar, and that was all he had. He now put the First High Curse of the One Hundred and Nine Malignant Devils on all Germans. It is a grand curse, he says, and has done a lot of good in China. He was uncertain whether it would work away from home; but he says it did. Every time he gets hold of a paper now he looks for the place where Germans in close formation is getting mowed down by machine-gun fire.

But his money was gone miles away from him by this time; so he started his ten-mile walk. I don't know. It's always been a mystery to me how he could do it. He could get kind of used to it himself, and mebbe he thought the public could do as much. It was an interesting walk he had.

At first, he thought he was only attracting the notice of the vulgar, like when some American ruffians doing a job of repair work on the road threw rocks at him when he stopped to rest a bit. But he soon noticed that rich ladies and gentlemen also seemed to shun him as he passed through little towns. He carried his impetuous burden on a stick over his shoulder and at a distance seemed to be an honest workman; but people coming closer didn't look respectfully at him, by any means. It seemed as if some odium was attached to him.

Once he stopped to pick a big red rose from a bush that hung over the wall in front of a pretty place, and a beautiful child dressed like a little princess stood there; and, being fond of children, like all Chinee men, he spoke to her; but a nurse screamed and run out at him and yelled something in another foreign language. He thinks it was swearing, same as the German, though she looked like a lady. So he went sadly on, smelling of his lovely rose from time to time.

The only way I can figure out how he got through them suburbs is that parties wanted to have him arrested or shot, or something, but wouldn't let him stick round long enough to get it done; they was in two minds about him, I guess: They wished to detain him, but also wished harder to have him away.

So he went on uninjured, meeting murderous looks and leaving excitement in his trail; hearing men threaten him even while they run away from him. It hurt him to be shunned this way—him that had always felt so friendly toward one and all. He couldn't deny it by this time; people was shunning him on account of what Doctor Hong Foy wanted alive and in good condition.

As he worked his way into the city the excitement mounted higher. He took to the middle of the street where he could. Mobs collected behind him and waved things at him and looked like they would lynch him; but they didn't come close enough for that. It seemed like he bore a charmed life in spite of this hostility. When he'd got well into the city a policeman did come up and start to arrest him, but thought better of it and went round a corner. It made him feel like a social cull or an outcast, or something.

He wasn't a bit foolish about his cunning little pet by this time. And it looked as if these crowds of people that gathered behind him would finally get their nerve up to do something with him. They was getting bigger and acting more desperate. When he was on the sidewalk he swept people off into the road like magic, and when he was in the street they would edge close in to the buildings.

It really hurt him. He'd always liked Americans, in spite of their foreign ways, and they had seemed to like him; but now all at once they was looking on him as a yellow peril. He still kept his rose to smell of. He said it was a sweet comfort to him at a time when the whole world had turned against him for nothing at all.

He made for Chinatown by the quietest streets he could pick out, though even on them hardly escaping the lawless mob. But at last he got to the street where Doctor Hong Foy's office was. It was largely a Chinese street and lots of his friends lived there; but even now, when you'd think he'd get kind words and congratulations, he didn't.

His best friends regarded him as one better let alone, and made swift gestures of repulsion when he passed 'em. Quite a crowd followed at a safe distance and gathered outside when he went into Doctor Hong Foy's office. It was a kind of store on the ground floor, so Lew Wee says, with shelves full of rich old Chinee medicines that had a certain powerful presence of their own. But even in here Doctor Hong Foy should of known beyond a doubt what his friend had brought him.

It seemed the doctor had to make sure. He wasn't of the same believing nature as the street-car people and the German and others. He wanted to be shown. So they undone the sack and opened it down to where Doctor Hong Foy could make sure. But their work was faulty and the wild animal didn't like handling after its day of mistreatment. It had been made morbid, I guess. Anyway, it displayed an extremely nervous tendency and many impetuous movements, and bit Doctor Hong Foy in the thumb. Then his first owner tried to grab him and the pet wriggled away on to a tray of dried eel gizzards, or something, and off that to the open door.

The little thing run into the front of the large crowd that had waited outside and had a wonderful effect on it. Them in the center tried to melt away, but couldn't on account of them on the outside; so there was fights and accidents, and different ones tromped on, and screams of fear. And this brought a lot bigger crowd that pressed in and made the center ones more anguished. I don't know. That poor animal had been imposed on all day and must of been overwrought. It was sore vexed by now and didn't care who knew it. Lots of 'em did.

Of course Lew Wee dashed out after his property, hugging the sack to his chest; and, of course, he created just as much disturbance as his little pet had. Policemen was mingling with the violence by this time and adding much to its spirit. One public-spirited citizen grabbed Lew Wee in spite of its being distasteful; but he kicked the poor man on the kneecap and made a way through the crowd without too much trouble.

He wasn't having any vogue whatever in that neighborhood. He run down a little side street, up an alley, and into a cellar he knew about, this cellar being the way out of the Young China Progressive Association when they was raided up the front stairs on account of gambling at poker.

He could hear the roar of the mob clear from there. It took about an hour for this to die down. People would come to see what all the excitement was about, and find out almost at once; then they'd try to get away, and run against others coming to find out, thus producing a very earnest riot. There was mounted policemen and patrol wagons and many arrests, and an armed posse hunting for the escaped pet and shooting up alleys at every little thing that moved. They never did find the pet, so one of Lew Wee's cousins wrote him; which made him sorry on account of Doctor Hong Foy and the twenty-five or mebbe thirty dollars.

He lay hid in this cellar till dark; then started out to find his friends and get something to eat. He darned near started

everything all over again; but he dodged down another alley and managed to get some noodles and chowmain at the back door of the Hong-Kong Grill, where a tong brother worked. He begun to realize that he was a marked man. The mark didn't show; but he was. He didn't know what the law might do to him. It looked like at least twenty years in some penal institution, if not hanging; and he didn't want either one.

So he borrowed three dollars from the tong brother and started for some place where he could lead a quiet life. He managed to get to Oakland, though the deck hands on the ferryboat talked about throwing him overboard. But they let him live if he would stay at the back end till everyone, including the deck hands, was safe off or behind something when the boat landed. Then he wandered off into the night and found a freight train. He didn't care where he went—just somewhere where they wouldn't know about his crime.

He rode a while between two freight cars; then left that train and found a blind baggage on a passenger train that went faster and near froze him to death. He got off, chilled in the early morning, at some little town and bought some food in a Chinee restaurant, and also got warm. But he hadn't no more than got warm when he was put out of the place, right by his own people.

It was warm outside by this time, so he didn't mind it so much. The town did, though. It must of been a small town, but he says thousands of men chased him out of it about as soon as he was warmed up enough to run. He couldn't understand this, because how could they know he was the one that caused all that trouble in San Francisco?

He got a freight train outside the town and rode on and on. He says he rode on for weeks and weeks; but that's his imagination. It must of been about three days, with spells of getting off for food and to get warmed when he was freezing, and be chased by these wild hill tribes when he had done the latter. It put a crimp into his sunny nature—all this armed pursuit of him. He says if he had been a Christian, and believed in only one God, he would never of come through alive, it taking about seventy-four or five of his own gods to protect him from these maddened savages. He had a continuous nightmare of harsh words and blows. He wondered they didn't put him in jail; but it seemed like they only wanted to keep him going.

Of course it had to end. He got to Spokane finally and sneaked round to a friend that had a laundry; and this friend must of been a noble soul. He took in the outcast and nursed him with food and drink, and repeatedly washed his clothes. Wanting a ranch cook about that time, I got in touch with him through another cousin, who said this man wanted very much to go out into a safe country, and would never leave it, because of unpleasantness in getting here.

It was ten days after he got there that I saw him first, and I'll be darned if he was any human sachet even then. But after hearing his story I knew that time would once more make him fit for human association. He told me his story with much feeling this first time and he told it to me about once a week for three months after he got here—pieces of it at a time. It used to cheer me a lot. He was always remembering something new. He said he liked the great silence and peace of this spot.

You couldn't tell him to this day that his belief about the savage hill tribes ain't sound. He believes anything "can happen" in that country down there. Doctor Hong Foy never paid him the twenty-five, of course, though admitting that he would of done so if the animal had not escaped, because he was in such good condition, for a skunk, that he was worth twenty-five dollars of any doctor's money. I don't know. As I say, they're friendly little critters; but it's more money than I would actually pay for one.

Through two closed doors the whine of the fiddle still penetrated. Perhaps Lew Wee's recent loss had moved him to play later than was his custom, pondering upon the curious whims that stir the gods when they start to make things happen. But he was still no cynic. Over and over he played the little air which means: "Life comes like a bird-song through the open windows of the heart."

Radiant Heat

Gas saves coal. And the Lawson Odorless Room Heater saves gas. Multiplied economy!—in your interest and in the Nation's.

Different from open-flame or reflector stoves, the Lawson Odorless operates on the Radiant Heat Principle—*projected rays*, like the sun's. The radiant heat waves penetrate but are not absorbed by the atmosphere; do not wastefully rise to the ceiling. They are vibrated directly to surrounding objects. The air you breathe remains pure, fresh, invigorating—no stuffiness; no devitalized atmosphere. Health!

With the Lawson Odorless you'll experience an enveloping warmth that is fine to feel; and a deep red glow of cheery hospitality from the heater's "glowing heart" that is inviting and restful.

The *Lawson* Odorless is Safe

The burners of the Lawson Odorless are doubly protected—both by an inner "core" and by an outer steel jacket. No open, flickering flame! Swishing skirts or wafted draperies cannot touch the flame. Sudden drafts cannot extinguish the jets—no escaping gas.

The Lawson Odorless is powerful. It takes up little space, yet gives out more heat than ordinary stoves of larger size and higher price. Ornamental, too.

There is an economical size for the largest to the smallest space: hall, living-room, bed-room, nursery, den, bath—any one or all made cosily warm in a few minutes.

Let your Hardware, Department or House-furnishing Store, or your Gas Company, show you the *Lawson* Odorless

DEALERS: Lawson Odorless Gas Heaters are every inch the heating marvels they are advertised to be. The room heaters of today! Carried in stock and supplied to dealers by the following

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

Baltimore	Edward Hoeriche	Lancaster, Pa	Herr & Co	Portsmouth, O	Portsmouth Supply & Mfg Co.
Baltimore	Jas. Robertson Mfg				
		Los Angeles	Holbrook Merrill & Stetson Co.	San Antonio	Pioneer Hdwe. Co.
				San Francisco, Holbrook Merrill & Stetson Co.	
				Syracuse	W. A. Case & Son Mfg. Co.
Charlotte, N. C.					
Charleston, W. Va.				Texarkana, Ark.	
Cincinnati					
Cedar Rapids, Ia.				Wheeling	
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Wilson & Pugh	Manhattan	A. Behrer & Co.	Wichita Falls, Tex.	
Fort Worth	Nash Hardware Co.	Brooklyn	W. A. Case & Son Mfg. Co.	Toronto, Canada	Hermant Sales Co.
Houston	Cortes Hdwe. Co.	Oklahoma City	Miller-Jackson Co.	Adelaide, Australia, Austral-American Sales Co.	
Huntington, W. Va.	Emmons	Philadelphia	Borden Stove Co.		

DISTRIBUTORS: Now is the time for you to secure territory for 1919. Act promptly.

Patented
Dec. 6, 1910
Feb. 10, 1914
Dec. 22, 1914
May 1, 1917
May 28, 1918
July 9, 1918

SIZES

No.	Rooms
0	6 x 8 ft.
210	10 x 12 ft.
220	14 x 16 ft.
230	18 x 20 ft.

A CHRISTMAS HINT: The kiddies will be up early Christmas morning. First thing, light the Lawson Odorless. Cozy warmth in no time! And *safety*—no danger of tree or tiny frocks igniting. Real Christmas cheer for the whole family!

Insist upon having the genuine—look for the name Lawson. Write us for descriptive folder.

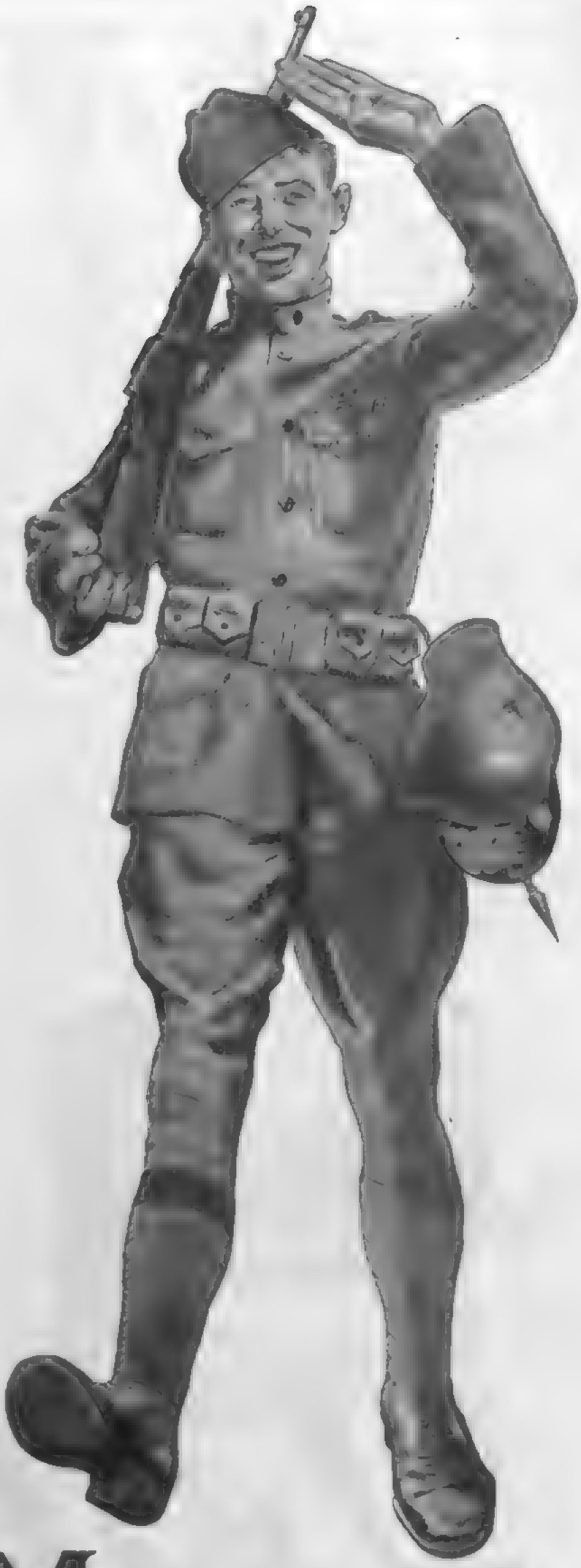
If your dealer cannot supply you, advise us and we will see that you get the Lawson Odorless without delay.

Lawson Mfg. Co.
of Pittsburgh

Eastern Representative
Address
New York City

Lawson Odorless Gas Heater

When Johnny comes marching home



He has cleaned up over there.

The Croix de Guerre and the D. S. Cross jingle on his khaki blouse.

And now the job is done, he is looking toward the setting sun—thinking of the big home-coming.

On this side every one of us is ready with the glad hand of welcome.

Howdy, Boy! We're PROUD of you!

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Springfield, Massachusetts

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Indian Motocycle

THE FLYING SAILORS

(Continued from Page 13)

and coming back; but it wasn't all that sort. There was a trip, for example, that some of our men made from a base in England, covering four hundred and seventy miles and lasting for seven hours and ten minutes, a trip that had action enough in it to suit a glutton for that sort of thing. In order that the reader may visualize the trip, which is one of many, it may be well to set the events down chronologically before spinning the yarn of it. The plane left the water at a place in England at 12:00 P. M. with Captain Barker; Lieutenant Galvayne; Ensign Keyes; and two sailors—Reid, who was engineer, and Hopkins, who was wireless man. The log runs as follows:

12:00 to 12:55	Flew along coast to X ——, 48 miles
12:55 to 12:57	Circled round ——
12:57 to 2:25	Flew toward Dutch coast, 82 miles.
2:25	Sighted Haaks Lightship.
2:40	Dutch coast on starboard beam.
2:40 to 3:15	Followed Dutch coast.
3:15 to 3:35	Circled round Plane No. ——, which had gone down on water with broken petrol pipe.
3:35	Five hostile planes sighted, steering west.
3:35 to 3:50	Chased hostile planes east.
3:50	Returned to plane on water.
3:55 to 4:06.	Resumed chase enemy planes.
4:15	Observed hostile planes coming on us from north.
4:25	Proceeded to intercept hostile planes.
4:35 to 4:55	General action with ten enemy planes.
4:55	Cut off from formation and attacked by seven enemy planes.
5:00 . . .	Lieutenant Galvayne killed.
5:10 to 5:20.	Fight continued.
5:20	Enemy planes turned back.
5:45	Forced to go down on water because of broken petrol pipe.
5:55	Repairs made. Took off again.
6:50	Land sighted.
7:10	Landing made at ——.

Those were seven crowded hours for the men in the planes. Their orders were to make a long reconnaissance to the coast of Holland, engage any hostile planes that might appear, and get back whenever fortune allowed them to. There were five planes in the expedition, the three that started at ——, and two others that joined forty-eight miles up the English coast. It was within a minute or two of one o'clock when they swung into formation and went whirring off toward Holland. Presently they picked up the Haaks lightship, and a few minutes later the coast of Holland. They went on up the coast, near enough to the shore to see the waves breaking on the sand and the tidy Dutch houses that stood alongshore.

Small Boy Tactics

All this time they had been in strict formation and had seen no Huns, nor anything else save a large number of fishing smacks. Then the plane of the leader began to wabble and the pilot made a descent to the water, signaling that something had gone wrong and that he must make repairs. A disabled sea plane on the water is as defenseless as a turtle on its back. Any passing plane of evil intent may do almost what it pleases with it in the way of peppering it to destruction with machine-gun fire or smashing it with bombs, for the opportunity of come-back is limited and usually ineffectual. Knowing this the four other planes circled about the plane on the water, watching and warding until the repairs should be made.

Five black specks appeared in the air. In two minutes they had developed into boche planes, steering west.

"Five enemy planes sighted," they signaled to the captain of the squadron, who with his men was tinkering with a broken petrol pipe and talking lurid language about their luck.

"Go to it," signaled the captain.

The four planes went to it, full speed, and here I must take up the story of one of the planes, the one Barker and Galvayne and Keyes were in. Barker was at the wheel, Galvayne beside him. His duties were to keep lookout over the cowl and to direct the pilot. Keyes was in the front cockpit with a machine gun and four hundred rounds of ammunition, and the two seamen were in the after cockpit with three machine guns. Every ounce of energy those engines had was thrown in, and the four big planes in battle formation steered directly for the Huns.

The Huns were not taking any. Before they were in range they turned and sped away along the track they had come. They were too fast for the pursuers, distanced them, and soon were but specks in the blue. The pursuers came back and began circling round the disabled plane again, and the objurgations of the men in it were loud enough to penetrate the noise of the propellers and the chug of the engines. It certainly was hard luck to be down on the water with Huns flying about.

A few minutes later the Huns came on again, this time from a different direction, but now there were but four of them. Another Hun, a small scout, was flying rapidly away from the scene, toward Borkum. The Huns came on, but when pursuit began they turned and ran away. They made a wide circle and started in again, flying directly toward the Allies. Their tactics were exactly like a small boy trying to tease another small boy to chase him by running up and then dodging back. As soon as pursuit began they fled precipitately.

The Allies were rather bored by this, and had given up hope of getting into contact with them, when the German teasers were observed on their way in again.

One More Riffle

"Let's give them another riffle," said Galvayne.

The pursuers swung into battle formation for the fourth time, hoping that the Huns would stick. Both the Huns and the pursuers were up about fifteen hundred feet. The Huns were easy to see, as they were painted black. They stood sharply out against the cloudless sky.

Someone happened to look down at the surface of the water. There was an odd movement along it. Then it was discovered that the four black Huns were but scouts and had no intention of giving battle, for flying down below, very close to the water, were ten larger German planes, painted green and hard to pick up against the green of the sea. A minute later five more of these low-flying planes were made out. Then it was quite apparent what was going on. The scouts had merely been diverting the attention of the Allies until reënforcements came up, not caring to engage on even terms. The fellows down below were the fighters.

The black scouts went out of the picture then, for the Allies nosing together drove straight at the middle of the low-flyers, and they accepted the challenge. Nine of them rose sharply to meet the rush. Four flew on the port side and five on the starboard side, and two flew directly beneath the Allies and fired straight up at them.

The machine guns began to pop immediately. Every gunner on every plane, both Allied and Hun, turned loose all he had.

The air was soon filled with smoke, for in airship ammunition there are a certain number of smoke or tracer bullets in order that the gunner may see which way his shots are going and whether he is making any hits. The range was mostly about two hundred yards, but some firing was done as close as a hundred yards. The rattle of the guns, the whir of the propellers, the chugging of the engines—made enough noise to have been heard at Amsterdam. It was a real fight, for the Huns kept at it steadily, and the Allies were pumping bullets into them, hundreds to the minute.

Keyes in the forward cockpit had four Hun planes to shoot at. They were at his level and about two hundred yards away. He took a quick look round and noticed that Lieutenant Galvayne was apparently stooping down. His head and one arm were on his seat, and his other arm extended as if he were reaching for something. A little later Keyes looked back again and saw that Galvayne had not moved. Then Keyes saw that Galvayne's head was in a pool of blood. He had been hit.

Things began to get more complicated after that. The fight was a running one. The Allied planes steered east, circled, and the Huns swooped round them. The firing was continuous. After making a large circle the plane that held Keyes and the body of Galvayne was cut off from the formation and surrounded by seven of the enemy

NEW and better things, new and better ways of preparing the familiar things, progress—are the result of constant effort. The Heinz Experimental Kitchen, with its adjoining room for the "tasting committee," is a visible indication of the Heinz policy to produce the best always.

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
BEANS

Save Meat, Wheat and Money

Baked Beans, better than any other food, will help you solve the problem of maintaining a good table at the lowest cost. Heinz Baked Beans are a complete food in themselves—they furnish all the nourishment of meat and bread and they do it at no sacrifice of appetite. For Heinz Baked Beans have a flavor that made them a familiar and welcome dish in thousands and thousands of households in days when high food prices were an undreamed-of factor in America.

Heinz Baked Beans are actually baked in real dry-heated ovens. For variety and to please all tastes they are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

One of the 57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

The Elliott-Fisher Way

A GIRL and Elliott-Fisher The Bookkeeping Machine will do in one writing all the work that usually requires three or four writings and several computations to accomplish.

With The Bookkeeping Machine one operation writes the items on the customer's statement, posts them to the ledger and makes the *proof sheet*—an itemized journal of all entries.

This one operation also does all the adding, subtracting and balancing of figures.

Elliott-Fisher The Bookkeeping Machine does the work neatly, swiftly and furnishes written proof of the accuracy of the work as it proceeds.

Your bookkeeping requirements have no angles or tangles which cannot be straightened out for good by Elliott-Fisher The Bookkeeping Machine.

The use of Elliott-Fisher The Bookkeeping Machine saves time and labor, keeps the books balanced and the expense down.

For particulars of Elliott-Fisher service write or telephone our nearest office.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
121 Elliott Parkway Harrisburg, Pa.

Elliott-Fisher
Bookkeeping Machine
with the Proof Sheet and the Flat Writing Surface

planes. That made it rather imperative to get out of that particular place and back to formation, and the gunners on the American plane went at it with increased fervor. They fought a running fight with the seven Huns for about ten miles, and then the Huns retreated. One Hun went down out of control and made a most splashy landing. Another was badly hit, side-slipped and dropped in flames. The remaining five set off for their base at highest speed, and the American slowed up a bit to take stock.

"Port engine petrol pipe is broken, sir," reported the engineer.

That meant going down to the water, a most unhealthful place in the circumstances, but there was nothing else to do. So down they went, and if ever a broken petrol pipe was repaired in a hurry that one was. They had the break patched in ten minutes. Meantime they had loosened Lieutenant Galvayne's clothing, laid him out in the cockpit, and had discovered that his heart was still beating feebly. They rose to fifteen hundred feet, took their bearings and started for shore, making a landing at ten minutes past seven. Lieutenant Galvayne died on the way back. A shot had gone through his head, striking in his mouth and coming out behind his ear. The plane was riddled. It had been a lively afternoon.

This action was a combined action of American and British aviators, for the Americans were stationed at and flew from a British station. It shows not only that the American aviators were well suited for their work but demonstrates the close cooperation that existed between the British Navy and the American Navy in all branches of naval endeavor during the war. This is a story of an average day's work. There are many such. Sea planes or no sea planes of their own in the earlier days, the American naval flyers have had opportunity to show their skill and courage, and have shown it.

Many of the naval flyers were naval reserve men who came into the service at the beginning of the war, men of high type of intelligence, gallant, courageous, educated and keen; young, of course, mostly less than twenty-five years. They have done exceptionally well even when contrasted with the British flyers, whose work has been so magnificent and has never had its due meed of praise.

Busy Days for D. S. Ingalls

I happened on some reports of the flying of Lieut. D. S. Ingalls, of the United States Naval Reserve. I do not know Lieutenant Ingalls, but he seems to be a good type of our naval flyers. He was reasonably busy between August thirteenth and October second, when the completed record of his services ends, albeit I have no doubt he did good things after that. Ingalls had been both bombing and fighting. On the night of August thirteenth he flew over to the Varsenaere aërodrome belonging to the Huns, fired six hundred and fifty rounds of machine-gun bullets into it and dropped four bombs which made the Huns quite unhappy, for though Ingalls was flying very low they did not hit him with their archies.

He tried his hand at low bombing again on September fifteenth—very low, the Huns consider it—and this time he visited Uytkerke aërodrome. He fired four hundred rounds this time, and dropped four bombs. On his return he shot down a German machine.

One bombing expedition a day, or night, did not meet with the requirements of this young man for action, so on September twenty-second he had a hand in four. He dropped four bombs on German ammunition wagons at Handzaeme, and blew up some of them. He got two direct hits on the Thourout railway station. He dropped four bombs on an ammunition hut at Wercken and set it afire, and he dropped four more bombs and shot up a horse transport near Gits. There were four others in this party, and they killed twenty-five Germans and thirty-five German horses. A week later he did a lot of execution on a large camp at St. Michel.

He made three trips across with cargoes of bombs on October first, hitting a train at Lichtervelde, and dropping down almost to the ground on the way back for another load to pay his machine-gun attentions to a horse transport. On the second trip he discovered a barn near Cortemarck where two hundred Germans had taken shelter, and he messed that place up frightfully, also the Germans therein, by landing a bomb on it. He got an ammunition dump near Hoogledе on the third trip.

Next night he made two low bomb raids. He set fire to a farmhouse that was sheltering Germans near Thourout, and bombed two large guns near by, killing several of the gun crew. Then he flew down over them and peppered those remaining in sight with his machine gun. He also did some execution on a horse transport near Zevecote.

While engaged in these activities Ingalls also devoted some of his time to fighting Huns. He was on a machine that got a German two-seater on August eleventh, and had a fight with a German on August twenty-first, after which the German crashed. On the eighteenth of September he was a party to the destruction of a German kite balloon, which fell in flames and with commendable enterprise hit a Hun hangar, which promptly caught fire also. The fire extended to two other hangars, and all these were consumed, which is a remarkable circumstance. It was not often that a hit on a kite balloon destroyed three hangars as well as the balloon itself.

Famous Air Battles

Ingalls and his companion fighter got a German machine on September fifteenth over Ostend; and on the twentieth while on escort duty his squadron ran into a little German outfit consisting of four Fokkers. There was a dog fight, in which all the Camels of the squadron Ingalls was with and the Fokkers engaged; and one Fokker went down, burning. He was in on the destruction of a Rumpler on September twenty-fourth, and had a second gorgeous fight on the same day. He was in a party of four Camels, and they were flying at sixteen thousand feet when they saw twelve German Fokker biplanes at the same height. The Camels went in like streaks of lightning. Captain Brown, in one of the Camels, engaged a Fokker at point-blank range and got it. It folded its wings and dropped, done. Another Fokker, which was chased down to two hundred feet, crashed.

All this time Ingalls was fighting a Fokker away from another Camel which had been shot through the petrol tank, and the fourth member of the Camel group was hard at it with another. This Fokker was hit and downed. The result of that fight, which ranged from sixteen thousand feet in the air to the ground, was that three of the Fokkers were destroyed, and that the Camels came through with no other damage than perforations of planes and the spoiled petrol tank.

Camels, it may be said, are a type of the British one-man fighting machine, fast, mobile and very effective. On all these trips Ingalls was flying as attached to a British station, and was in company with British flyers, all of whom were as efficient as he was in every way. I speak of Ingalls throughout this little narrative of fighting that is merely typical of the fighting that was continuous on that Front and elsewhere, because he is an American, and what he did is also typical of the way the Americans and the British worked together as well as of the sort of flyers the Americans were. Deserving of credit as Ingalls is, he wasn't the only one. There were plenty more like him among the American aviators.

PAIGE
The Most Serviceable Truck in America
MOTOR TRUCKS

The Return of Peace, that glorious consummation for which we have all fought and hoped and prayed, enables us at last to make public a Peace-Policy of the Paige.

It is with great pride and satisfaction that we announce a complete line of Paige Motor Trucks.

Our just and proper obligation to our Government and our complete absorption in War Work have, up to this hour, deterred us from departing from the one vital task to which we set ourselves. That task is done. And now the Paige, along with the other great American industrial organizations who have given their all to the Cause, is permitted to enjoy the rewards of a well-won Peace.

The entry of this company into the American truck field is a logical step in the expansion of the Paige institution. Ten years of experience in building high-grade motor cars have supplied an unusually broad perspective in the essentials of designing and manufacturing.

As a matter of record, our activity in the motor truck field covers several years. Paige trucks had been designed and built when our Country entered the War.

Then, when it became our duty to turn to War Work, the Paige Company, because of its large facilities, experience and reputation, was selected along with several other representative Companies to build trucks for over-seas duty—to help Win the War.

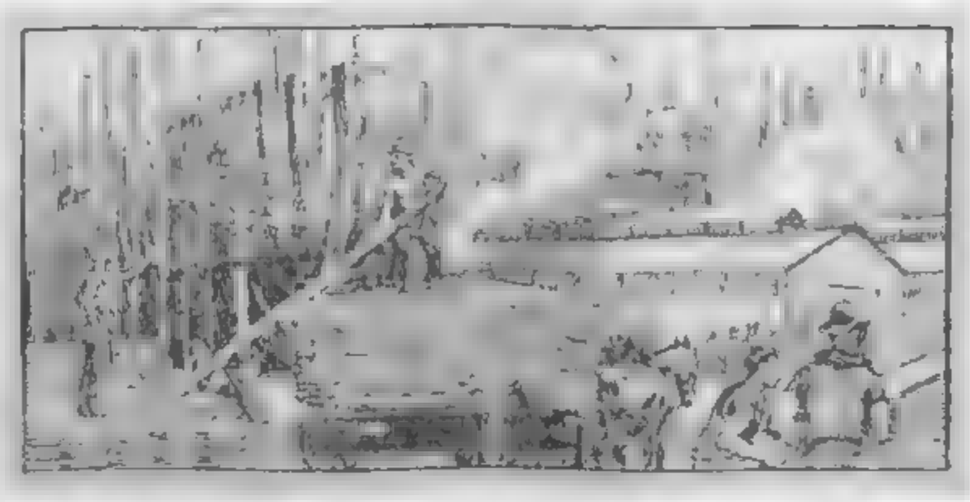
This War Work not only greatly expanded our Engineering Department, but also gave it a great breadth of experience in truck designing. It perfected our methods, our precision and quality of manufacture. Daily deliveries of trucks to the Government this past year offer the best proof that Paige has kept faith and kept pace.

However, to meet the pressing War-Time needs of the Government we have been obliged enormously to increase our manufacturing facilities. As a result, we now have one of the largest and most completely equipped truck plants in the Country. Therefore, now that Peace has come we are enabled to assist in a World-Work, scarcely less vital and tremendous than Winning the War. That is the reconstruction of the War-Wrecked World. That is America's task now. And America's greatest contribution, in Peace and War, to the Transportation Need of the Hour is the Motor Truck. To assume our share of the Work and responsibility is now the purpose and privilege of the Paige.

As the result of these exceptional opportunities and this thorough preparation, we now offer in the Paige truck a product worthy of an honorable name-plate, designed to uphold every tradition of Paige Quality, a motor truck intended to be and firmly believed to be the most serviceable truck in America.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

To the loggers and lumbermen of our



WOOD

Wood is a primal need for purposes of peace or for waging war.

New construction and reconstruction will make unprecedented demands upon America's great lumber industry.

The way through the forest must be cleared with explosives. Blasting is the quickest and most economical method of pushing logging roads and railroads back among the big trees. It is the efficient means of turning logged-off land into productive acres.

More careful blasting will secure better results with less expenditure of powder. Lumbermen who wish to reduce costs and improve wasteful methods are invited to avail themselves of the counsel and assistance of our Service Division. Whatever your blasting problems may be, we will work shoulder to shoulder with you to solve them.

ATLAS POWDER CO. **Wilmington, Del.**

Sales Offices: Allentown (Pa.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston, Chicago, Des Moines (Ia.), Houghton (Mich.), Joplin (Mo.), Kansas City, Knoxville, McAlester (Okla.), Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg (Kans.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Pottsville (Pa.), St. Louis, Wilkes-Barre.

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

W.S.S. THRIFT STAMPS AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

A LITTLE BUNCH OF TEMPERAMENT

(Continued from Page 6)

awkward situation. For is it not as difficult, when one considers it, to tell the other woman about one's wife as to tell one's wife about the other woman?

III

NOT at any time had there been in Wickett's mind a moment's doubt as to the sincerity with which he looked forward to his wife's return. Certain subsequent accountings he did not, to be sure, anticipate with pleasure; but having planned with much care the precise manner in which these accountings should be made in order to produce the least unfavorable impression, and being, moreover, of habitually optimistic nature, he was in a cheerful frame of mind even with regard to these possible embarrassments as he went to the station to meet her.

How glad, how very glad he would be to see her he had not fully realized until, walking rapidly down the concrete platform toward the rear of a long express train which had just rolled slowly in, he saw Molly step from the Morvens' car.

Molly! His own fine, open-hearted, lovely, level-headed Molly, with her clear, candid eyes like those of a Madonna, yet capable of showing humorous appreciation, too, upon occasion. What a lucky dog he was to have a wife like that! Yes, and how unworthy. What in the name of common sense was it that turned him every now and then into a philandering fool? At the sight of her a window seemed to open in his soul admitting a great gust of purifying feeling, as when a long unventilated room, filled with the smoke of cigarettes and Chinese punk, is suddenly thrown open to the sun and wind.

The children, whom he had taken down to meet her, rushed forward crying, "Mother! Mother!" and a moment later all four of them were reunited in a family embrace.

No need to ask if the trip had done her good. She was radiant—ten years younger in appearance than when she went away.

That evening they celebrated her return by having supper with the children, after which she told in glowing words of the trip—the horseback ride through the Yosemite, the redwoods, the festivities in San Francisco, the Seventeen Mile Drive and house parties at Burlingame and Pebble Beach.

In accordance with the plan that he had formulated Wickett refrained that evening from mentioning Maida to his wife. His first impulse when he had something to confess was to do so as soon as possible and get it over with; but the thought had come to him as he pondered the present problem that to rush immediately into explanations would be to advertise the fact that the subject of those explanations was uppermost in his mind; whereas, by waiting a day and then beginning with some such phrase as "Oh, by the way," he hoped to make the tale he had to tell seem casual.

His plan was exceedingly complete. It included maneuvers designed to bring Molly to the proper frame of mind, and details as to the proper time and place for the confession.

He began now to pave the way.

"Don't make any engagement for tomorrow afternoon," he said. "I have some tickets for a recital."

"A recital!" Her tone expressed the amazement that she felt. "You mean you're going to take me?"

"Yes, of course," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

He had not realized that she would be so much surprised. She was staring at him with a look of puzzlement amounting almost to alarm.

"What kind of recital?"

"Piano. Rubinovich in a Brahms program."

"Brahms?" she echoed, the depth of her mystification increased.

"Yes. You've always liked Brahms."

"I didn't know you even knew it."

"Of course I knew it."

She continued to gaze at him with that curious look. Never before had such a suggestion come from him. Her musical life had been led apart from her husband, save when he had been obliged to escort her to the opera, and on the one occasion, back in 1909, when he had voluntarily taken her to a symphony concert to celebrate her recovery after the birth of little Shelley. But a piano recital! And Brahms! What could it mean?

"Well, it's dear of you!" she exclaimed, preferring, wifelike, to believe as long as possible that the extraordinary manifestation constituted a disinterested act of devotion.

"I'm glad you're pleased," he replied virtuously.

"I am—enormously. But how did you—what gave you the idea?"

"Naturally," he returned, "I wished to celebrate your homecoming."

"Dear boy!" she said, and kissed him on the top of his head.

Wickett felt that he had reason to be well pleased with the result of this preliminary operation. It was, of course, a part of the plan. After the Brahms recital it was his intention to propose that they stay downtown, dining at a quiet little French restaurant, a favorite place of theirs. Then, having plied her with the sort of music and the sort of viands she liked best, when they had sipped their claret and drunk their after-dinner coffee and he had lighted a good Havana—then he would watch for an opening for his "Oh, by the way, Molly, there's someone I want to have meet you when we can arrange it."

Next afternoon he managed to endure the incomprehensible recital by continually reflecting that Molly at his side was clearly enjoying it, that they were to have a good dinner, and that his propitiatory plans had so far worked without a hitch. So, too, a little later at dinner. They sat side by side upon an upholstered seat, back to the wall, whence they could inspect the other diners while enjoying their own repast. From every point of view it was as perfect a little dinner as he could have wished. And when with the coming of the coffee Molly chanced to speak of some Californians she had met, saying they had promised to let her know when later in the winter they came to New York, Wickett felt confident that the gods were helping him.

"That will be fine," he said. "I like Californians." Then: "By the way, Molly, that reminds me, there's someone I want to have meet you when we can manage it. You see, while you were ——"

"Oh! Then that's it?" she said, a quizzical look in her eyes.

He felt disconcerted.

"That's what?" he asked, trying to look guileless.

"That's what you have to tell me."

"Yes," he returned; "I was just starting to tell you."

"I knew it," she averred, "the minute you said 'by the way.'"

Already he was thoroughly uncomfortable. He hoped his face did not reveal the fact. He wished that Molly would not look at him that way—so steadily, and with that air of seeing through him and finding what she saw amusing. He thought it safer to ignore her last remark.

"Well, as I was about to say, while you were away I naturally made it my business to keep in close touch with the children. I breakfasted with them every morning—never missed a morning—and at night I either had dinner with them or else came home and saw them before going out. Of course, I did go out some. For instance, there was the bazaar. You left the tickets for me, you remember? Well, that was ——"

"Did you take her to the bazaar?"

"Take her? Who?"

"The person of whom you have been telling me."

"But I haven't told you."

"Oh, yes." She smiled frankly now.

He felt the color mounting to his temples.

"No, I haven't." He wished to demand "When did I begin telling you?" but was deterred by a hideous feeling that she might refer to the recital. It was uncanny the way Molly got at things!

"Never mind, then," she said, still smiling. "Go on, Shelley. Is she anyone I know?"

"No," he replied, surrendering.

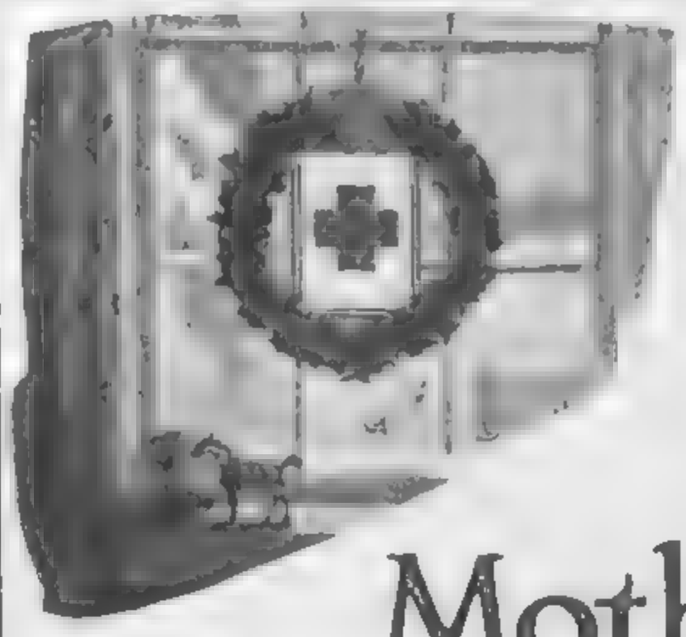
"Someone you met at the bazaar?"

"Yes—I met her at the bazaar. Why?"

Molly laughed outright.

"Are you very miserable, dear?"

For the first time he was frank.



Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was someone around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smooth my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

And that's the reason I'm going to answer "Present!" at the

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16–23

"Join the Red Cross—all you need is a heart and a dollar"

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

Good Plumbing Means Good Ventilation

AT this time of year, when cold weather makes it necessary to keep windows and doors closed, the relation of plumbing to ventilation should be considered.

Sanitary plumbing, properly installed and maintained, provides for its own ventilation. It insures against impure air or sewer gas entering the building and contaminating the air the occupants breathe.

If, however, the traps under fixtures are neglected, waste pipes become sluggish or foul, fixtures are not kept clean and the fresh air inlets are clogged, it may defeat the purpose for which installed.

Plumbing is, in many respects, one of the most vital elements of a building and should be treated accordingly. To be sure of its condition

Consult Your Contracting Plumber

Have Him Go Over All the Plumbing in Your Building

1. Have your drainage system tested to detect leaks which might allow impure air or sewer gas to escape into building.
2. Have all traps under fixtures examined to see that they are secure. New washers may make them as good as when originally installed.
3. Make sure that all waste pipes drain properly.
4. Do not throw grease or coarse articles into fixtures. They cause pipes to clog.
5. Keep all fixtures and parts clean. They are intended to promote sanitation, ventilation and health.

Good plumbing is durable, but it is not reasonable to expect it to thoroughly perform its functions for a period of years without an occasional examination by a Contracting Plumber who understands it.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Makers of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

Pittsburgh

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	E. ST. LOUIS	16 COLLINSVILLE AVE.	LOUISVILLE	319 W. MAIN
NEW YORK (EX. DEPT.)	30 BROAD	CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. & TENTH ST.
NEW YORK WAREHOUSE	35TH ST. & 11TH AVE.	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.
BOSTON	166 DEVONSHIRE	TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE	NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE
BOSTON WAREH'SE	122 GRANITE ST.	COLUMBUS	243-255 S. THIRD	HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
PHILADELPHIA	WALNUT	CANTON	1108 SECOND ST. N. E.	DALLAS	1900-1906 JACKSON
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	YOUNGSTOWN	456 W. FEDERAL	SAN ANTONIO	212 E. COMMERCE
PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	WHEELING	3120-30 JACOB	FT. WORTH	824-830 MONROE
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	ERIE	128 W. TWELFTH	KANSAS CITY	RIDGE ARCADE
PITTSBURGH	6378-6378 PENN AVE.	ALTOONA	9th & 11th	TORONTO, CAN.	59 E. RICHMOND
PITTSBURGH	61 SECOND AVE.	MILWAUKEE	96 W. WATER ST.	HAMILTON, CAN.	21 W. JACKSON
CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	SAN FRANCISCO	149-51 BLUXOME	DETROIT OFFICE	HAMMOND BLDG.
ST. LOUIS	810 N. SECOND	LOS ANGELES	571 MESQUIT	CHICAGO OFFICE	KARPEN BLDG.

"Rather," he admitted, smiling ruefully.

At that her manner changed.

"Come," she said in the gentle tone he had so often heard her use with the children. "Come, tell mother everything. It will make you feel better."

It did make him feel better, though he did not tell her everything—not quite.

"She sounds young," commented Molly after having listened to the story.

"She is, rather," he said. "Twenty-four. But she'll be twenty-five on the eleventh of next month." November was drawing to a close.

"Hm-m," said Molly. "What's she like?"

"I've told you," he answered eagerly. "She's really an awfully nice girl, Molly. So sincere and free from ——"

"Yes, yes," she said, "you have told me all that. I mean, what does she look like? Is she big or little, blonde or brunette?"

"She's a blonde," he answered. "Her hair is about the color of yours. She's a little taller than you are, but more slender—weighs a hundred and twenty-eight, to be exact."

Molly burst into a gale of laughter.

"What's the matter?" he asked miserably. "You asked me about her, and when I ——"

"Oh, Shelley, Shelley!" she said, shaking her head.

"And when I tell you," he went on, "then you laugh about it."

"You did tell me too!" she said, still amused. "My poor Shelley! You've tried to be so discreet; you've tried to break it to me so very, very carefully; and then at the very end you —— Oh, my poor, dear susceptible boy!" And again she laughed.

"At the very end I what?" he demanded, suffering acutely.

"You tell me her exact age, date of birth and weight!"

"But you asked."

"And you knew! I didn't expect such minute particulars, Shelley. I don't issue automobile drivers' licenses, you know, and I'm not in the life-insurance business. Don't you see that it's funny that you knew?"

"No, I don't!" said he. "I just happened to know. One night when we were going somewhere in the Subway she weighed herself on one of those slot machines they have in the stations. That's how I happen to know her weight. And as to her age and the date of her birthday—well, there was an astrologer at the bazaar. We went to him, just for fun, to have our fortunes told. We both told our ages and our birthdays."

"They do at twenty-four," said Molly with a little sigh. She thought to herself: "I suppose it's natural that a young girl should attract him." But what she said was: "I suppose I'm getting middle-aged."

"Molly," he protested, "you aren't! Why, I was thinking only yesterday when you got off the train that you looked about twenty-five yourself."

She shook her head.

"But it's true! You always were lacking in self-appreciation, Molly. You're one of those people who will always be young. You're a better-looking woman right now than you were ten years ago. It's a fact; and you ought to be getting the joy out of it."

Though his sincerity and his admiration were unmistakable she only shook her head again.

"Molly," he exclaimed, touching her hand under the table, "if I keep on falling in love with you more and more every year in the future as I have in the past, why, by the time I'm about fifty I'll be so disgustingly sentimental over you that—that I'll mortify you in public—I'll be unable to conceal my maudlin infatuation—I'll sing love songs to you in Fifth Avenue busses—I'll make a spectacle of us both—you'll have to chloroform me!"

And Molly knew that though he spoke whimsically the essence of truth was in his words.

IV

MAIDA'S studio apartment occupied half of the top floor of an old red-brick residence in West Ninth Street, which had been made over into an apartment house. Never until the day in the week following, when he escorted his wife thither for tea, had the four flights of stairs much disturbed the regularity of Shelley Wickett's breathing.

"Yes," panted Molly, reaching the top, "she's young beyond a doubt." Then as he reached to ring the bell she interrupted the gesture, saying: "Wait. I want to get my breath first."

Nervous as he was Wickett had time to be proud of Molly's bearing as she and Maida met. You could rely on Molly. She was a thoroughbred. From the outset the situation was in her hands. She had the power, the finesse to make things either difficult or easy, and Molly like she chose the latter course, making herself, as he thought, charming.

"I'm under obligations to you, Miss Greenwood," she said sweetly. "You've been very kind to this lonely boy of mine." A fine delicacy made her avoid alike the formality of "Mr. Wickett" and the assertive possessiveness of "my husband."

"Shelley has been very kind to me," said Maida.

He wished dimly that she had waited just a moment before using his Christian name. Yet it was like forthright Maida not to wait. There was something admirable yet unskillful in her complete directness.

"Not at all," he said, feeling the necessity of speaking. "It's as—as Mrs. Wickett says, you've been awfully nice to me."

That subject seeming to be exhausted—unless the set of Maupassant, the electric toaster, the bedside table and the cocktail shaker were to be adduced as evidence on Maida's side—there came a moment's pause, which Molly broke, before it grew to awkward length, with an exclamation of pleasure over several of Maida's painted parchment lampshades which she discovered lying on the pile of books, papers and other objects that all but concealed the surface of the large table.

Wickett's uneasiness increased as Maida exhibited these examples of her craftsmanship to his wife. Having warned Maida that the shade he had purchased on the night of their first meeting was to be one of his Christmas presents to Molly he did not fear that she would speak of that. The thing that concerned him was that one of the newly painted shades was decorated with the signs of the zodiac, and he feared that this might turn the conversation to astrology.

The fear was justified.

"You are interested in horoscopes?" suggested Molly, after paying a tribute to the beauty of the shade.

"Yes, indeed!" Maida replied. Then she added: "I think even Shelley may be inclined to admit that there is something in astrology."

Wickett tried to say something noncommittal.

"What's your month, Mrs. Wickett?" Maida asked.

"March."

"Ah," said Maida, and glanced at Shelley.

"Yours, I think, is December," Molly said. Then turning to Shelley: "Isn't that what you told me?"

He nodded.

"Yes," replied Maida. "And Shelley's is April. I personally think that's one reason why we became such good friends. Don't you, Shelley?"

"It might have something to do with it," said he. "I'm sure I don't know."

"You mean," said Molly, "that April and December people are supposed to be congenial?"

"Yes. They vibrate on the same plane."

"Oh," said Molly, "I didn't know that. I've never looked into astrology."

"I think you'd find it well worth while," Maida said.

"Perhaps," Molly answered sweetly; "but you see for years I've been busy with domestic affairs and with my family. I have very little time for outside things. Even music, which was my great interest before I married, has gone by the board. With you it is different. You are young and independent. You can experiment with things."

Though she spoke blandly Wickett knew Molly's gentle style of irony well enough to surmise that her remark about experimenting might be double-edged. He was glad that Maida seemed oblivious of such a possibility.

Even when the talk drifted into channels quite impersonal Wickett continued to feel ill at ease. Molly and Maida seemed to be getting along well enough. Both were, indeed, apparently making every effort to be agreeable. Yet might not that, perhaps, be the very thing that was wrong? Effort. There was too much effort. The room was full of it. And of the burden of it, he felt upon his own shoulders the weight of his full share.

Physically the studio was unchanged. It was the same picturesquely disordered room

(Continued on Page 65)

Half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires

THAT is the result of Firestone leadership in developing the first truck tires and pioneering improvements ever since.

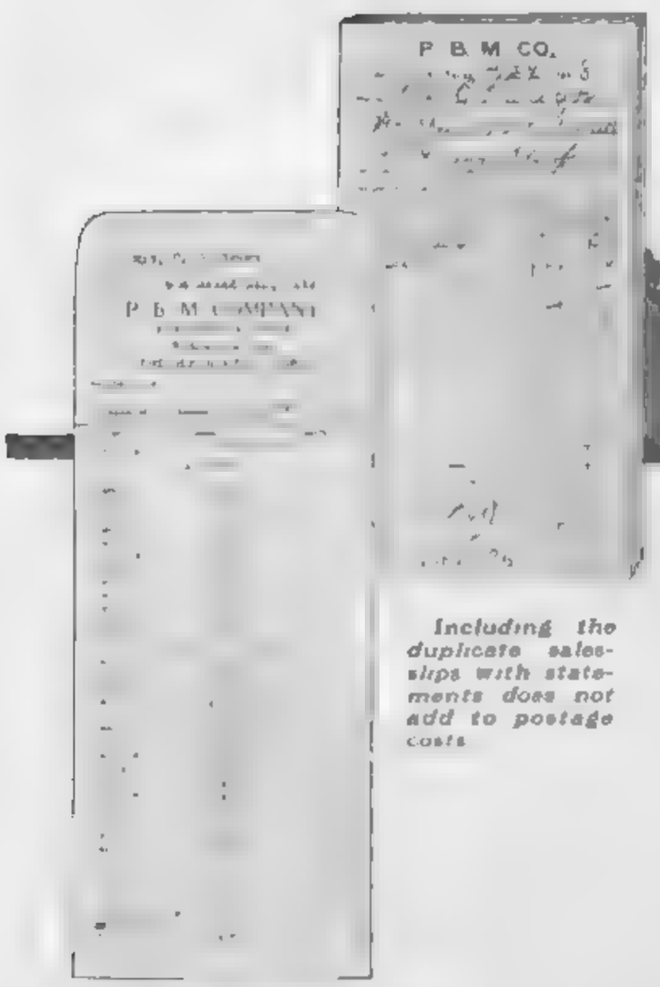
And Firestone is first with a practical, efficient Giant Cord Tire equipment, including demountable rim.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone
TRUCK TIRES

"Now That's What I Call the Right Way"

"The P. B. M. Co.'s statements are always correct, and easy to handle, and the duplicates of slips tell me all about every single item. I wish all my bills could come to me this way."— Any P. B. M. Co. customer.



Including the duplicate sales-slips with statements does not add to postage costs

The instant approval of this Burroughs-made, non-itemized statement by P B M customers was as pleasing to the company as the labor-saving the new way effected. Read (at the right) just how the plan works.

This Store Pleases Customers— and Reduces Expense at the Same Time

The P. B. M. Co., a department store at Wichita Falls, Texas, keeps its books with a boy and a Burroughs—instead of the old, expensive, always-behind-time way. The money saving alone is decidedly worth while, but Burroughs methods have also shown them a better way of handling customers' statements.

Every sales-slip is made in triplicate—original goes to bookkeeper, to post; duplicate is filed under customer's name, and is sent to her with her statement at the end of the month; tissue triplicate accompanies the goods, assuring correct delivery address as well as the accuracy of charges.

The Burroughs-made statement, with carbon of original slip, gives the customer full information about every charge—*who* bought, as well as what was bought; price by items as well as extensions, etc. The store's customers consider this a valuable service, and appreciate it very much.

"We Consider It Worth a Hundred Dollars a Month to Us"

This bettered service to customers in the kind of statements they get is not an expense to the store; it is part of their money-saving method. The boy who operates the Burroughs machine posts ledgers and statements at one operation, and does all the work of the accounting department. With the reduced bookkeeping costs this store gets such further decided advantages as:

Elimination of bookkeeping errors;
No posting to wrong accounts;
No piling-up of work at month-end;
Prompt mailing of statements on the first;
Quick and easy trial balance.

Among the standard Burroughs models there is a machine for every business, large or small. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 201 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada; others are maintained in the principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 62)

in which he had lately known delicious, tingling contentment. But now for him there was something gone out of the place—something essential. What could it be? Might it be that in his acutely nervous state he was surveying the studio, as it were, through Molly's eyes? Perhaps. At all events the dust, the disorder, the general untidiness, the cobwebs overhead—for to kill a spider is unlucky!—struck him now for the first time as not altogether prepossessing.

What was Molly thinking of it all?

When Maida invited Molly in to see her bedroom he too glanced in, and was shocked to see that it looked as though a whirlwind had blown through it. Articles of clothing were tossed helter-skelter over bed and chairs, bureau drawers were open, and on the glass top of the dressing table toilet articles swam in a sea of talcum powder. He was glad that Molly's dressing table did not look like that. Maida might have taken the trouble to clear up a little when his wife was coming!

Nor was he pleased to observe, when she served tea, that the cups and saucers were dusty.

And still less was he pleased when, after pouring tea, she said in a matter-of-fact way:

"Oh, Shelley, I've forgotten the cream. Would you mind getting it?"

The remark obviously implied so much. As he went to get the cream he found himself wishing fervently that Maida had been just a little tactful. She might so easily have added: "You'll find it in the ice box in the pantry—the second door to the left, down the hall." It was one thing to be open and aboveboard, and another to—to —— Well, anyway, a woman, however young, however straightforward, ought to have intuitively some little notion how to play the game.

Oh, the relief he felt when after what seemed to him an interminable stay Molly rose to go! Oh, the relief it was to take up his overcoat and hat; to find himself moving downstairs, out upon the dusky street, into the automobile beside his wife! In the automobile, however, the feeling of relief abated.

What did Molly think of Maida? What would she say?

He waited. But Molly spoke of other things.

"Well," he ventured when he could bear the suspense no longer, "did you have a pleasant time?"

"Yes," said Molly. Then she asked: "Did you?"

"Of course," he replied, feeling vaguely irritated at the question.

There was a pause.

"Don't you think her nice?" he said at length.

"Certainly. Very nice."

"Molly," he said impatiently, "what I'm trying to get at is: What do you think of her?"

"Oh, that's what you want to know? Well, I think she's young and pretty and talented and temperamental and sentimental and ——"

"Sentimental? Nonsense!"

"No, it's not nonsense. But I can tell better about that after she has been to the house for dinner once or twice."

"Oh, well," he returned in a large, leisurely tone, "there's no need to be in any special rush to have her at the house for dinner. I just wanted you to be polite—to show some interest in her, you know—after her having been so—so decent to me. But your having gone down there to tea to-day fixes that all right for the present."

Molly appeared to have become suddenly interested in the glittering maelstrom of the brilliantly lighted avenue. He could not see her face.

"I don't feel so," she said. "I want to be particularly nice to her."

"Why?" From his tone one might almost have supposed that he did not wish Molly to be particularly nice to Maida.

"For the reason you just mentioned," she replied over her shoulder.

"What reason?"

"Because she was so nice to you."

"But," he answered quickly, a note of protest in his voice, "if it comes to that, I've been nice to her too. I don't feel that there's any real obligation either way."

"From what I understand," his wife answered, "I can't agree with you. You say you have dined there frequently, letting her get dinner for you, and that you have taken her out to dinner once or twice. It seems to me she has done a great deal, and that you have done very little."

Wickett hesitated for a moment before replying.

"I forgot to mention," he said, "that I had given her some little presents."

"Oh," she said.

"Yes—an electric toaster, and a few books, and such things."

"Oh."

Their limousine had merged itself with the triple row of motors arrested on the east side of the Avenue before the Public Library awaiting the permissive whistle of the traffic policeman at the Forty-second Street crossing. Molly's face was still turned toward the window.

"So," he continued, "you see accounts are quite square."

"Yours and hers may be," she answered. "No doubt they are. I'm thinking of my own obligation."

"Yours?" he said in a perplexed tone as the traffic policeman's whistle sounded and the motors started to move on.

"Yes. The obligation of a wife who has been away to a nice girl who—who has kept her husband from—from getting too lonely during her absence."

He shot a quick glance in her direction, but was still unable to see her face.

"It's good of you to feel that way about it," he said without enthusiasm, "but I don't think there's the least need of it—not the very least."

Molly did not reply.

As the limousine sped across the Forty-second Street intersection a middle-aged man who was standing on the corner trying to make up his mind whether to walk home or take a Fifth Avenue bus chanced to glance up and see Molly's face in the window.

He looked after the car as it flew up the Avenue. Then turning up the ends of his mustaches and throwing back his shoulders he stepped out jauntily toward home, where his little wife and five children awaited him.

"I'll walk," he thought. "It will make me late for dinner, but I'll walk. I must walk more. It keeps one young."

He took a brisk gait, swinging his arms more than usual.

"I'm not in the has-been class yet," he reflected complacently. "That was a mighty pretty woman in that limousine, and she was certainly smiling straight at me."

■

SITTING in her studio at dusk some three weeks later, looking out over the snow-covered roofs of the houses across the street toward the twinkling windows of some loft buildings which circumscribed the view to the northward, Maida pondered the situation.

Shelley Wickett was terribly repressed. His fine, sensitive April spirit was being crushed within him. He was starving for the want of understanding.

Her mind reverted to the evening on which he had told her that his wife was coming home. Looking back she perceived that the change in him had begun to manifest itself while he was making that communication. It was as though the shadow of his wife had fallen darkly on his spirits before her actual arrival. Thenceforward matters had grown worse. She thought of the afternoon on which she had first met Mrs. Wickett—that afternoon when he had brought her down to the studio to tea. On that occasion he was not himself at all.

Maida had at first attributed his new constraint to concern over what she would think of his wife, but that idea she had been forced by subsequent events to discard, at least in part. The first time she dined at their house she saw that the root of the trouble lay deeper than that. All that evening he had been painfully distrait, showing now and then a gayety obviously false, now lapsing into brooding silence. Though she had been placed by him at table he had spoken to her very little, and when he did so his manner was self-conscious and embarrassed; but though most of his attention seemed to be given to the lady at the other side Maida, with the psychic perception of one born in December, knew that he was keeping one ear cocked in her direction, listening to everything she said. Poor boy! Denied the happiness of close communion with her he had to take vicarious comfort from what he heard her say to others.

Twice at her solicitation he had dropped in at the studio on his way home from business, but though she had tried to call back the old atmosphere of sympathetic comprehension it would not return. He had all

Esterbrook Pens

Esterbrook's Extra Fine Elastic Pen No. 128

Accountants, Bookkeepers, Record Clerks find that Esterbrook's No. 128 gives steady satisfaction.

This popular pen is largely used in entering and filling out orders and Government contract forms, because it is so fine and flexible.

Send 15c for Sample Dozen

Esterbrook Pen Manufacturing Co.
2–70 Cooper Street
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

60th Year

Traffic Truck
4000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395

Inspected and Passed Perfect

Inspection after construction is as vital for the endurance, dependability and economical operation of a truck as the quality of the units assembled in its production.

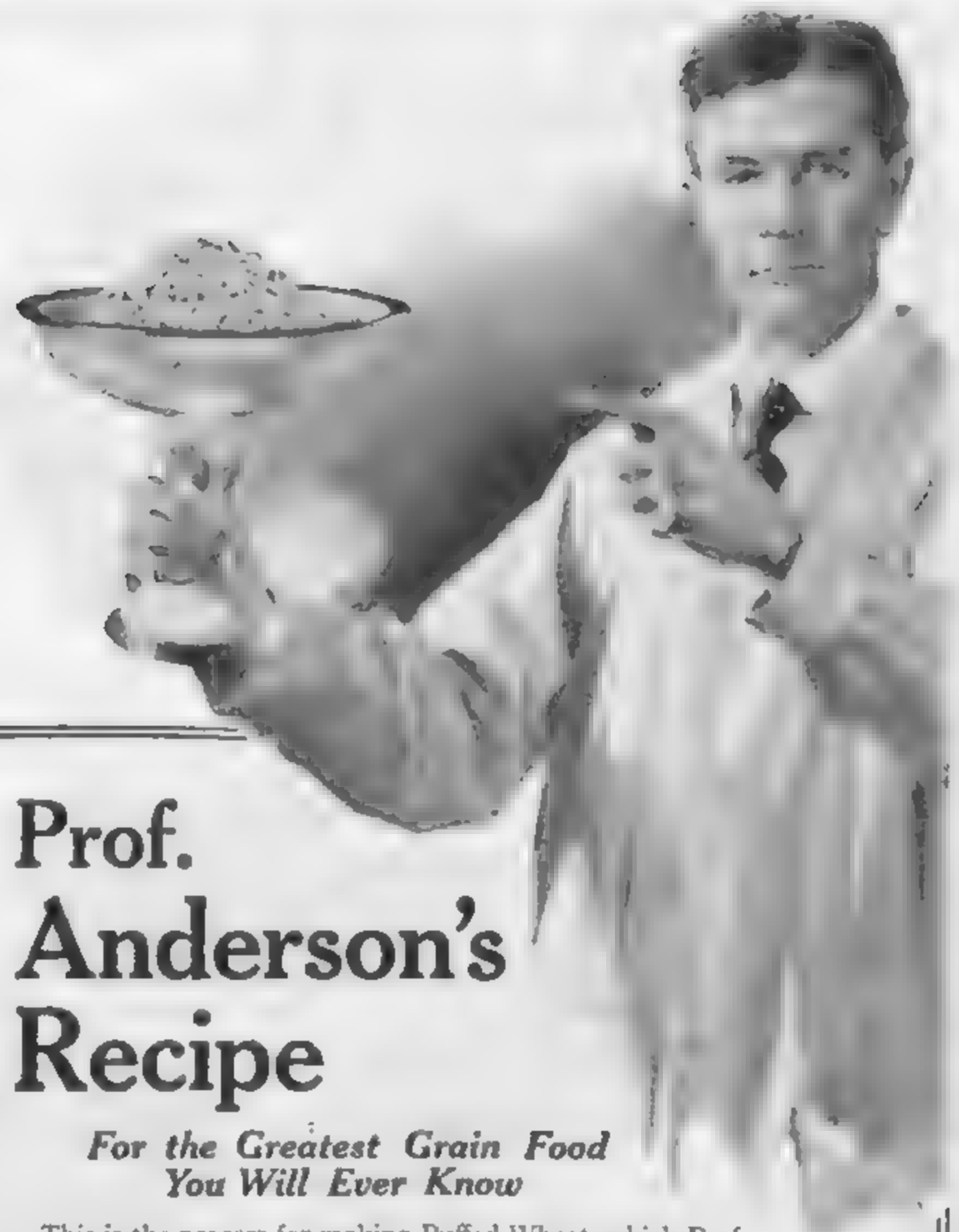
The Traffic is built of standardized units. Infinite care is exercised in their unionizing, which is an essential for smooth running and perfect performance—resulting in greater power, endurance and economy of operation.

Traffic efficiency exceeds the requirements for a truck of its capacity. Turning the entire Traffic plant over to the production of this one model has made the low price possible—*the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world.*

Write us for address of nearest dealer. There is an opportunity for a Traffic dealer in every town, village and hamlet.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Chassis $1395—f. o. b. St. Louis



Prof. Anderson's Recipe

For the Greatest Grain Food You Will Ever Know

This is the process for making Puffed Wheat, which Prof. Anderson invented. All these bubble grains, flaky and flimsy, pass through this heroic treatment.

All these thin-walled dainties have been steam-exploded. All have been shot from guns.

The Method Is This:

Seal the grains in guns. Roll the gun barrels for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then shoot the guns to explode the steam inside every food cell.

The purpose is to blast every food cell, of which a wheat kernel contains 125 millions. The object of that is easy, quick digestion, and to fit every atom to feed.

These Are Not Tidbits

Puffed Grains seem like tid-bits—flavory, fragile food confections made to fascinate.

But they have a vastly deeper purpose. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. They are all-hour grain foods which do not tax the stomach.

No other process ever made wheat, rice or corn so good. And none ever made a grain food so good for you.

Serve them in every way you can.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Puffed Wheat being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

In Milk

With Butter

Try serving Puffed Grains in more than the usual ways.

Crisp them sometimes, then douse with melted butter.

Float them in bowls of milk. They are four times as porous as bread.

Mix them with your fruits. Scatter in your soups.

Use like nut meats in making fudge. They make the candy light and airy, and add an almond flavor.

Serve lightly buttered grains like peanuts to hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

2551

too clearly been restless, preoccupied, unhappy.

The source of his suffering was, in Maida's eyes, quite evident. His wife did not understand him.

Naturally not! She was born in March. She did not vibrate on the same plane as her husband. She was just a pretty, domestic, maternal creature, who knew how to wear expensive evening gowns, get her hair up effectively and give conventional course dinners. She was full of affability and social graces, but she had, Maida was persuaded, the soul of a canary. In the atmosphere she made about him Shelley's own nature was withering.

What was to be done? Was she, Maida—the only person, perhaps, in the whole world who really understood him—to sit idly by while such a thing went on? Was that the course of a true friend? Was it the course of a free spirit in tune with the infinite? "No!" cried every instinct she possessed.

Instinct!

What had the fortune teller said? Had he not told her to follow her instincts; that they would invariably be right—especially in cases where she vibrated on the same plane with someone else?

She moved over to the large table, turned on the lamp—the shade of which was the one decorated with the signs of the zodiac—and read the chapter headed December:

"Persons born during this month, though impulsive, are honest and conscientious to a fault. They have their own way of doing things, and this often confuses their friends and causes children of December to be unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others. They are extreme in their likes and dislikes, are likely to love whole-heartedly, but resent any interference with their individuality, and usually despise whatever they cannot or will not understand."

She read on. Ah! Here was the passage for which she was looking:

"They are thoughtful, artistic, sympathetic, and so quick of perception as to be almost psychic. They are endowed with temperament and personality to a marked degree, and should invariably follow their inspirations, however extreme these may seem, as they are almost certain to be right. They have an instinctive love of openness, truth and plain dealing, and should give this instinct free rein."

She placed a scrap of paper in the book to mark the place, closed it and sat for a time in deep thought. She knew well what instinct dictated. But this was Christmas Eve, the busiest night in the whole year. The Wicketts might be having company, and even were they not Shelley was almost certain to be at home. Moreover, she herself had promised to attend a party down in Greenwich Village. Would it not be best, considering all these factors, to wait until the Christmas rush was over?

Reason said "Yes," but instinct—the unerring instinct of the December-born—shouted "No!"

Maida rose, went to her bedroom, called up Mrs. Wickett and asked to see her that evening.

"Why—yes," said Molly. "After dinner Shelley and I are going to trim the children's tree. Could you come then?"

"I should like to see you alone if possible," Maida said.

"Oh, I see," said Molly, who, herself surrounded by Christmas packages and with her heart full of the season's spirit, fancied she scented something in the nature of a Christmas surprise for her husband. "I'll get him out of the house somehow. I'll send him with presents to some friends. Will you come about half past eight?"

VI

THE Christmas tree as yet untrimmed was standing in the corner of the Wicketts' living room; on the tables and the floor about it were innumerable packages gayly wrapped and tagged, and boxes in which lay varicolored glass balls, large and small, tinsel, artificial snow and icicles, and strings of minute electric lights ready to be distributed among the dark green branches.

Molly was engaged in untangling several strings of shiny glass balls which had become entwined, as Maida entered.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Greenwood!" she exclaimed. "It's so nice in you to have thought of coming up. You see I got Shelley out as I agreed to."

"I'm glad," Maida said, hesitating in the middle of the room.

Perceiving that Maida carried a book, and being still full of her idea that the young woman's call was a seasonable one, Molly held out her hand to take it, saying: "For Shelley? I'll see that it is put with his other presents, where he won't find it until morning."

Maida made no move.

"It's not that, Mrs. Wickett," she said. "I came to talk with you."

"How stupid of me!" Molly exclaimed. "Well, we can talk while I'm getting these trimmings sorted out. I try to put them away carefully every year, but some of them always seem to get broken, and invariably there's a tangle. Did you ever see anything like it?"

Maida stood silent. What a completely materialistic woman Mrs. Wickett was! Truly, an earthbound spirit. How typical of her that she could be consumed with interest in these gewgaws and oblivious of the fact that she was smothering the noble and delicate nature of her husband. Her trivial line of thought, her inconsequential chatter, made it hard for Maida to begin. Why, when she had said so significantly "I came to talk with you," had not Mrs. Wickett the common sense to make the obvious inquiry: "What about?" Yet she had gone on prattling about tree trimmings.

Maida felt that she must try again.

"I came to talk about a very serious matter," she said in a grave tone.

Molly glanced up at her with a quick motion of the head like that of a bird; then as quickly she looked down again at the tangled strings of glass balls in her lap.

"A very serious matter?" she repeated, in the tone she might have used if instead she had said "A chocolate cake?" "A very serious matter on Christmas Eve? Oh, no, Miss Greenwood!"

She had the air of genially brushing the idea aside as something impossibly bizarre.

"But I am in earnest!" insisted Maida, still standing at the center of the room. "I have come to ——"

"But you're not in earnest!" Molly insisted with what seemed amiable incredulity. "Who ever heard of such a thing as a solemn talk on Christmas Eve? Such things don't happen. Now you pull up that chair and help me with this tangle, and then we'll get all the other trimmings ready and—oh, before you sit down would you mind ringing—the button's over there by the door—and we'll have the stepladder brought in?"

Maida hesitated for a moment. Then she crossed and rang.

"Mrs. Wickett," she insisted as she moved back, "the fact that it is Christmas Eve should only emphasize the importance, the very grave importance, of what I came to talk about. If it were something having to do with me alone I should not have thought of ——"

As the maid appeared at the door she stopped speaking.

"Oh, Hilda, would you please bring in the small stepladder?"

"Yes'm." The girl turned to go.

"And Hilda! Have we an old sheet—a very large one?"

"Yes'm."

"Bring that too."

"Yes'm."

As Hilda withdrew Molly explained to Maida:

"Perhaps you wonder what I want with a sheet? I'm going to put it all round the bottom of the tree on the floor. Can you guess why?" She gave added force to the interrogation by looking expectantly at the other woman.

Maida, though she did not wish to become involved in a discussion of Christmas-tree appurtenances, though every fiber in her being rebelled at such a thing, had no choice but to answer.

"I'm sure I haven't the very least idea," she replied with every evidence of indifference if not scorn.

"Then," asserted Molly brightly, "I can tell you one thing: You've never used any of this artificial snow on a tree." She held out a box of the white glistening stuff for Maida's inspection. "It looks pretty but it's awfully sticky. We had a frightful time getting it out of the rugs last year. I wasn't going to use it again, but Shelley likes it so we're going to have it. Hence the sheet. Now come and sit down, do."

With evident reluctance Maida moved forward and slowly let herself down into the proffered chair. After a moment's pause she opened her lips as though to speak.

(Continued on Page 69)

AN ACHIEVEMENT

The civilized world pays tribute to American Industry, to its whole-hearted response, its resourcefulness and its ability to produce materials, weapons and means to wage the war to a successful finish.

So thoroughly and completely has American Industry developed that its achievements to win the war are amazing.

The history of the war will teem with romances, and possibly none will be more interesting than the romance of industrial accomplishments. Gigantic tasks have been undertaken, colossal obstacles have been pushed aside, barriers of huge proportions have fallen before the splendid American determination to win.

Tanks, trucks, trailers, airplanes, fire arms, shells, hand grenades, aërial bombs, ships, bridges, wagons, motors, ad infinitum, comprise the list of "win the war" products. Although differing widely in form and character, it is significant that each product receives in common its protective finish of paint, varnish or enamel.

As a contributor to this important industrial war service The Arco Company appreciates the opportunity of applying a specialized knowledge gained through thirty-seven years of experience in the manufacture of paints, varnishes and enamels. The organization, laboratories and manufacturing facilities of this company are intensively engaged in co-operating with the government and essential industries.

THE ARCO COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Established 1881

ARCO

PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS

Regular old "HE" Christmas hand-out!

THIS pippin-of-a-pound-package of Prince Albert tobacco—the classy crystal glass humidor all radiant in yuletide finery—looks like a thousand dollar Liberty Bond perched-on-a-pedestal as cymbals sound for the curtain's rise Christmas morning! It's the big-best-bet for the Ace-High-Party on the receiving end of the deal!

¶ Talk about *man*-gifts! Boy how-dy! If *he* gets an inkling of what's up he'll kick off the coverlids at crack-o'-day and make a speed dive for first whacks that'll scorch the banister railing! *Sure!*

¶ For, a gift of a pound of Prince Albert gets closer to a smoking man than anything you can figure on! Turns on such scuttles-of-sunshine all day Christmas, and keeps him jimmy-pipe-joy'us many days thereafter! Because, P. A. hits his taste and cuts loose new smoke high spots! Just puts a capital S on Smokesatisfaction seven days out of every week!

¶ Prince Albert is as cool as an iced cucumber. No stung-tongue comebacks with P. A.! It can't bite or parch! Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch! He can smoke to beat the old band—and *then some!*

¶ Get on the trail of this festal P. A. package—all equipped with a Merry Christmas tag ready for your pen—before the "All gone" gloom sign stares you in the face! You'll be disappointed sure as shooting if you don't get busy—*quick!*

¶ Or, maybe, you'll take a fancy to Prince Albert in the handsome pound or half pound tin humidors. Mighty clever, too! And, then there are the tidy red tins and the toppy red bags, so popular, and so handy for smokers. Remember just how close Christmas is—*and don't slip! Get yours before the day's done!* And, that'll be off your mind!

PRINCE ALBERT *the national Christmas joy smoke*

Copyright 1918 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 66)

"And now," said Molly quickly, "to return to the thing we were speaking of—serious talks on Christmas Eve. As I was about to say, I don't believe in such things, and I don't believe you do either—not when you stop and think about it. Do you?"

"Not ordinarily, perhaps," the girl returned; "but under the circumstances——"

"No, not under any circumstances," Molly ran on. "Christmas Eve or no Christmas Eve, a serious talk is not something to commence on impulse. All of us have impulses, now and then, to go to someone and declare ourselves, and turn things topsy-turvy. When we yield to such an impulse we always begin by saying we have come for a serious talk. Sometimes, too, the person to whom we have gone can guess quite accurately from observations of his own just about what we intend to say. And sometimes he will attempt to prevent our saying what we have in mind, because he knows that if we succeed in saying it we may bitterly regret it later. Remember, I am a good deal older than you are. I assure you impulses are often very dangerous things."

"For some they may be," Maida answered, "but for others they are the best possible guide. People born in my month regret it not if they follow their impulses, but if they fail to follow them."

"What makes you think so?"

"I've noticed it," the girl returned eagerly; "and—look at this!" She opened the book at the place marked by the scrap of paper and offered it to Molly, indicating the page.

"M-m, m-m, m-m." Molly made a little inarticulate humming sound as her eye ran down the page. Then suddenly aloud she read:

"They have their own way of doing things, and this often . . . causes children of December to be unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others."

"No, no," said Maida impatiently, pointing to the succeeding paragraph.

Again Molly read aloud:

"They are endowed with temperament and personality to a marked degree, and should invariably follow their inspirations, however extreme these may seem, as they are almost certain to be right."

"You see?" Maida gazed at her intently.

"But," said Molly, "doesn't it seem to you that those two statements contradict each other? I see it says they should follow their inspirations, but isn't that discounted by the statement that they are unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others? I should say it implied very clearly that they should follow their inspirations only where their inspirations applied strictly to themselves. Doesn't it strike you so?"

"That's a mere detail," Maida answered. "The interpretation of it depends on one's point of view. For my part I believe there can be such a thing as—as a sacred duty. I mean, where you understand somebody and ——"

At this juncture Hilda, who had already brought the sheet, reappeared carrying the stepladder, which she set up near the tree. When she departed again Maida resumed: "—— where you understand somebody and you see that ——"

There, however, she was again interrupted, this time by an exclamation from Molly. Two of the entangled strings had broken, letting a score of the glass balls roll down upon the rug.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Molly, getting down to gather them up, while Maida, though she did not feel disposed to do so, picked up those that had rolled to her feet.

"Now let's see," reflected Molly aloud when the frail, bright-colored globes were gathered up. "I must get some thin string to thread them again. It seems to me there was a ball of thin string somewhere in Shelley's desk."

She crossed the room and fumbled in one drawer after another until she reached the bottom one, which she had some difficulty in opening, so packed it was with those odds and ends often contained in the bottom drawers of desks.

While Molly, in her search, removed some of the uppermost things from the drawer Maida watched her abstractedly. She felt helpless, uneasy, baffled. The strong determination to speak her mind which had at first possessed her was somehow failing her. Matters had not gone at all as she expected. Visioning in advance the scene between herself and Mrs. Wickett she had descried herself a dominant figure, with Molly gazing at her, wide-eyed, silent, perhaps tearful, as the error of her ways was pointed out. But it had not been like that. She had not dominated. To try to dominate a woman so scatter-brained as Mrs. Wickett was equivalent to trying to pick up quicksilver between the thumb and forefinger.

"The string doesn't seem to be here," said Molly, now seated on the floor with some unframed photographs in her lap; "but I've come across something that reminds me of one of those ill-advised serious talks of which we have been speaking." She smiled reminiscently, looking at the uppermost photograph, then added: "I had forgotten that we ever had a picture of the woman. I'm surprised that Shelley kept it."

Maida, who had not been interested, became so on hearing the last sentence.

Molly rose and laid the photographs upon the table. The top one was that of a handsome, dark, slender woman in evening dress. It showed signs of having been removed from a frame, and Maida saw that it was inscribed to Shelley, the inscription being

Toujours d toi, LÉNA.

written in a bold, dashing hand.

"She's a good-looking woman, isn't she?" Molly said. "And you'd think from her picture that she had sense."

"Yes," Maida agreed.

"She'd have struck you that way at first if you had met her too," Molly went on. "She was thoroughly presentable and seemed intelligent. Men took to her—and she to them. But, my dear, you'll never believe what she did! I can hardly believe it myself now."

Evidently what the lady had done had some bearing upon Shelley. Maida's curiosity was rising.

"What did she do?" she asked.

"Well, in the first place, though you may not know him well enough to have noticed it," Molly replied, "I can tell you that Shelley is very attractive to women. I don't suppose it's his fault, poor dear, but every now and then some woman gets quite agitated about him and gives him a bad half hour; and sometimes they make me a little trouble too. But this one was the worst. Far the worst."

Maida was now gazing at her with large, astonished eyes.

"You know how some women are when they get silly about a man," Molly continued. "They get to thinking they're the only ones who understand him. But it's one thing to think that and quite another to go to the man's wife and try to explain such a sweet little notion to her. Yet, would you believe it? that's what this woman did. She actually came and undertook to tell me she understood my husband better than I did. According to her I didn't understand him at all. It was in the days when they talked so much about affinities. I remember she used that word a great deal. And what do you suppose she wound up with? With the calm suggestion that I give him up to her. Yes. Absolutely!"

"What happened?" asked Maida in a small voice.

"Nothing much. I gave her some smelling salts and suggested that she'd be better off in her own home. Of course I had to tell Shelley about it. We were both terribly ashamed for her, and naturally he was furious. Well, that's an example of what a woman can do on impulse. No doubt if she had considered a little she'd have known better. But she thought herself temperamental and she lost her self-control, poor thing!"

She gathered up the photographs, put them back in the drawer and closed it.

Maida was silent, staring into space.

"Now," said Molly, "do you know what I think would be nice? Let's start trimming the tree. Suppose we surprise Shelley by having a lot of it done?"

So saying she took up the sheet, unfolded it, and dropping to her knees began to spread it about the bottom of the tree.

"You be getting out the strings of tinsel and the glass icicles and things from the boxes on the table, will you?" she directed in a matter-of-fact tone without looking up.

"Yes," answered the other faintly.

When, having arranged the sheet, Molly rose to her feet she was careful not to look at Maida for a while.

But the traces of tears were not altogether obliterated from the girl's eyes when presently Shelley returned.

False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a free tube to let you prove it out.

The Scientific Way

As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon for a one-week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A few days will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

Cut out the free coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent REG U.S. PAT OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(1924)

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 285, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

Overtime Pay *for Spare Hours*

Overtime pay is double pay, but usually it isn't *permanent*. We offer you overtime pay permanently, year in and year out.

Hundreds of our spare-time representatives have long been averaging more than *a dollar an hour* profit. Their average is now even higher, because our scale of payments has recently been increased.

The Saturday Evening Post, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are so popular that scores of our inexperienced beginners easily obtain two subscriptions per hour, thus earning $30.00 a month *extra* for only one hour a day!

Your 1919 Pay is Ready

We need more field workers, both men and women, for part time or full time. No matter what your present position, you can have overtime pay! And no selling experience is necessary.

If you want a permanent, profitable, growing business all your own, secure full particulars, without obligation, by mailing this coupon *to-day*.

W. S. Burbank
Massachusetts

Clip Me Off

W. C. Adams
New York

$1 00 an Hour
EASILY

The Curtis Publishing Company
687 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can earn overtime pay in my spare hours.

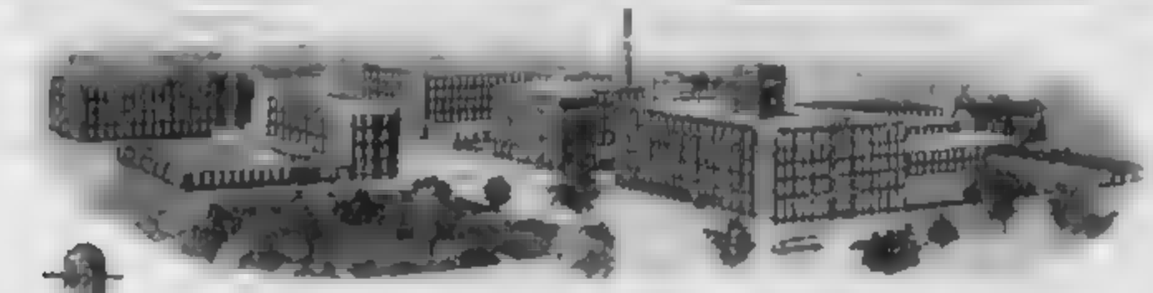
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

$35 00 a Month
EXTRA

DECK PAINT
There is practically no fuss or bother at all in painting a floor with this paint. In twelve hours the room is ready for use again, and the floor is ready for years of service. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us
THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York
for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT



OFFICERS OF THE U.S. ARMY

WILL save money and trouble buying LILLEY UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENTS. All made strictly in accordance with Army regulations

WRITE FOR CATALOG No. 137 E AND SAMPLE SWATCHES OF CLOTH

AUTHORIZED Tailors under G. O. No. 76. We are manufacturers, not dealers

Special Catalog for Enlisted Men

THE M. C. LILLEY & CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.
"THE OLD RELIABLE MILITARY HOUSE" ESTABLISHED 1865

As Wickett at the door caught sight of Maida something peculiar happened to his breathing apparatus. What could she be doing here alone with Molly? What could have brought her? Had Molly known that she was coming?

For a moment he had the reassuring thought that at least everything seemed to be going pleasantly. Molly was on the stepladder hanging things upon the half-trimmed tree, while Maida stood below handing them up to her.

"I have a good place here for another of those big silver balls," he heard his wife saying.

"Here's the last one," answered Maida, placing it in Molly's outstretched hand.

"Why—good evening!" he said, advancing into the room.

"You came back too soon," protested Molly. "We were trying to get it all trimmed, to surprise you."

Maida did not look at him.

No, things weren't right at all. Molly was too busy, too vivacious; and Maida, he now saw, carried in her face the signs of recent weeping. Something had been going on. Had there been a scene? He thought of the affair of Lena Brundage, and shuddered. Could it be possible that Maida, too, had—had come up and tried to start something? He signaled Molly to follow him out of the room, but seemingly she did not see the signal, for though he went she continued to decorate the tree; wherefore after waiting for a time he was obliged to return. "Come and help us, you lazy thing," said Molly.

He came and helped awkwardly, trying to conceal in a pother of small talk his annoyance and apprehension.

Tears! How he hated tears! Why did women always cry if you gave them half a chance? How boresome they could be!

The trimming of the tree consumed endless time. Meanwhile Molly kept up a steady stream of chatter. He, too, tried to do his share, but Maida spoke little and kept her face averted. She might have tried to help along a little!

"There!" sighed Molly when all the trimmings were in place. "How does it look?"

"Fine!" he said, hardly glancing at the tree, but eager that the evening's occupation should be ended.

"What do you think, Maida?" Molly asked. "You don't mind my calling you that, do you?"

"It's very pretty. No, I'll be pleased. I think I'll say good night now. I was going to a party downtown, and ——."

Molly looked significantly at Shelley. Then as he did not speak she said: "Shelley will be delighted to drive you down, I know."

"Of course," he said. "Delighted."

When he had telephoned for a taxicab he waited eagerly, hoping that while Maida was putting on her cloak Molly would find a moment's time in which to give him some inkling of the situation; but no such comfort was accorded him.

A few moments later the taxi was announced and he found himself leaving the house very reluctantly with a young lady whom he now regarded as a dangerous little bunch of temperament, and whose present thoughts and emotions he was very curious and at the same time very much afraid to know. Nor did he doubt that he was about to learn them—and that the experience would be a disagreeable one.

As they crossed the walk toward the cab there came to him vividly, grotesquely, the memory of another time when he had stepped with Maida toward a waiting taxi. He had been afraid to propose that first drive, but ah, how much more afraid to propose this one! He remembered the almost ecstatic feeling of delicate adventure, of aliveness, of recrudescent youth, that he had felt as they set forth that other time. That night the streets had shone with rain; to-night they shone with melted snow. It was the same, yet not the same at all.

It was a long drive down to Greenwich Village, and though the drive home was infinitely shorter Molly had retired when he reached the house again. Her bedroom door was closed. Despite his great anxiety to hear what she might have to say he thought it wiser not to run the risk of waking her, especially to-night, when they must rise so early for the morrow's celebration with the children.

So be it, then. The talk could wait. But there was one thing, one most important thing, that he must see to before he went to bed.

Going to his own room he opened a closet door, and standing in the seat of a chair reached down from the topmost shelf a very large, light, carefully wrapped package. Carrying it to the living room he placed it on the table and proceeded to untie the ribbons with which the paper covering was bound.

As the wrappings fell away the content of the package was revealed. It was a lamp shade—the lamp shade he had bought of Maida that first night at the bazaar.

Seated in a chair before the embers still faintly burning in the grate he held the shade up, and causing it to revolve slowly inspected with care the series of six parchment panels, with their pictures.

Now for the first time he observed that there was sequence to these pictures—that the story of Harlequin and Columbine progressed round the shade. In the first picture Harlequin was peering at her through a half-open door; in the second, kissing her hand; in the third, dancing with her madly; in the fourth, kneeling before her, hand on heart; in the fifth, embracing her; but in the sixth panel the two were seated back to back, as far apart as might be, their heads bowed in grief.

A tag, which he had prepared some time since, was attached to one of the wires of the frame. On it he had written after some thought as to an appropriate inscription the words:

"For Molly, with love and Christmas greetings, from Shelley."

Drawing out his pocketknife he removed the tag and threw it into the fire.

Then he slit, one after another, the threads that held the parchment panels to the frame. When they were all removed he placed them on the embers, and after watching them burn poked them to fragments with the poker.

Only the frame remained. Into this he stuffed the wrappings and the ribbons, and with them returned to his own room, where mounting the chair again he placed them back on the top shelf of the closet, crowding them as far to the rear as possible.

Then he went back to the living room, sat down at the desk and drew a check to Molly. It was rather a large check. Having written it he tore it up and wrote another for double the amount. This he placed in an envelope, upon the outside of which, after some thought as to an appropriate inscription, he wrote:

"For Molly, with love and Christmas greetings, from Shelley."

This done he drew from his breast pocket a pigskin wallet, and from it removed a photograph, at which he looked intently for a time. It was a small photograph of Maida in fancy dress—as Columbine, to be exact.

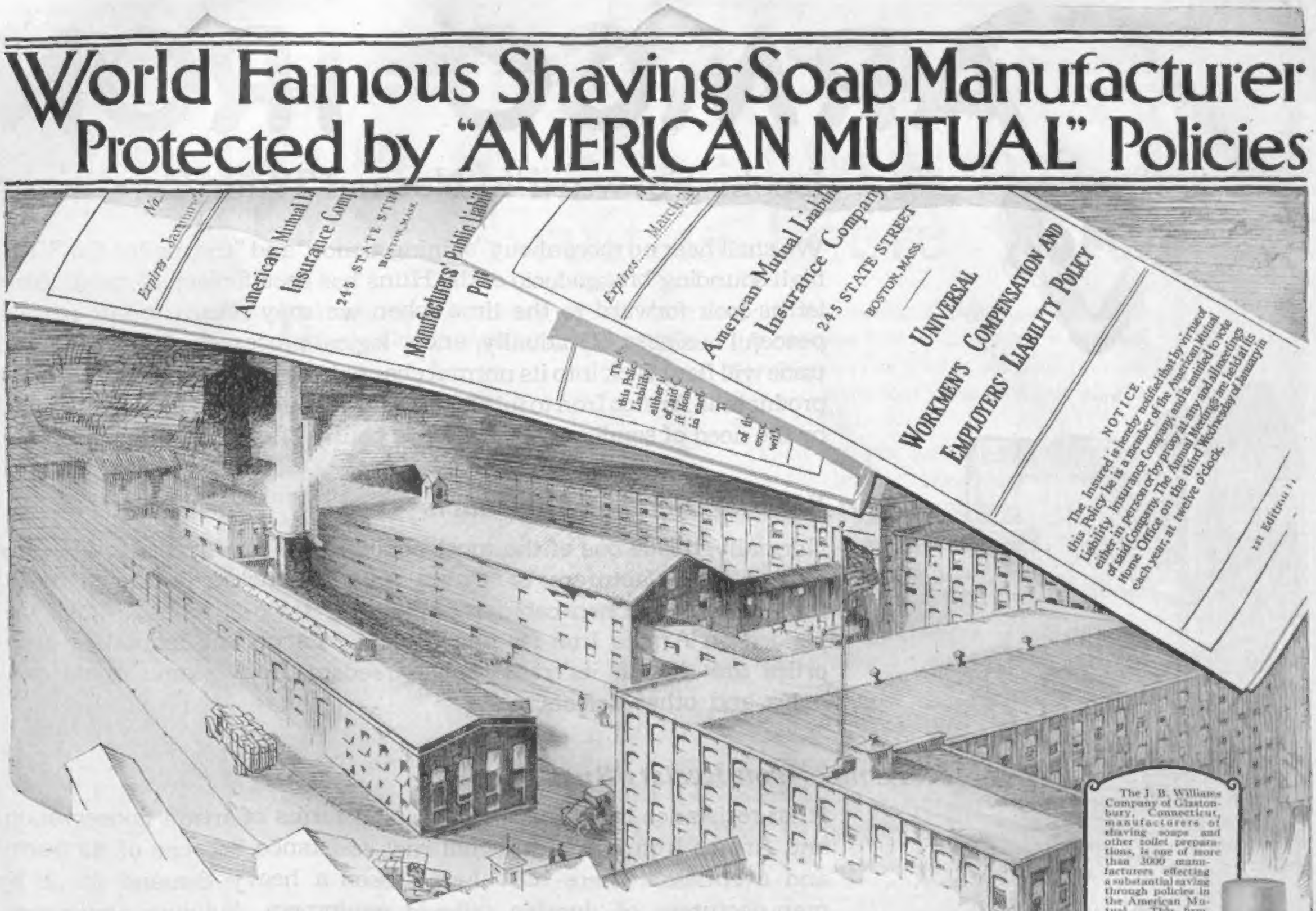
He rose, sighing as he did so, crossed slowly to the fireplace, bent over and held the little picture poised above the embers.

Then instead of letting go of it he drew it back and looked at it again. It was the picture of a very pretty girl. And though his recollections of her were not altogether pleasant at the moment it might be rather pleasant, after all, to take her picture out and look at it again some day—when he was seventy or eighty.

He turned away from the fire, walked over to the desk and drew out the bottom drawer.

It stuck a little, so packed it was with those odds and ends often contained in the bottom drawers of desks. On top there seemed to be some old photographs. He did not pause to see what photographs they were, but slipped the little picture in between them and shut the drawer again.

World Famous Shaving Soap Manufacturer Protected by "AMERICAN MUTUAL" Policies


American Mutual Liability Insurance Company
245 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.
UNIVERSAL
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY POLICY
NOTICE.
The Insured is hereby notified that by virtue of this Policy he is a member of the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, and is entitled to vote either in person or by proxy at any and all meetings of said Company. The Annual Meetings are held at its Home Office on the third Wednesday of January in each year, at twelve o'clock.
Manufacturers' Public Liability Policy
The J. B. Williams Company of Glastonbury, Connecticut, manufacturers of shaving soaps and other toilet preparations, is one of more than 3000 manufacturers effecting a substantial saving through policies in the American Mutual. This firm, founded in 1840, is typical of the policyholders in the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company.
Holder Top Shaving Stick

Insurance At Cost

Before placing his Workmen's Compensation and his Public Liability Insurance, every manufacturer should get the answer to this highly important economic question: "*Who gets the difference between the amount of the premium and the cost of protection?*"

The more than three thousand manufacturers who place their insurance with the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company—the oldest, largest, strongest mutual casualty company in America—know that *they* receive the difference between their premiums and the cost of providing them protection. For thirty-one consecutive years this yearly saving has amounted to *not less than 30% of the premium.*

Notwithstanding the fact that losses paid on an individual policy often exceed the amount of the premium, this does not prevent a policyholder in the American Mutual from effecting a substantial saving. He has bought *mutual* insurance. His loss is equalized by the average loss, which determines the cost of providing insurance.

The American Mutual Liability Insurance Company provides Workmen's Compensation and Public Liability Insurance AT COST to selected risks. With its annual premium writings in excess of $5,000,000 and a Surplus of $1,000,000 above all outstanding liabilities, a policyholder in this company is certain of *complete protection* and of securing that protection at *minimum cost.*

Insurance in the American Mutual—its economy, security and other advantages—are fully explained in our booklet, "The Return of 300." Sent on request to executives of rated manufacturers. Use the coupon.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

18 East 41st Street, NEW YORK **Executive Offices** **245 State Street, BOSTON**

We also write Automobile Insurance—Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision—at cost.
Write for information, giving make and model of car and location of garage where car is kept.

This Coupon is for Further Information Only

American Mutual Liability Insurance Company
245 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation or charge, kindly send your booklet "*The Return of 300.*" I give the information below so that you may be able to advise more accurately the cost of insurance to us.

Check mark indicates the kind of insurance in which we are interested.

☐ Workmen's Compensation
☐ Public Liability

Nature of Business _____

Number of Employees _____

Company Name _____

Address _____

Name and office of man deciding the insurance

_____

_____

Protection for Employer and Employee

AMERICAN MUTUAL
LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

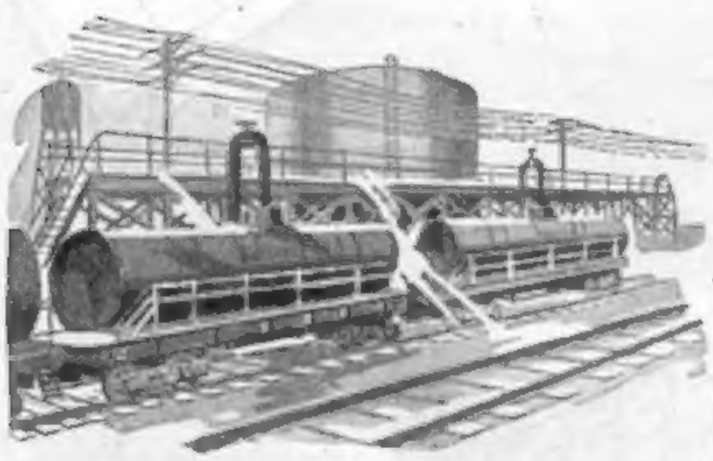
ARMCO IRON

Looks Forward to Normal Trade Conditions

We shall hear no more about "shining armor" and "the mailed fist." The high-sounding braggadocio of the Huns has been forever silenced. Now let us look forward to the time when we may return to our regular peaceful business. Gradually, under logical processes of readjustment, trade will flow back into its normal channels, once more permitting such products as Armco Iron to fulfill many useful purposes formerly curtailed by the need of sending every possible pound of metal to the firing line.

As a Base for Enameled Products

Normally, this is one of the most popular uses for Armco Iron. Many leading manufacturers of stoves with enameled parts, enameled refrigerators, kitchen-cabinets, enameled table-tops, etc., have depended on Armco Iron for many years. Its perfect enameling properties are due to its remarkable freedom from seams, scars, pinholes, and other defects.

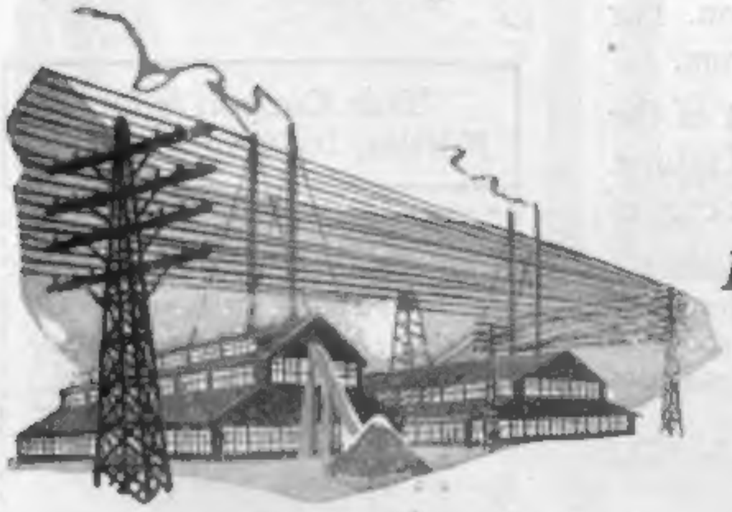


Armco Iron Resists Rust

Rust resistance is one of the most vital forms of metal conservation, and Armco Iron has exceptional rust resistance because of its purity and evenness. There has always been a heavy demand for it by manufacturers of durable railroad equipment, building equipment, gas tanks, oil tanks, water tanks, grave caskets, culverts, flumes, closet tanks, stoves, safes and many other products.

Armco Iron Welding Material

Redeeming damaged or worn castings and parts by autogeneous welding is another important phase of metal conservation. Armco Iron's melting point is uniform. It welds more quickly and more smoothly than any other welding material, and the joints have the maximum strength and reliability.



High Electrical Conductivity

Iron is being successfully used today for telephone, telegraph cable, high and low tension transmission wire, and wire to carry electric power to home, factory and office. Armco Iron is high in electrical conductivity because of its purity and evenness.

For Railroad Uses and Shipbuilding

Armco Iron gave valuable aid in bringing about peace, in the form of a wide variety of railroad products and ship parts.

Full information supplied any interested manufacturer on request

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Dept. 934, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Be Sure the Christmas Fruit is There

BE sure there are *oranges* beside those toys and in the stockings of those girls and boys.

It is sentiment, cheerfulness and color that help to make this Great Day jolly. Bright, golden oranges are cheery, healthful and good. Years have linked them with Christmas. They're a part of it now.

So don't let a Christmas be without oranges. It wouldn't be the same.

How They Do Their Part

Oranges help in three ways.

They bring good cheer. And they aid the Christmas-day digestion, a day when grown-ups as well as children are tempted to over-eat. The orange contains valuable salts and acids that help to digest all the other foods.

Then too, you want to save sweets, except the *natural* sweets in fruits; and oranges assist in doing that.

So there are reasons of healthfulness and national economy, as well as of sentiment, for oranges at Christmas.

Have a bright bowl, *full*, on the dinner table. And don't forget them with the toys.

Order "Sunkist" Oranges. They are uniformly good. Tell your dealer now how many you will need.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

These oranges are practically seedless; firm but tender. They are the perfect Christmas fruit.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers
Dept. E57, Los Angeles, California

W.S.S.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your extra quarters into War Savings Stamps.

Companions
of
Cleanliness
and
Good Cheer

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
yours "Old Dutch"